# CULTURED MEXICO

REV. M. D. COLLINS

Dedicated with grateful affection to
**Our Dear Lady of Guadalupe**

# Cultured Mexico

## An Unknown Land to North Americans

**Rev. Michael D. Collins**

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# PREFACE

Why another book on Mexico? Because the last word has not been said on Mexico. It is still an unknown land to North Americans. It is an almost inexhaustible field for further words and expressions. The author is adding another work to those already contributed on Mexico, because he believes the work will be of some service. It was the first to challenge the attention of the American people eleven years ago, when written serially, in CHURCH PROGRESS, and it has been delivered on the Chautauqua and Lyceum Platform for the last ten years, in forty-seven states and Canada.

The author hopes those of the fashionable literary circles will be indulgent with him and the child of his mind for the crudeness manifested in his self-fashioned style and note the thought content rather than the form of expression.

The Mexican question, like the Irish and American question, is first ECONOMIC and, "per accidens," religious and racial.

Those Americans who have not read the newspaper articles and other printed propaganda with which the so-called Liberals from Mexico flooded this country to abet their unjust campaign, may think I am "going off on a tangent" to introduce extraneous subjects; but such is really not the case. I do so to make reply, in principle, and in general, to specious and false arguments advanced by these writers, these so-called Liberals, to gain an undeserved hearing

from Americans. When this work, as a whole has been read, I believe, the reader will see the relevancy and the logic of the subjects and arguments in regard to the people of Mexico, the arguments offered by some of those professing love for their country and fellow-citizens in that Republic, false to both, and striving to mislead Americans whose hospitality they were, at the same time, enjoying.

# CULTURED MEXICO

## Chapter I

### An Army Officer's View

In the Spring of 1911 I returned to St. Louis from one of several trips made by me to Mexico, before it felt the flames of that terrible bandit-uprising which were smouldering there even at the time. As I arrived at the gates which serve those who come in and leave by the many trains, I saw a small gathering of people, most of whom were known to me. They came to the railway station to bid adieu to a young army captain of my acquaintance, en route to the Mexican border, for duty there. I stopped among them a few minutes to greet and be greeted. As the young officer stood on the steps of the moving train, these words, substantially, were added to his adieu to me:

"So long, Father! We will show those greasers in Mexico what we can do to them, if we get a chance. You know, those Latin countries are so decadent they cannot last much longer and they will run from a fight like a rabbit from a dog."

I had no time to make a reply to his thoughtless and erroneous statement; but what surprises and disillusions I foresaw ahead of that

young officer who had been around the world—if he ever went into the interior of that wonderfully beautiful country! He had fought in China, shed some of his blood on more than one battlefield in the Philippines; he could tell you of far Cathay and of personal experiences and sights on his "road to Mandalay." Despite his lack of years and somewhat restricted environment of army life, he could tell you from personal knowledge, how the Haitien and the African "voodoo" *hoodoo* their enemies and others on their native heaths; how the late King Edward acted and looked at his court. He could sing the latest chanson of the boulevard, the latest song that floated over the waters of the canals of Venice or the lilts of Broadway. He could illustrate the most correct and nondescript styles of Boston, Seattle or New Orleans; yet, by that thoughtless and erroneous statement he was manifesting, if not an unpardonable, at least, an American ignorance of a cultured, enlightened and flourishing nation, resting in a fancied security at our feet; a nation that possessed an Art, Architecture, Music and Literature of its own hundreds of years ahead of ours, and by no means inferior; a nation that has among its many and beautiful cities the "Paris of the Western Hemisphere"—Guadlajara. He also erred when he called the people of Mexico *Latins*. It is safe to estimate that eighty-five per cent of them are pure Indian, mixed remnants of the Mayas, Aztec and other prehistoric races of Indian blood. To quote percentages and statistics of Mexico would be jocose were it not

so intellectually dishonest on the part of those who do so with a gravity that deceives the trusting and gullible in the United States. There are no statistics on Mexico since 1872 and they were very incomplete and inaccurate. Besides, there is no general body of *Latins* in Mexico. I shall treat on this later. The Castilian is not a Latin, nor, ethnologically, is he a Spaniard, even though born in Spain. At the time this young officer spoke there was a Sir Oracle sort of a "dictum" that flippantly passed from lip to lip, which would make one believe, if he knew no better, that the Italian was correctly represented by a monkey. The Spaniards escaped an opprobrious effigy by being classed as barbarous, treacherous and superstitious; the French as "frog eaters," and Mexico and the rest of the Republics to the South of it as benighted, savage, superstitious and treacherous barbarians.

The recent world war has disproved those calumnies; and, I hope, the day is not far distant when the ill-informed, who wish to believe what is not true, will assimilate the knowledge that has been offered them, and that they will be fair enough to themselves and to a misrepresented people, to admit what every intelligent traveller in those countries agree is true. If an ethnologist were to take the average American and the average Mexican, and compare them with each other, his report, if fair and accurate, would make some of our self-complacent fellow-citizens of the United States "sit up and take notice." Contrary to the popular, but erroneous opinion, it is safe to say that nine out of every

ten of them, before the 1910 "revolution," could read and write, instead of eighty-five per cent of them being illiterate, as we have been told by those who are spreading hostile propaganda against a cruelly-maligned people. I note, when "statistics" on Mexico are quoted, the quoter never gives the number and date of his "official" bulletin. I shall touch this matter of illiteracy and "statistics" in a future chapter.

Neither are the Mexican people decadent morally, physically, socially, financially or numerically, as I can prove by comparisons with ourselves and other nations. Nor are they incapable of self-government, if let alone by soldiers of fortune and other agents of foreign capitalists. Foreign capitalists have been not only instrumental in, but have been the cause of, the overthrow of the governments of the republic of Mexico three times, since it threw off the Spanish yoke. They are a good people with a bad government forced on them, with, in most instances, worse officials. There are three tests of government which all nations must undergo before they can say that they are fitted to rule themselves or others. *The first test is the throwing off of a foreign yoke; the second a sequence of the first, is civil war and the third is luxury, now called commercialism or profiteering.*

We, ourselves, have gone through two tests successfully; but, I hope I am mistaken, I fear that we are falling down on the third, as every government in the world but one has fallen under it, and that one has suffered through its

unfaithful children more than it would have suffered had its children been loyal—the Church.

Mexico has gone through the first test successfully; it would have succeeded in the second, long since, were it not for the interference of our quasi-official government, under three Presidents of the United States, and foreign capitalists. There are people still living who can recall the purpose for which our great General Frisbee, one of the heroes of the Mexican war, was sent to Mexico during the administration of General Grant. Had it not been for the sublime integrity and honor of Grant and Frisbee, and the fairness of the Senate, in executive session, there would have been a fourth interference before the one under the "regime" of President Wilson, not to speak of other groups of which I shall treat later.

Mexico can hardly be said, yet, to have passed the second test. Tragedy is still pregnant there; what the birth will produce it would be hard to state, just now. If the second test is successful, then will come for Mexico what we are now undergoing. I do not think that we can say we are meeting our third test as successfully as could be hoped. For example: Are we, as a sovereign people, ruling ourselves, through our representatives, rightly? Look at the scandals in "big business"; scandals in the Red Cross; scandals among the railroads; scandals among the insurance men; scandals among the leather men; scandals among the cloth manufacturers; scandals among labor, *etc., et ad nauseam.* Are we respecting with observance our laws in other

respects? Lynchings into the several hundreds; suicides nearly nine thousand annually; tens of thousands of murders and divorces. The Lever Law was declared abrogated by the executive declaration of our President, when the Volstead legislation threatened the investments of certain financiers backing the owners of whiskey. This transfer of ownership took but a few minutes to effect. This Lever Law stopped labor from striking. Labor, thinking that President Wilson knew and meant what he said, when he favored the banking whiskey-backers, ordered a strike for just grievances. But, all of a sudden, the war that was declared to be over by the President was next day declared still existent, and the Lever Law still in effect—and the bewildered strikers were sent to jail. Mr. Wilson, our former President, made some very pertinent remarks anent the lack of respect for our laws. His remarks confirm the assertion that there is not as patriotic an observance of our laws as could be hoped.

I could give many specific instances to prove that our representatives ignore the wishes of their constituents in the halls of legislation, and that our courts "pass the buck" to avoid a decision that is mandatory under the Constitution. "Sneak laws" are passed and judicial decisions rendered that are gradually but surely leading back to slavery. Lest the reader dispute this I am in a position to substantiate the statement by many concrete cases. Some of our presidents have violated the Constitution of the United

States several times by official acts on the evil principle of public necessity or the "end justified the means"; and that, "in war time, the Constitution is suspended"! When we need the Constitution is when we try to get on it for safety, war or no war. If not, what good is the Constitution? Only respect for the feelings, not for the expressions, of the chauvinist and "jingo" among us, prevent me from giving official government statistics here of our unequalled record of murders, suicides, divorces and "white-slavery." The thoughtless or the uninformed might consider my doing so "unpatriotic."

If the prohibitionists, during their campaign for another piece of peculiar legislation, were right, we were such a bibulous nation, that they, the minority, felt themselves to be the only competent judges of our condition; we did not seem to know what was for our good; and so they would act for us, and did, to preserve us from ourselves and from the lure of the exhilarating and sparkling cup which, they assured us, was ruining us and posterity—as well as creating steady "jobs" for some unsuccessful wage-earners and professional agitators. I am not taking sides either *pro* nor *con* in this issue; I do not care whether or not they ever make "booze" again; I never was much of a partaker of the glass that cheers; but I do care for the Constitution of the United States, and before looking over our neighbor's fence to the South of us, I wish first to take a look on this side of our own.

## Chapter II.

### Another View

So far for Mexico's second test of Government: If she has succeeded in her second test, it is disputed. Under the benignant despotism of Diaz, Mexico rapidly approached glorious days of peace, prosperity and happiness, as well as the safety of Spanish sovereignty. I shall prove later, despite some abuses under the Spaniard, that the days were glorious, that there was peace, prosperity and happiness there under the Spaniard. Under Diaz, as under the Spaniard, "white-slavery" was practically NIL, and the little there was, was carried on mostly by foreigners and in a secret manner. I do not commend a human despotism, whether under Col. Diaz or anyone else; but Mexico City, and all other cities, as well as the rural regions of that Republic, under Diaz, were as safe for life and property as the safest and most civilized in the world; no divorces, and no suicides notable enough to record. You may say: "But these statements about Mexico and its people are so contrary to popular belief that they seem incredible." Granted. But popular belief does not change a fact nor make what I state untrue. All I ask is that you fairly consider the facts as I present them and develop the evidence. Popular belief, to say the least, is not always correct; and owing to hostile propaganda, with which we

are now fairly well nauseated mentally, rarely correct. Popular belief held for a long time that Galileo was the first to discover the sphericity of the earth and that he suffered ecclesiastical punishment for it; neither contention is true.

Now popular belief swings to Copernicus, the monk, while the indignant Irishman, for centuries, has been trying to tell a heedless world that his ancestors, when known as Phoenicians, taught the sphericity and movement of the earth, thousands of years before Copernicus and Herodotus bears testimony to prove it. Outside of old Herodotus, the "Father of History," there seems to be no one to listen to him; but what does a certain type of student, ignorant and prejudiced, care for old Herodotus or anyone else whose evidence is contrary to his prejudices? He wants it so; so it is. He will dismiss any authority by asking: "Who is he?" This is the crucible through which Mexico is passing; few to listen, less to care for her and her claims. You may say that "even missionaries who have come back from there, state what is popularly believed. Do those missionaries falsify?" I do not say that. But they did not state the circumstances as they are—and circumstances alter cases. I shall prove their statements erroneous later. I shall show the reasons why they did not give the facts and why they were unable to do so; though, perhaps they were in good faith when they made those erroneous statements.

I shall call on men of international reputations and unquestionable probity, that is, their writings and their conversations with me, to sus

tain me in my stand. Among them I shall offer men like the Honorable John Barrett, the greatest living authority on Central and South America, and Mexico. Mr. Barrett, in those countries, as well as in the Orient, has held the highest official commissions in our diplomatic corps. He is a thirty-third degree Mason and a Protestant. My next witness will be the Honorable Kent Kellar, State Senator of Illinois, a Mason, a Protestant and the owner of valuable properties in Mexico. My next will be the Reverend Doctor Lummis, who had charge of the Presbyterian Church in Mexico for forty years. He is the author of a very excellent work on Mexico entitled THE AWAKENING OF A NATION. It was published by McClurg of Chicago some thirty years or more ago. The Reverend Gentleman is still living in California. My next will be the Reverend Dr. Sloan, once a Baptist minister in Mexico City for over ten years. Dr. Sloan died a member of the Catholic Church, a short time ago. Other excellent works on the Mexicans have been written by our Mrs. Shaughnessy and Reverend Wellford Smith. Through lack of information rather than malice the latter made a few mistakes concerning the Catholic features in his work. The Honorable John Barrett has given us a unique work on Mexico, which is a work of Art, and so fair and just that none could find fault with it unless to complain that it is too short. If the reader will bear in mind what I stated in the Preface of this work, namely that "the Mexican question is an economic question, and racial and religious per accidens,"

he will not be puzzled at the subjects treated in this work as extraneous. The religious and racial phases of the question have been emphasized by most writers on Mexico, confounding the effects with the cause. Many readers may be uninformed of the principles connected therewith for the reason that few publishers or writers dare to defy the lightning of the Capitalistic Ajax by treating of them. *But this feature must be first viewed and understood before a correct concept can be had of Mexico and its people.* Despite its surrender of great wealth, it is still an unexploited country and the financial buccaneers, domestic and foreign, have not come to a mutual agreement yet as to the division of the spoils.

I am not writing a history of Mexico, but giving glimpses of it as it appeared to me, and as I still see the country and its people after several visits made during a period of over thirty years. I write of them as they appeared before the bandit uprising of 1910, and during a part of the events which occurred during that uprising while I was down there. To write or speak, with adequate justice, of the conditions in Mexico the last few years previous to that uprising, is beyond my ability; and to write of her since 1910, torn as she has been with strife, raped, bleeding and maimed by foreign and domestic exploiters, who permitted, if they did not prompt, outrages on Americans as well as Mexicans, in which occurred the raping of wives, daughters and nuns, is impossible for anyone. The Catholic clergy were submitted to

indignities unmentionable, before being imprisoned or murdered. To write of these horrors perpetrated by these traitors to their country, to their race, and the religion of their ancestors, as well as the religion of their infancy and childhood, would be to attempt the description of grotesque and horrible nightmares.

President Diaz, while not always a faithful son of the Church, and at times a fierce wielder of the sword against his own countrymen on the battlefield, never had such disorders as those under Carranza. Col. Diaz was the Washington and the Grant of Mexico; but he did not have the good fortune of Grant in having about him men of political acumen and vision of whom Mexico had several—but they were not "Liberals."

To Diaz, Mexico was a passion. He could have enriched himself from Mexico's products, beyond the dreams of avarice; but he did not. I believe the mistake he made was that he did not train some of the many able men of his time to take places in some organization like we have in the United States so they could learn most intimately the conditions and needs of their country and thus be able to function efficiently in any office of the Mexican Government if the President resigned or was taken away by death. But here is where the so-called Liberals, the agents of capitalism, enter. I have touched on this more fully in another chapter.

Whether by desire or force of circumstances, President Diaz made himself indispensable to Mexico. A subordinate in an *industrial* con-

cern, seeking advancement, may safely, for himself, make himself indispensable to his employer; but real patriotism and devotion to his country forbid a man to use such tactics. It would amount to treason just as it would be treason to Religion were a member or an officer of the Church to attempt such a method. Diaz, whatever his honest short-comings, "made" modern Mexico. Under him Mexico was recognized by all the nations of the world as a sovereign power, with an honorable, civilized and intelligent population of at least fifteen millions, or more, capable of self-government, taught by that great civilizing nation, despite her faults — misrepresented Spain. How many students stop to think for themselves when Spain is the subject of the "histories" written in the English language? She has civilized, as well as enlightened, every inch of soil upon which her foot has trod. As with other countries, once under her sway, she found the Mexican people of her time shedding each others' blood on Pagan altars or eating each other. She left them capable of self-government if let alone by foreign influence. She left them with Art, Music, Law, Architecture, Science and all the other qualifications of civilization and, above all, with correct views and practices of Christianity—which is, even today, a part of the lives of over ninety per cent of its people. It is true that some of her children are not a credit to her or to Christian teaching; but in this she is not alone, nor is the condition so general that it justifies the captious to dispute the statement

that can be substantiated by even the unfriendly critic. It is also true that some of the Spanish adventurers executed refinements of cruelty upon the Mexican. For this Spain is unjustly blamed. These cruelties were originally Mexican cruelties, to which some of the Spanish adventurers had recourse. Previous to Spanish entrance, Spain never executed such cruelties in any other land, nor afterwards in any land. They were of Indian origin. Spain, despite these cruelties of some of her adventurers, spared these savages, Christianized and civilized them, with the aid of the Church. Prescott has not always been fair to Spain in Mexico, but in his CONQUEST OF MEXICO, the discerning and fair-minded student, of ordinary mental acumen, will find more pleasure in viewing the much and great good achieved by the Spaniards in Mexico, than in dwelling on some particular defects and cruelties of a few Spanish officers extending over a long period. It is not my purpose or desire to minimize these defects or cruelties; only to remind the reader that Spain was there hundreds of years and that her subordinates in power who did wrong were a small minority when compared with the large majority that wrought so well without cruelty and injustice.

In this respect I desire to state that there are certain readers of pervert writers like Hume, D'Aubigne and Macaulay who would try to hold the Church responsible for Spanish abuses and atrocities under the administrations of Cortez and some of his successors, especially for the

Inquisition established in Mexico. At the time it was established in Mexico the Inquisition was condemned by the Church in Spain. These students show their lack of discernment or fairness when they touch upon the subject of the Spanish Inquisition and fail to note the able and kindly men who developed Spanish civilization in Mexico. They seem to be ignorant of the fact that two years after the Inquisition was established in Spain the Church twice condemned it. The last condemnation and suppression carried with them excommunication for anyone whomsoever was connected with it.

The first year, the Bull of suppression was sequestrated, in transit, by the Premier of Spain. Church and State being united in Spain, all ecclesiastical communications of a canonical nature pass through the hands of the Premier before they are delivered to the ecclesiastical authorities, or in matters of minor importance, simultaneously.

The Pope, learning of the abuses of the Inquisition, was forced to issue this Bull. The second year, the Pope, on learning of the defiance of the Bull on the part of the Spanish Government, sent the second one, secretly, to the Bishop of Toledo. The Bishop promulgated it by nailing it on the door of his Cathedral, and went to jail for over a year for so doing. The Spanish Government continued this defiance of the Bull till 1868. So, for whatever abuses happened under the Inquisition, in Spain or in Mexico, in the name of the Church, the Church is not accountable.

These pervert historians, and the students of their perversions of truth, very rarely, if ever, give this side of the matter. When they do they present it grudgingly and then go on with the calumny, praising the Spanish Government where the Church is morally forced to oppose it, and then blaming the Church in other cases for not condemning Spain for things done outside the sphere of the Church. So, either in success or failure with recalcitrant officers of Government, and children of the Church, she is "damned if she does and she is damned if she doesn't." She is unjustly criticized for condemning things which would leave her in the position of acquiescing to abuses and injustices had she not fought them.

But let us suppose, for argument's sake, that there had been no union of Church and State, and that she had "interfered" in the evil machinations of wicked men in Government, as she has often had to do, for the benefit of the oppressed; will any sincere lover of justice and liberty, as well as morality, find fault with the only power brave enough and capable of dealing with those powerful and ruthless men, stopping them in their cruelties and injustices?

I state elsewhere that Spain, with her so-called Spanish (really Phoenician) civilization, found these Indian people savages and civilized them. That when she left them three hundred and more years later, they were capable of self-government and with their ambassadors received in all the courts of the world.

Now, farther North, in our own country, there were also a numerous progeny of Indians. So-

called Anglo-Saxon (really Roman) civilization, in time, got a footing among them. What did that Anglo-Saxon civilization do to our Indians, and for them? What it is still doing and what it always has done to acquire unjustly the possession of the people and the lands it violates, under the specious claims of "humanity," "democracy," *etc. et ad nauseam.* It slaughtered them almost to extinction, robbed them of their homes (tents) and lands, denied them citizenship or participation in the government, and administration of any properties still remaining to them, effectively corralling them as we corral our dumb beasts of the fields, even to this day.

There is no pure-blooded Indian of the United States accepted from the United States as ambassador or in any other official capacity in any foreign court of the world, nor in our own, excepting it be as a ward of the Government or as a criminal awaiting penalty. This is what we have done to the Indian and his posterity, whose rights we have violated time and again and deprived him unjustly of his property. Congress after Congress has ratified these injustices. More robberies and more violations are contemplated against them at the writing of this, under the legal professions of wardship. Of course there are some notable exceptions in our halls of Congress who have fought for the Indians among us.

Of course, too, there were some notable champions of "Poor Lo" among the Congressmen, Senators and other officers of our Government.

Among those who were of great service was the noble Senator Vest. Then comes Missouri's late but able son, whose great heart broke down under the grief at what he foresaw, as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, was about to happen to a misled people, victimized by domestic and foreign capitalists about to rob an unsuspecting world, under the slogan of "making the world safe for Democracy."

Then comes our brave, brilliant, honest and able Senator Reed, of Missouri, and also Arizona's praiseworthy and noble Senator Ashurst. History has insured pedestals of honor for these noble men in the halls of posterity. The Indian should never forget them. They were the friends and champions of the mistreated Red Man of the United States.

Now, that these Indians in North America have little left to them in the United States that is not "gobbled" up by the financial "sharks," these same sharks have long had their covetous eyes on the lands and natural resources of Mexico, Central and South America — especially their oils, gas and minerals. To change the figure of the same subjects: Whenever the vultures of finance (I am not indicting conservative and honest wealth) prepare to loot a country living in ease and prosperity, and possessing valuable resources in this modern age, they do not imitate their brother-robbers of a day gone by. They have a safer and more "legitimate" method. They first begin to calumniate the intended victim of their rapacity, using all the prostitute channels of intelligence and informa-

tion. The mental prostitutes that serve them can always be found for pay, influence, honor, or social prestige in great numbers in every avocation and profession, especially through a Press created or controlled, by pervert "historians" whose "histories" are later forced upon our children, who know no better, and upon teachers uninformed or misled, if not guilty of intellectual and moral cowardice. The exceptions are so hampered that their influence is "nil." If lovers of truth raise their voice, lavish material inducements are offered to buy their silence; or they are jailed.

These methods failing, the champions of right and justice in a prostitute Press, or local organizations of their town, by inuendo, or accusations by irresponsibles, represent them, to those who do not know them, as either drunkards, crazy, libertines or something just as vile; lest the people hearing might listen to them and hearing understand.

Then there is another form of attack against the intended victims, a conspiracy of silence when it raises its voice in agony, pain or outrage. Then, all of a sudden, when the robbed, submitting to force, by superior numbers or organization, desist from resisting longer those that rob, rape and murder them, when the robbers' selfish points have been gained and protected in their evil possession, those nations that, before being despoiled, were represented to be "decadent, savages, ignorant, superstitious, *ad nauseam, etc.,* are "exonerated."

These same vile interests, with their mental prostitutes in the intellectual phalanx assisting, find out, over night, that these people were not understood. They were really a cultured and clever people, having among them men worthy of leadership. They prove it by putting them in charge of the oils, mines and other industries, and in Government positions of their own country to carry out the policies of the robbers in the industries, and to pass laws that will secure the robbers in their immoral possessions. And who are these leaders? With few exceptions they are the degenerate and traitorous sons of a country in whose breasts the emotions of Religion and patriotism are dead and putrid.

So Mexico, the highly-cultured and civilized Mexico, was written up some ten years ago in the COSMOPOLITAN, and other periodicals since as "Barbarous Mexico." The editor of the COSMOPOLITAN, for whatever reason, I will impute it as good, withdrew the rest of the serials after the third. I have reason to believe, though I may be mistaken, that my replies, entitled CULTURED MEXICO had something to do with it. Anyway, he was decent enough to stop his unjust attacks on Mexico. But why have not the other attacking periodicals followed suit? Because the people of the world have forgotten that the Phoenicians restricted the powers and privileges of the merchant-class, and traders of their time and our modern commercial brigands can do what the Phoenicians would not allow. These olden-time commercial profiteers, such as we have in "Wall Street"

today, abused rights and privileges and plunged their race into wars. Our capitalists wanted, as stated above, the resources of Mexico. They first invested their capital to fetter that country and then, when they thought themselves powerful enough to rob her of the rest, gave her a bad name, the more easily to despoil her and wean away the sympathy and sense of justice of the uninformed. American capitalists—according to information given to me by prominent Americans of excellent repute and knowledge, in the Jockey Club and the American Club, in Mexico City, previous to the 1910 disturbance—had no less than one billion and a half of dollars (gold) in Mexican properties. From the same sources, combined European capital was about the same amount. This includes banks, lands, timber, mines, gas and oil wells as well as other resources.

Yet, despite this influx of foreign capital, and the large possessions of the wealthy Mexicans, it was still the land of the simple life, whose people were not running in handicapped races to capture the "Almighty Dollar." Before the robber uprising of this less than two per cent of Mexicans, one could see the peon and his richer brother dreaming in the sunlight and singing songs of peace and contentment in the moonlight, thrumming their musical instruments to the sounds of laughter, accompanying their songs with these instruments beneath the silvery tropic moon and the glorious skies above them. It was a land where the rich and poor put into practice the saying "all men are brothers" bet-

ter than anywhere I know. That land had its poor, it is true; we have the poor with us, also; but there the poor were happy and content.

Those Mexicans, irrespective of social standing, according to sex, were knights and ladies of old-time courtesy; equal in manners and morals to those of any land or age that ever danced to music in palace hall, graced a court or drew a lance when grace, beauty, chivalry and morality had greater influence on civilization than they seem to have today.

Let me carry you in fancy to a few of the many places I visited in that beautiful Mexico. It is practically an unknown land to North Americans. You may get passing glimpses of it as I saw it, in its social, financial, political, religious and historical life, keeping in mind that demoralizing war has placed its filthy, ruinous paw upon it since then.

Mexico is so large it could hold the late German Empire with France, England and Ireland thrown in. Long before your train arrives at hamlet, town or city, you may see gilded crosses gleaming gloriously on church spire after church spire before the morning sun has risen high enough to greet the mountain or meadow.

Those crosses greet not only you and the rising sun in the morning, but, also, bid you both "adios" as night comes to enfold you with her purple, violet and sable robes from mountain top to valley beneath.

These churches! How can I write of them in so brief a space and do them justice? It would take volumes for this subject alone, and

they would interest Protestant and Jew as well as Catholic. Imagine the most beautiful churches in the United States: they are common in Mexico. But few churches in Europe equal them and still fewer excel them. And these churches, before 1910, were not only temples to God but temples of art and music, over the thresholds of which, from dawn till dark, teemed God-adoring people, men, women and children, rich and poor, side by side. Yet these churches, though built in the piety, and with the resources of the personal funds of the people of Mexico, were taken away from them under the technicalities of law—sumptuary law in the enactment of which the people never had a voice. These laws are unconstitutional as well as unjust from the standpoint of the Mexican Constitution. Bandit legislators and bandit military men, aided and abetted by a "Clandestine" (Oriental) Masonry, appropriated them in the name of the people, though a people protested. Not a dollar of the expropriated properties ever went for the benefit of the people—but did enrich the specious robbers.

Priceless works of art within those churches, as well as the churches, were taken over by these robbers. Precious stones, metals, wrought, melted and otherwise disappeared; so, too, the laces, linens, tapestries and other choice handiwork. A few of the pictures were placed in the National Museum. Architecturally, many of these churches, schools and colleges are sublime poems in stone, with lofty spaces and lofty heights; church-bell answering church-bell,

throughout the city, from city to mountain-top and from mountain-top to valley below, throughout the republic.

The above may be seized by a certain class of propagandists to prove their contention that "Mexico is a priest-ridden country." I could offer much evidence of my own to disprove that; but I shall offer here the printed statements from a writer who knows Mexico and the Mexicans. I understand he is a member of that class who call themselves members of the "Big Church," people with a belief in God but affiliated with no denominational system of worship; he says: "The Mexican question, has for the past decade been one of gravest concern to her neighbors without, and conditions have been almost unbearable to the citizens at home." (That is the U. S. ) But of all the propaganda, of all the palavering of the press and gabbing gossips, regarding the cause of this great national unrest, the silliest, the most prejudicial, the one which has its putrid roots deepest set in the mucky soil of ignorance is the one that proclaims a Priest Ridden Mexico.

Mexico, at the beginning of this revolution, had one priest to each eight hundred inhabitants; while in the grand old U. S. A. today we have one preacher for each one hundred and fifty population. Looks like we are getting rode double, doesn't it? and then some. The Madero ascension, which started this revolution, was as pure an economic and political movement as ever occurred in any country. The trouble is that a lot of these theorists, idealists and big-

oted dreamers know nothing about either the history, people or conditions of Mexico; and, for that reason, ought either to investigate or hold their jaw.

Of the fifteen million population of the Republic, about one-eighth are white—pure Castilian blood; three-eighths are mixed—from one to three-fourths Indian, and the remaining one-half are as pure American Indian as ever trod the continent.

In 1518, four hundred years ago, the Spanish landed at Vera Cruz and marched on to the City of Mexico. From this date begins Spanish rule. The early history is a story of butcheries by a cruel and pitiless soldiery, and the patient ministrations and holy teachings of devout and faithful priests. At last the cause of these good men won. The butcheries of the natives ceased and an organized effort was made to Christianize the race instead of annihilate it. We do not champion any sect nor stand sponsor for any creed; but truth is a divine thing and should be known to all men. The monks, who had given up home and friends, who had foregone the joys of family and fatherhood, who had crossed over from Spain, gone out among savages alone, except for the Comforter, with no protection but the Omnipotent Arm, and for no reward but such as is promised to those who take up the cross; these humble men had founded schools, even universities for the training of the Indians before the Pilgrim Fathers landed in Massachusetts. Vast as was the Spanish dominion in America, at that time, reaching from the Pacific

to the Mississippi, no portion was neglected. From the parched deserts of Mexico, they trod on foot, or mounted on trudging burros, across countless miles of thorn-covered waste; braving alike wild men or fierce beasts and smothering, stifling sand-storms. For days, weeks and months of sweltering desert heats and unquenchable thirsts, they plodded on from stream to stream. From the Rio Grande to the Nueces, thence to the Frio, on, on, to where the limpid San Antonio lines its crystal banks with a wreath of emerald through a thirsty waste of chapparal and mesquite. Then on, bravely, on till another crystal current fructifies its narrow valley. Ever pushing on to the next stream. How many of their bones have for these centuries bleached in the sands of the great North-West! Why to the next stream? To slack their own parching tongues?

Did they press on that they may rest in the cool green shade of the spreading sycamore or towering cypress and bathe their grimy hands and burning brow in the cool, clear stream and breathe the balmy air of luxuriant vegetation on its banks? No. But on every stream there were people. Poor savage, naked beings; but they were the sons of men and had souls to save. This was their quest. Who could dream it was for worldy profit? Thousands of miles, years of journey, lay between them and civilization; yet, they were here, at home, going about their Father's work. Here they lived, here they died; where only strangers' steps resound in the still chamber of death. No kindred hand to bathe

the fevered brow; no gentle voice to break the dark delirium of a dying brain. No living ear to catch the last whispered farewell to all we love on earth. My God! I'd rather be crucified!

All up and down these streams they wandered and taught. They wandered and taught. They made friends with the poor naked children of its banks. Gradually, after years of patient plodding, they taught them a part of their language; slowly they brought them together to hear the message from Him who gave His life for us all. Then they built a small hut and, as the congregation grew in number and understanding, great missions went up to Him Whose name cannot be bounded by seas, Whose love cannot be hemmed by deserts and suffering. On the rivers of the west these missions were of stone. In the east they were of wood and no remains of these are to be found. These buildings were first used as a place of worship; but as the influence of the good fathers spread they became places of refuge for the simple children of the rivers. Here they turned when droughts drove from the plains the game. Here they settled in colonies and were taught the art of farming and irrigation. Here were tribes saved from starvation and famine, as well as souls brought to God. This is what the priesthood did for Mexico. They went among a savage race and taught them Christianity. Of course the average Mexican citizen doesn't come up to the aesthetic standard of some of our great critics. But remember, in Mexico we have a

twentieth century civilization engrafted on to a race of men who were savages four hundred years ago. Do not expect them to be up to our standard, who have all history behind us. But think back. After our ancestors had been taught in Christianity but four hundred years, they were not all Sunday-school teachers, by any means. Now remember, when Christianity had been among our forefathers four hundred years, it was then 400 A. D. (and they were not absolute savages to start with). Now get down your history and see if they were not just a little backward in civilization just at this stage and for about a thousand years thereafter.

But these people did not do like our forefathers when they landed in this country. They preserved and, in a measure, Christianized their Indians; we shot ours. While they were calling around them the poor, ignorant and hungry tribes and showing them how to farm, we were chasing ours like wild beasts or herding them up in reservations. With our racial weakness for land-grabbing, we pushed the naked, shivering creature farther and farther to the West as we spread our paper parchments over his former abode. We grabbed his land and huddled him into reservations where he became the ward of the Government. Here has the race not entirely been annihilated, but degenerated. Here has the noble Red man of the forest degenerated into a cunning, lazy creature, without pride, without resentment, without self-will or control, till the saying goes unchallenged, "There's no good Indian but a dead Indian."

It was easier for us to point him to the setting sun than "to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

Then, when our stable desire for unused dirt had overrun this, our own Republic, our oil trusts and our stock gamblers began taking their ill-gotten gold and buying up vast tracts from under the poor half-civilized Indians of Mexico. One worthy took the proceeds of a legitimate wheat corner in about 1907, and bought a strip of Mexico as big as an average Texas Congressional District. This land he could not and would not use, but held it as a game preserve for himself and friends. O, how nice! No native was allowed, even, to hunt on it, much less farm. This is only one instance; all the valuable lands in Mexico were gobbled up the same way by speculators, oil and mining corporations. Where was the native to live? Where was he to find a spot to raise corn for his women and children? What was he to do? He was ordered to get off the earth, and had no air-ship. So, came the revolution. Do not expect a people to do something without a chance. Do not expect a race to develop over night."—(The FERGUSON FORUM, Temple, Texas, Nov. 25th, 1920.)

## Chapter III

## My Own View

Those who have travelled in Europe and the near East, passed from one country into another without much, if any, change in the language and customs at the border thereof; for instance, before this insane and brutal conflict that raged among the political and money ruling brutes of Europe, a tourist, passing from France into Germany carried with him, as it were, the language and customs of France, for some distance; when he returned from Germany, and passed over into France, he brought with him something of the customs and language of Germany. In other words, there were interlapping zones where the language and customs of each country merged, yet each was distinct from the other.

When we left the United States, for Mexico, we found no such merging zones. Though only a shallow stream divided the territories from each other, they were divided as though by a high and impenetrable wall of granite. We passed, as through an opened portal, from the United States into Mexico and found nothing of the United States to greet us, or accompany us, except ourselves. The voices from a foreign tongue softly and kindly, musically and courteously, greeted us. The customs and even the dress were foreign to us. Yet in this changed

condition, different as it was from that of our own beloved country, we did not see the real heart of Mexico, till we had travelled over one hundred miles Southwardly of its desert-sands, dotted, here and there, with cactus growth and mesquite bush, any more than we saw the real United States at the American border. Those who have travelled over the United States and who are acquainted with border-life, will see there is no reflection on the people living on each side of the border. While there are excellent people living on both sides, neither side is truly representative of either country. For this reason it makes those acquainted with Mexico smile on hearing American tourists say: "When I was down in Mexico," etc., while the extent of their travel there might have been little if any further than Juarez or Tia Juana, or some such Mexican town, to see a bull fight or to get—er—a drink of "lemonade."

When we crossed the Rio Grande, not often nor for long, a raging river, let us say at Laredo, Texas, our travels were between the 15th and 31st degrees of latitude, less a fraction, with nothing to hinder us in our journey to the Western extremity but the Gulf of California and the Pacific Ocean; on the East we met the Gulf of Mexico. Owing to the geographical formation of the Republic, it has the Gulf also to the North of a part of it; to the South the Southern Republics. We found any climate that we pleased, wet or dry; perpetual Spring, perpetual Summer, perpetual Autumn and perpetual Winter—tropic flower or eternal snow to greet

the eye. As soon as we touched the foreign soil of that wonder-land, change of language and change of customs were not the only things that immediately impressed us. The buildings were not only foreign in their aspects, but we recognized in them an architecture that ante-dated the days of Christ. Father Time, himself stepped back on his schedule thirty-six minutes, imbued as it were with the spirit of that land of ease and slowness of pace—"Manana" Land. But you noted that your money doubly "increased" its value. You got for each dollar two "pesos," a coin with twice the amount of silver contained in our silver dollar. As they facetiously say down there, you get two dollars of their money for our one. But the financial fiat waits for you on your return, no matter at what place you depart, and your remaining change "shrinks" to half again. The train we rode on, equal to any in the States, was given its signal to depart. The bell clanged its warning and moved us on to the principal city of Northern Mexico, Monterey, the capital city of the State of Nuevo Leon. It was a six and a half hours' journey across that vast and sandy veldt, with here and there adobe hamlets along the way; while farther beyond, at right angles, could be seen, now and then, the palatial residence of some "hacendado." The farmer there is called a "hacendado," and his farm a "hacienda." Glistening white in the tropical sun or moon, the haciendas present themselves as objects of beauty as well as utility. As we approached that city of ninety-five thousand (1910), nest-

ling, at the foot of the majestic mountain towering above it, it looked more like a hamlet than a city. And that mountain, with mighty others which flowed in gigantic, volcanic wave, was bathed in an amethyst blue I never saw anywhere else in the world. The city itself, though at the foot of a mountain, is two thousand feet above sea-level, and is six hundred and thirty miles from Mexico City. It was founded three hundred and fifty odd years ago by the Spaniards. We stopped at the Continental Hotel, once a Franciscan monastery, which was confiscated by that so-called liberator, the cut-throat, Juarez.

While the wintry blasts and driving snows impeded the traffic and inconvenienced the people at home, we ate our dinner in summer comfort, to the strains of music, in rooms that were, in former days, used in solitude and prayer. Other rooms were used in Deific praise and service by cowled and sandalled monks who worked only for the rewards of heaven and in the cause of humanity among the Mexican people.

After dinner we sauntered out to the Plaza, a name given to their parks, and sat beneath the orange trees that blossomed and bore fruit at the same time. The electric lights were ablaze. The band was playing its dreamy music; people were sitting, standing or promenading around the encircling walks; costly equipages, and even automobiles, filled the square, or surrounded the Plaza, though not in motion, while their occupants, men, women and children in raiment,

correct and costly as well as sober and gay, listened to the music. The skies above were soft in their starry splendor, the silvery, shining moon so seemingly close in the rarified atmosphere, that, with a poetical stretch of the imagination, one felt prompted to reach up and pluck down a star or pat the face of the "man in the moon." To the left of us, piercing the balmy heavens and outlined in majestic beauty in the tropic lights, was the Cathedral, the clock of which greeted the passage of Time, in his course, every quarter and every hour, in the soothing tones of its golden and silvery bells.

Within the walls of the Cathedral were altars of solid silver, solid gold and silver objects of devotion as well as of art; there were also carved woods and stone, paintings, tapestries and laces that would require a greater materialist and artist than I to approximately appraise their value or properly describe. The perfume of the orange blossoms, added to the other works of God and man, increased the pleasure of our enthralled senses and made us feel as though we tarried at the portals of heaven and enjoyed a foretaste of the greater joys within.

It was society night in Monterey. We went to the opera. Though it was an open secret that all about us might burst into flames with the "revolution" that was smouldering, the house was filled to its capacity. The gentlemen were there; of course, the ladies, too—even to grandmas. There was "Jose" the peon and "Rosalita" his brown-skinned, beautifully dark-eyed wife, as well as his richer neighbor, the "Senor Cab-

allero," and his beautiful Castilian, dark-eyed, clear-skinned wife, the "Senora."

The complexions and nationalities, with the exception of the negro, were as cosmopolitan as might be found in any capital in the world. The gentlemen there would have passed scrutiny as favorably as our own Americans when "in dress."

At this period in our American sisters' fashions, they were wearing "rats" in their hair; some made from their own hair, as we were informed by those who claimed to know; and more made from the hair of dead Chinamen, and even from the heads of cadavers robbed in the morgues.

Do you think that their Mexican sisters were "behind" the vogue? Not a bit of it! They, too, wore "rats." But owing to their thick and abundant hair, with the aid of art, they were able to have "rats" on their heads, too, without robbing the dead Chinamen, or the dead in the morgues, who may have had unmentionable, infectious and contagious diseases in life. The gowns of the Mexican ladies, though decollete, were not so deeply cut as those of their American sisters.

The whole house, was a scene in which the audience, as well as the actors and singers on the stage, were executing a play, their individual parts forming a composite and harmonious whole. The dark-eyed *senoritas* were also there —chaperoned, of course. From my standard of judgment, which is not founded on much experience in that line in either country, I believe

that the Mexican women have more poise and grace than our American sisters, but the Mexican women cannot approach them in beauty and savoir faire.

Among the peculiar features in relation to the theatre in Mexico, which will bear comparison with some of our customs, we noticed that in that country it is not customary for a young man to take a young lady to the theatre unchaperoned, even though the lady be his fiancee. While an engagement of marriage, the formal kind, in Mexico, is rarely broken, the engaged couple are not married—and may never be.

In this country a man may take a lady to the theatre, on an acquaintance of one minute, unchaperoned, and never be criticised by the elements that make up our "best society." It frequently happens in this country, following an old-time custom, when we were more bibulous than we are today, a young man who has brought a young lady with him to the theatre, is impressed with the idea he must have a drink—of coca cola. He is too chivalrous to tell his lady companion that her delightful company does not fully satisfy his wants at the present moment as much as a "few puffs," or a drink. But he is a resourceful man with a good imagination and she is "wise" in her way as well as sensible. She "believes" him when he tells her he has to go out between the acts "to see a man." And he "sees" him and, a "few" more.

In Mexico the man, young or old does not go out to "see" anybody. Between the acts everybody, from the pit to the top box that rises from

floor to ceiling on all sides of the house, holds a sort of soiree. Many men, beautiful of face and *figure,* some assisted by artificial contrivances that are said to be used much here, pose and smile before the dark-eyed *senoras* and *senoritas.* Graceful of gesture, kindly of look, they blow kisses to their relatives and bow to their friends and acquaintances. Visits are made from box to box. Women pose, too, in gowns from Paris or the States. Their dark, sparkling eyes vie with the shining gems that hang from their necks or rest on their bosoms. Their poise and pose are unexcelled anywhere else in the world. Another feature that struck me as odd: In the United States we may go to see a play by buying a ticket to see the "whole show" in one evening, or afternoon. Our tickets are not good for any other time except that date indicated on the ticket. If we come in too late, or have to leave before the show is over, it is our misfortune, if not our fault—also our loss. In Mexico the theatre goer may be too busy to see more than one or two acts; he may buy a ticket for one or two acts and see the remainder the next and following evenings; or he may see the "whole show" in one evening, as we do. The music was superb, the acting excellent; and to properly appreciate the singing, so impossible to describe, it must be heard as it comes pouring gently or torrentially from the softly-coaxing Mexican tongue.

The "star" was the best dressed; next to him, but not quite so well dressed, the actors, according to degree, descended to the nondescript.

Likewise the prima donna and her supports. After the play was over there were no "White Ways" to "gambol o'er"; no midnight suppers in "lobster palaces," but a quick ride to an expectant waiting household and a virtuous couch for as much sleep as could be gotten before the dawn, the time when Mexicans arise to begin the duties of the day. From noon, till about three o'clock, they take a siesta. Oftentimes American tourists, who sleep late and are ignorant of the several hours of work accomplished by the Mexicans while they slept that day, consider the Mexicans, with their siesta, as wanting in energy because they do not face the heat of the midday tropics, as the Americans down there do—for a while. The Americans themselves, in time, fall into the habit; when they do not, they fall into premature graves. In the afternoon, about three, or after, the shops open again and close at six and eight o'clock in the evening. In Monterey there are Hot Springs more efficacious in curing disease than our own Hot Springs in Arkansas or the waters of Mt. Clemens, Oklahoma or Texas. Some day, when the piping times of peace are heard again on the mountains and over the templados of Mexico, somebody, with capital enough, will make it one of the wonders of the world.

There is another remarkable fact regarding Mexican curatives. If the reader would know any one suffering from Bright's disease, have that person go to Mexico; the time will come when he will surely die the death—but never from Bright's disease, if he but drink the

"pulque" on the soil of Mexico. Owing to its fermentative qualities, it is impossible to confine it in the strongest vessels; it must be drunk before it reaches that stage. From it they distill and make a strong brandy called "mescal." It, too, is good for the kidneys, but not to be compared with "pulque." This "pulque" does not bring back life to the dead or dying tissue of the degenerate kidney; but it so scarifies the tissue that it checks any further ravages of the disease. Some of those afflicted and cured were among the Americans that refused to leave Mexico, when warned by Presidents Taft and Wilson. On account of this disease and its cure, they expatriated themselves and preferred to risk death under the Mexican bandit than to return here and die for the want of the healing "pulque." The medical profession may scoff at this and state the reason that they do not die is because of a certain amount of kidney remaining; of certain transpiration and perspiration, etc., that they would live just as long here, too; but the fact remains that all those with Bright's disease here die with Bright's disease, while those in Mexico do not. Many of the buildings in Monterey, as well as in the other cities of Mexico, are made from yellow volcanic rock called "tufa," more of sandstone and lime. When the tufa rock is first cut it is soft, some of it so soft that it can be cut with a hatchet. When exposed to the air it becomes as hard as granite.

It was a beautiful morning when we began our sight-seeing; the peculiar green of the leaves of

the lime and orange trees, with the golden oranges glowing in the sun like "dulled" gold, and the perfume of their blossoms wafted to us on the breezes, filled with the songs of birds, made it seem as though life were worth the living in Monterey. Two miles in the distance, on the side of a mountain, majestic, showing through the deepest amethyst blue ever seen about a mountain, was the "Bishop's Palace," once a Spanish Mission. Its architecture, while called Spanish, is really the old Phœnician style of architecture that was used by our old Gaelic ancestors, in Persia (Scythia), Tyre, Etruria, Candia, Carthage and Spain, long centuries before Herodotus wrote of their relicts, who had degenerated before, and at, his time. This palace stands as a monument, not only of those people and of their ages past, but, also, as concrete evidence to prove the glory, the bravery and religious sacrifices made by those Spanish missionaries and soldiers, who came to plant, on mountain-top and valleys deep, the emblem of Calvary, with the message of its Martyred Victim, who died that all might live. Around this church, on the mountain side, the Battle of Monterey was fought by Zachary Taylor against Santa Ana. Taylor saw it was the strategical point of communication for the Mexican army between Monterey and Mexico City, over the Saltillo road. Accordingly, one of the fiercest battles ever known in Mexican history was fought there about that edifice.

There was a remarkable and a unique incident that occurred there and gave victory to the

American arms, bringing victory out of a menacing defeat. I can only hint at it, but official record of it is on file in the archives at Washington. During the engagement the cannon became useless to the Americans for lack of water with which to swab them out. Every one was in despair. Lieutenant Taylor, a nephew of Zachary, suddenly gave an order to his company; after a moment of surprise, under the hail of shot, other companies "fell in" from the lowest in grade to the General, and—the Americans won the day. This was told me by the late Colonel Taylor (then Lieutenant) who was a member of my parish at Jonesburg, Mo. For this service he got a commission that ordered him to "step higher friend."

The above, and the following, may prove of interest to the family and friends of the late Colonel Taylor, and the late United States Senator Elkins, of Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, and West Virginia. They ran away together from college to enter the Mexican war. Being known to Zachary Taylor, and knowing, on account of their youthful years they would be sent back, they enlisted as privates; but both were fearless and possessed initiative. It was not long before they were singled out by their superiors and, avoid it as they would, brought before Zachary Taylor.

The General started to use a rod on their anatomy, for running away; they were saved by some of the officers. They were put "in the guard" to be sent back home. Their pleadings and the pleadings of officers made the General

relent. They proved worthy of the commissions granted them for signal service. Later, after this incident, the winning of this battle brought the title of "Hero of the Mexican War" to the General, but it brought, first, to the young Lieutenant, the title of "Hero of Monterey." Colonel Taylor died in St. John's hospital in St. Louis, a well-preserved man, in spite of his years, about ten years ago. The mountain behind this palace is called "Saddle Mountain," because of the formation at the top which appears like a western saddle. Farther to the south of this "Saddle Mountain," but adjoining it on the same ridge, is the mountain called the "Bishop's Mitre," looks exactly like a bishop's mitre, thousands of feet in the sky. When we travel in this country or Europe, we have to draw on our imaginations to see the resemblance that objects of interest to tourists are said to resemble; but in Mexico, no matter what may be the object, it looks exactly like the thing it is said to look like, and the resemblance is so strikingly emphatic there is no drawing on the imagination, nor room to question. Fifteen miles away from the city of Monterey are the "Caves of Garcia." To compare our Mammoth Cave of Kentucky with them would be like comparing a run-down hovel with a gorgeous palace, in beauty and size. We enter into the opening of this cave, about a thousand feet from the foot of the mountain, and about three thousand feet above sea-level. The entrance is narrow. We noticed, as the first view, a vast room called the "Theatre," with rotunda and balconies, made of hanging stalac-

tites and upstanding stalagmites, some joining each other. A stairway leads up toward the roof of the cave, but no one had the temerity to go to the top. Overhead the vault was so high and dark no eye could penetrate. Across the floor our footsteps echoed into the "Room of the Balconies," the beauty, the wonders and the magnificence of which are beyond our powers to describe.

We passed pillar after pillar, down banistered stairs, along a narrow passage, to the "Cave of the Clouds." It is impossible to explain, from present knowledge, how the sunlight, which pours from a hole in the summit upon the side walls, is broken up in such prismatic splendor as to take the shapes and colors of passing clouds, in all their hues from dawn till night. Then we came to the "Chamber of the Bells," where the smallest to the greatest of those hanging crystals gave us forth their greetings in liquid, silvery and golden tones, in all the gamut of the scale. While this may read somewhat like a tourists' guide book, nevertheless there are two others, of many wonderful features, we wish to relate; and for us to exaggerate them would be impossible, these or any of the wonderful views in that cave, one of the wonders of the world. One of them is the room called the "Cathedral" and also called the "Bishop's Room." There is the "Bishop," with his "mitre" on his head, all the vestments used in officiating, even to the finger ring, all in stone of a beautiful white. Behind him, and to the side, is the altar; opposite him is the pipe organ,

all in stone so symmetrically done as to make one suspect the hand of man assisted in their formation. Not so; the hand of man might try to imitate these wonderful creations, but the mind of man could not conceive them nor could his imitations transcend their beauty. The next room was the "Chiquita's Boudoir." Within this room, in the most exquisite pink and white, (nature was lavish in adding one more color to the furnishings of this room) were every utensil and piece of furniture that you may find in a young lady's boudoir. "Chiquita" is the pet word applied to children and young people, especially girls, by Mexicans; it means "little chicken." The other wonders are in alabaster white. The "Room of the Broken Heart" comes next. The figure of a man in heroic size hangs from the roof; all the organs of a man may be observed, one of them, however, fell out of his body, and lies broken beneath him on the floor—his "heart." Then there is the "Chamber of Bats," the "Chamber of the Lake," thousands of feet above sea level, cool and clear with not a snowy mountain, far or near, to replenish. These are not all the wonders nor are all the caves even explored. The hand of nature only, and alone, has worked unceasingly in her art-rooms for unknown centuries there. Some of her productions have been so exquisitely and chastely done that one might be tempted to believe that man might have secretly attempted to aid her a little bit; but such is not so. Some of these works man could not do, and more of it he would have to be inspired to do, and have the most delicate

of tools and some predetermined ensemble. That man assisted, can be disproved beyond cavil of doubt. It would have required hundreds of workmen, of exquisite artistic ability, for many years, and would have to be kept there at the work, if Nature were not doing it and conserving and preserving her powers in this respect. If such men could have been found in Mexico they would be greater even than they are; or else the rest of the world's art would have suffered to bring them there for such work; but there is no record or knowledge that the artists of the world rendered such service, granting that they would have been able to do what has been done there.

## Chapter IV

### Vices and Virtues of the Mexicans

There was a prison in Monterey and Mexico City that surpassed any penal institution that I ever saw anywhere in this country or Europe, though I understand that there are several others like them in Mexico. Were it not that the Mexican criminal loves freedom so much, the penitentiaries we saw would seem to be like inducements, almost, to commit crime in order to live in them. Of course, we know of the dark dungeons, vermin-infested prisons, of Mexico, and no doubt they have them; but the reason why their local prisons, such as our lock-ups, are in the condition they are, is because they are not much used, as crime was so little known there, and those who did get apprehended for minor offenses were not made comfortable, to deter them from future visits. The prisons we saw in various Mexican cities were more like well-kept workshops, were conveniently lighted and beautifully ventilated. A band plays for the inmates twice each week and the prisons are open to public inspection. Before the "revolution" the low percentage of crime, according to the best estimates of those knowing Mexico, would equal that of Ireland, where there is less crime than in any country in the world. Of course we know there is a certain element that if they went to Church, they would be the "Jonahs" to ge

robbed, if there were a thief in the audience; and they would make more of a "howl" for the loss of the penny they intended to put in the collection box than others would for a much larger sum. There are thieves and criminals in Mexico. They even have a "Thieves' Market" in Mexico City and other cities, where if a thief got your watch, and sold it in that market, you would have to buy that watch if you wanted to get it back, as though you had never owned it. This condition rose there when the government, by a false system of philosophy, taught principles that led to some thieving and brigandage. That condition did not exist under the Spaniard, nor flourish long under Diaz. Crime in Mexico, before this "revolution," was infrequent and the offenses petty. Were I to quote the official records of the United States Government, on murders in one part of one State in this Union, they would excel Mexico in its entirety for ten years. Race suicide and suicide are practically unknown. White-slavery and divorce the same. Its women were by no means second in chastity to the women of Ireland, unequalled by any other nation, except Mexico and Spain, in the whole world. In the Hotel Sanz, and in the Iturbide Hotel, in Mexico City, as well as in other cities, we never locked our doors, as we do in the U. S. It is true that from your cigarette case, in the hotels, where men are often the "chambermaids," you might miss a couple of cigarettes, or a cigar or two, occasionally, from your humidor; a couple of pieces of candy from your *bon bon* box, or even a few centavos, rarely (espe-

cially if you fail to give a "tip"); and they would not deny having taken them, and would look with surprise at you for asking such a petty question, if they were asked if they helped themselves.

Two humorous incidents happened when we were last there; one to an American man and one to an American woman. The man, one morning, lost his wallet, upstairs on the gallery, while locking his room. He left the hotel, but returned in a few minutes hysterically chanting, "I'm robbed! I'm robbed! I'm robbed!" over and over again, several times, before we could get any connected story from him. He wound up by saying he did not know where he lost his wallet, but that the "greasers" evidently found it and he would never see his wallet again.

Considering that it contained five hundred thousand dollars, (gold) in cash and negotiable securities, brought with him for a business transaction, it did look bad for the return. A well-dressed gentleman, a Castilian, sitting a little ways away, made courteous inquiries as to the "agitation of the American gentleman." On being told, he asked the owner of the lost wallet if he had notified the clerk of his loss. The reply was: "No; what's the use? Some 'greaser' has it by this time."

The gentleman suggested again that they go to the desk and inquire. They did so. Before the case had been stated, the clerk interrupted, saying "Yes, Senor; your wallet is here; it was found by the maid, outside your door on the gallery, where it fell from your pocket, when you were locking your door." Hastily examin-

ing the wallet, the owner found the amount intact. He started away, in his excitement, no doubt, without even a "thank you"; when I suggested: "Mr. ———, under the law of Mexico, that maid can claim twenty per cent of your wallet, having found it in a public place; do you not think you ought to give her a pour boire?" "A 'poor bah,' what is that?" he said. I replied a gratuity, a gift. He replied, "Sure! chase her out here." The poor maid, being sent for, and frightened over the excitement, did not know what was going to happen to her, approached. How much do you suppose this man, who had restored to him five hundred thousand dollars, gold, gave her? Twenty-five centavos, in silver, twelve and a half cents, American money! I said to him: "Mr. ———, under the Mexican law she is entitled to twenty per cent of that wallet; you ought to give her more than that, lest some of her friends advise her to get more." Then he asked how much he ought to give; that all the money was not his. I suggested fifty dollars, gold. He gave her that in American currency. When it was explained to her that there were one hundred pesos in the amount, and that they were hers, she "fainted dead away" on the spot. After being revived, she "quit her job" and started out, without her things, to spend it with her friends.

The case of the American lady is substantially as follows: She was of our party. We were on the trolley, going to visit the wonderful Guadalupe church. She was sitting in the same seat with me. All of a sudden she emitted a cry and

fainted back on the seat. We revived her, the conductor having stopped the car. We asked her what was the matter? She gasped: "My jewels! I left them on the dresser in the hotel and they are, no doubt, stolen by this time." I said, "Is that all? Your jewels are safe." We rode a couple of blocks further on and I stopped the car again, where our party got off. They asked my reason. I told them that her jewels, ordinarily, would be safe at the hotel, but, on account of having stated where they were so publicly in the car, some "ratero" (pick-pocket) might have been present on the car and might hasten to the hotel and get them. We put her in a taxi, sent her to the hotel in all haste, where she found her room in order and her jewels on the dresser where she had left them. I do not mean by these examples to disparage any one nor to give an exalted place to the Mexicans to which they are not entitled. They have no monopoly on the virtues, nor the vices, either. I have seen people robbed in the church in Mexico, and I have seen the same thing happen in the United States and Europe. I have seen our poor boxes robbed in parishes of which I have had charge; but I never heard of a poor box being robbed in Mexico. As a whole they will compare favorably with any race in the world. Another "slam" that is given them, which is unfair: they are uncleanly. Where there is plenty of water, they are not less cleanly than any other race; where water is not plentiful, they are not more unclean than any other people under the same conditions.

Had Mexico real vices, she might be forgiven; but her virtues are so many and so transcend those vices, she is but grudgingly forgiven, if at all.

When the student of history wishes to profit by his reading of the story of other people's than his own, he never takes exception when comparison of one nation, or people, is made with another. If he be a true student, seeking Truth wherever it may lead him, he will not be afraid or reluctant to include his own country among the rest; nor will be, thoughtlessly or otherwise, hesitate, in such comparison, to acknowledge the results, even though the comparison be not flattering, if the truth be exposed. No system of religion, no human organization, can continue long on falsehood; neither can patriotism live on a lie nor flourish by a failure to acknowledge defects. Recognizing them is the first step to correction. No nation can last long that does not respect its own laws and the rights of others within and without its boundaries. God sees to that, perverse man aiding, *nolens volens.*

Much has been stated here that is complimentary to the Mexicans, and more will be stated; but nothing has been stated that is not true; neither must the student infer that the comparisons are a reflection on our own beloved country. Above all be must not labor under the impression that those people, who are mostly Indians, with only four hundred years of civilization, are the equals of some of us with thousands of years of civilization behind us, in us and about us. Therefore, the next question comes:

"What is civilization?" It is commonly believed that civilization is with a people who have the intelligence and force to assert and to defend their independence, to make their own laws, to respect them and the lawful rights of others; some possession of the Arts and Sciences. These could be subdivided, but they are all comprised under these heads.

Now we have seen that the Mexicans have asserted their independence and fought successfully to that end; taking the first step, thereby, to prove themselves capable of governing themselves, when they threw off the power of Spain. The second step to prove a people capable of self-government is the passing through the conflict of civil war. We went through this when we took the first step of throwing off the English yoke; the second was when we went through our civil strife; our third no nation ever succeeded for long in contending with, and that is commercialism and its concomitants, till recently, called LUXURY. We were more fortunate than Mexico in the second test. Beginning with Commonfort and Juarez, Mexico was hampered from the beginning. Were it not for foreign intrigue, in the United States and in France, she would have been ahead of us, is my belief. Three times, secretly, our government officials interfered in that government before President Wilson's interference. Down in Mexico the Constitution of that country was supposed to be like ours—that is, on paper. By the power of force, on the part of a clique, and not by the votes of the people, that constitution was altered by Commonfort, Juarez and his clique of grafters. It has caused many injustices to the people ever

since; and there has been no real constitutional government from that day, not to mention the *regime* of Carranza. Yet, despite those abuses of power, the usurpation of the people's rights and other injuries that followed, the denial, in effect, of the suffrage to the people, they developed into a wonderful commonwealth. This made the "pickings" very "rich" and "juicy"; but Diaz was not that kind of a "picker"—nor would he allow anyone else to "pick"; he was foolish enough to have idealistic views as well as just and legal ideas in the matter of his country. The original Constitution, and its succeeding namesake that was substituted, is not respected, and never has been, by those in power. In order to do good Diaz himself had to ignore that makeshift. Yet these people are capable and worthy of having a constitution of their own. Their civic and moral virtues are second to none in the world. Ninety-nine per cent, at least, of that country are truly Christian in profession and practice; while two-thirds of the United States is infidel, with only one-third Christian; both Protestants and Catholics are included in the one-third. The last census of the United States is my authority. In Mexico, as I have said, White-Slavery and divorce, before the revolution were *nil.* While we gained our independence, succeeded in putting down civil strife among ourselves, respect the laws and rights of others, as a whole, we cannot, in many things, compare as well with the Mexicans, in several virtues which we need as a Christian people. This can be easily verified.

## Chapter V

### Saltillo.

The Mexicans pronounce Saltillo "Sawl-tee-yoe" and the Spaniards "Sahl-teel-yoe." "Help yourself" to the pronunciations. It is a city that made me feel every time I visted there as though I were again in Jerusalem; this because of its style of architecture, its streets and the appearance of its people. The wealthy people "summer" there because of its climate. Its altitude is three hundred feet greater than that of Denver, which is five thousand feet. When we are having our southern winter, Saltillo has a spell of "cold" weather. It is about like New Orleans, though, occasionally, during its "Winter," it has a flurry of snow. It is the Capital City of the State of Coahuila, which included all the Northern part of Mexico and Texas, to the Neuces River, till we came along and, unjustly and dishonestly, appropriated it to ourselves on a political technicality. This was not all we stole from them. What would we think of Canada, if, by superior force, they crossed our borders and took a territory from us greater in extent than from the Canadian border to the Ohio River and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi River? Then, after having done this to us, and we were a people united in government and religion, suppose that Canada came down and tried to impress upon us that our government was wrong, our religion idolatrous, interfered with our government and assisted robbers

in putting into our constitution, by force, instead of by the votes of the people, a clause that left our governing and the practices of our religion to the whims of cut-throats that raped our wives and daughters, some of whom devoted their lives to Religion and the uplift of humanity, mutilated, unspeakably, our ministers of Religion, and committed other atrocities; what would you think of Canada? Would you love her or believe in any of her professions of friendship for us? Well, that is what we have done accumulatively to the Mexicans, on three occasions; and it can be proven beyond all cavil of doubt. Would you be surprised to know, that in spite of all our outrages, most of which we are the cause, they still have a friendly feeling for us, hold no hatred and wish that we would leave them alone? Well it is a fact, which any American can tell you who has lived there. The fact of their remaining among them, even after this government warned them to leave, is proof enough for any reasonable mind. You may answer, "Yes; and they are getting killed, too." I grant you; but who is killing them? The "allies of the United States, financial interests in Mexico." It is true that they were enemies the day before, of some of the officials of our government, and that next week or so they will be enemies again; in the meantime, there is another robber faction down there that are enemies today; but they were friends of some of our defiant government officials the day before. They do not lose hope; because they reason from past experiences that these same defiant government officials in our supposed

service will be friends again when the bandits in power, held among some of us in such high esteem and confidence, will be enemies once more. And so the game of "boobing" the American people and the people of Mexico goes on, "playing one faction off against the other" till they exterminate each other and make the chances of despoilment less dangerous for the chief robbers—who are not Mexicans in anything. These are the real "killers" in Mexico, with their Mexican dupes. Not as much as two per cent of the Mexican people are fighting. Well, what kind of people must the other ninety-eight per cent be who will allow their country to be so torn and their peace and rights violated? They are like ninety-eight per cent people, unarmed, held up by two armed bandits that know how to shoot, as few of the ninety-eight per cent do. When the two bandits run short of ammunition or guns, they are re-supplied by American officials' decisions, at the behest of their financial masters (official records of this government will sustain the charge), while the ninety-eight per cent are denied the same privilege by the same people, even when some of them are not only robbed, but raped and killed. This is the relative position and condition of the Mexican people, the Mexican bandits, the officials in our government and their financial masters, upholding past and present policies. As for ourselves, we need not get conceited in the matter of government and our financial masters. Our government is the best one on earth, but we have commission after commission appointed to correct our home abuses. Twelve unofficial men

dominate this country. They *wield* the policy of this government, and have done so for years under Democrats and Republicans. Do you doubt it? Read President Wilson's "New Freedom" and U. S. Commissioner Frank Walsh's Industrial Commission Report—that is, if you can get it, which I doubt. This element moved heaven and earth to stop the report, and they failed; they tried to stop its being printed, but they failed. You may say they are not so powerful, after all. Well, they were powerful enough to sequester the report after the government went to many thousands of dollars of expense to have it printed. It would have been better if they had succeeded in the first place, as we would not have been put to such great expense. So let us not pharisaically condemn Mexico and the Mexicans for what we caused, and then judge them as a people not able to rule themselves. Preliminary outbreaks occurred in 1910. Six weeks before the real "revolution" broke out in Mexico, I saw piano houses selling, what appeared to be many pianos, in San Antonio. The boxes were marked "Pianos." I heard on the authority of San Antonians whom I have known for years and whose word is as good as their bond in that city, that those boxes contained machine-guns and ammunition. A few days later, across the border, and several miles from a railroad, I saw the same kind of piano boxes, marked in the same way, from which they were taking out machine guns and ammunition. This was not all. Around this camp I saw several women, with Red Cross insignia on them, and doctors, whose accent and admissions of nation-

ality were American. Despite our treaty of honor and good faith with Mexico, these people were down there, in their professional capacities, to nurse and administer to a people who were not sick or wounded—or was it to assist the bandits of Mexico to overthrow the Government and laws of their country with violence and blood-shed? And our Government? O, to hear some of the expressions of our highest officials, the Mexicans were "greasers," a superstitious lot not able to govern themselves, and official assistance was given to one bandit side or the other, our Treaty with them and their twenty-five years of peace and prosperity to the contrary notwithstanding. But they did not assist the lawful authorities there; nor so much as reprimand the Americans who caused a violation of that treaty, by assisting in the many ways they did, known to many Americans as well as Mexicans. While these acts of treachery were going on, the United States had put one of its warrants into the hands of one of our sheriffs in Texas, to arrest one of the principals in this government-overthrow; and the sheriff went with his warrant—and his both eyes shut—to arrest the man whose name was on that paper. The name on that warrant was Madero's. Personally, I am glad he did not get him; but if he did not know where Madero was, there were hundreds in San Antonio who could have directed him to his "hiding" place. He was stopping with some ladies, ignorant of what all the "pother" was about; they were women who were devoting their lives to humanity's welfare—beyond this I can say nothing.

Seeing Madero, in their home, I said, "There is Madero." I started to approach and greet him. She detained me with a touch on the arm and in substance said: "That is a long hall; the person you see at the end of it may not be the one you think it is. It is now evening and the light from the setting sun is shadowed by the trees; you wear glasses and one can be so easily mistaken in a person's identity with better advantages; now, you could not positively swear that that person is Madero, could you? Of course, I had to answer that I could not. And—yet—I still believe it was he. In San Antonio he had two daughters in a convent, I learned on authority I believe; those daughters practiced and professed Catholicism, while he posed as a Catholic among Catholics, as a Mason among Masons and had seven degrees in Oriental Masonry (of the "clandestine"). After he became President he professed Spiritism, as many Oriental Masons do, and had "table-tipping," I was credibly informed, after the State dinners he gave in the palace, very frequently. Besides these unfriendly acts towards the Mexican government and over ninety-eight per cent of its people, I shall state some more facts not much known. In San Antonio, a gentleman well-known to San Antonio's best people, in civil and military life, a former commissioned officer of high degree in a European army, but at the time a resident, and engaged in that city, found a letter one morning on the steps of his residence. He opened the letter and found five hundred dollars in American currency with the information that if he would go

to a certain designated spot beyond the border, within one week, he would receive there five hundred dollars more, gold, after that, if he would perform certain services within his power (but not stated) he would receive five hundred dollars every week till a certain work (not stated) would be accomplished; after which he would be assured of a position of dignity, honor and profit for the rest of his life. This ex-officer told me he suspected what those services were; namely, the drilling of men who were to be used in the overthrow of the Mexican government. He ignored that and other similar letters. Recollect that this was at a time when the Government of the United States was "after" Madero, and three months before Diaz looked upon the disturbance as an organized movement against Mexico. I went to that designated spot a short time later, within a few days, and saw what I have related above, namely: American doctors, American women with Red Cross insignia, American piano-boxes from which were being removed American guns and ammunition. I have heard, on authority that I believe to be true, that, during the Russo-Japanese war, several of our gunners of the army and navy of the United States, stationed in the Philippines, as well as some commissioned officers, on a "leave of absence," manned the guns of several ships and army of Japan. Even as late as a year before the beginning of this present European war that is being prolonged for revenge and loot, I know of some commissioned officers in our navy who were offered

either salaries or commissions by Russian authorities to take charge of guns and submarines in their making and sailing. One of my acquaintance was about to accept the offer until he was convinced that what I told him was most imminent, and what every publicist and student of current history, worthy of the name, awaited with baited breath, the declaration of war in Europe. It came a year sooner, and on a different pretext, than was anticipated—that was all the difference. So, too, in Mexico, there were at least a half dozen deserters, one a sergeant, and several civilians in that bandit-uprising now going on. Were there any other soldiers or officers on leave. I knew Madero in his student days; he was a lovable character, but a lazy dreamer, that is, from the stand-point of our climatic temperament. I never knew him to read a serious book in his life, unless he was "on penance" for smoking within college-boundaries. He was genial and generous, sharing what he had with others, as college boys will. He was a constant reader of light literature, some of it of the mystical, and he was somewhat of a mystic, as are many of his race; but I exclude from this, superstition. He was well-balanced enough in this respect. Superstition, as we commonly understand it, is a supernatural faith misdirected—and he had very little, if any faith in the Christian beliefs; and yet, he was a believer and a dabbler in what we call the occult.

I met him, and his father, too, in Monterey. The Maderos had two beautiful homes, adjoining each other, in Monterey, both built after the

American style, of a dark red brick. The Madero families too, were a lovable and a cultured people, the men and women being beautiful. They were a constant irritant to the "old man" as many of the hacendados of that Northern part were—and I believe unjustly. For my belief I have nothing to offer beyond expressions made by Colonel Diaz, which I believe, but would not be considered evidence. These hacendados had much land. In different parts of this work I show the fallacy of believing that the land question is at the bottom of the troubles in Mexico; it is not; it is first, economics, second, official looting of public and private property, and anything else after them from that class of bandits, except the land. They cannot eat that nor always sell it; though, if the Church had it, they would give it away to anyone who would take it for nothing, if they failed to sell.

How this class of "clandestine grafters" can do this in spite of the people I show elsewhere; by the power of force, chicanery, trickery and deceit, under the guise of law, and not by the votes of a people threatened with death if they voted, there was a clause put in the constitution which lets this clique of "grafters" misrule in a government that is commonly supposed to be constitutional—and is not! The people of Mexico, peon or otherwise, before this bandit-uprising, could buy land for twenty-five cents an acre, and have forty years in which to pay for the same. I note, elsewhere, of even Americans, not living in Mexico, purchasing two million of acres in Chiapas. But suppose you say that it is not fair to send peons away from where

they have been reared to Chiapas or elsewhere for land, when people near them have large holdings. Why not argue this way about our own landlords, who made so many Americans move out to the "wild" west? We have more real land problems to settle at home than we are now able to deal with; why not attend to them and let the Mexicans settle their own problems, which they can do if we do not interfere with them, as we are continuously doing since the days of Father Hidalgo? A friend of mine, in San Antonio, in 1904, wishing to aid me in making some money said, substantially as follows: "Let me sell you some cheap land." I said I did not want any cheap land, meaning poor land. He said: "O, the land is fertile enough, I guarantee that." I asked him how much an acre and he said "Fifty cents." I asked him how many acres, and he replied: "Only a little pasture lot; but I will not sell any of it unless I sell it all. There are fifty thousand acres in the tract." Only a little pasture lot! Only fifty thousand acres! Only fifty cents an acre! My amazement continued for years; now they are regrets. You cannot buy it today for thirty dollars an acre. The brother of ex-President Taft, before this bandit-uprising, had a ranch of two million acres in Texas. Some of my own Missouri townsmen, and others in adjacent towns, own tens of thousands of acres in Texas. Only a few miles from my doorstep, a short while ago, we read of "depredations" of the "Night Riders" who are suffering worse from the land question than Mexicans ever did in Mexico. Take for granted that those "Night Riders" violated the

Civil Law, in the letter; they were only desperate and mistreated men, ignorantly protesting, in the only way they knew how, at the violation of their moral and natural rights, with little if any standing in court against men of power and influence. They were, in spirit, if not the letter, "railroaded" to the penitentiary, the justice of which conviction was only technical, a moral outrage, and only "respect" for the administrators of "law" prevent me from calling it something else. I could specify the names and places where other men in this part of the State cannot buy land, who are forced to work for unfair wages, less than thirty-five dollars per month, and support wives and children, while their rich landlords will neither sell nor rent at a decent price. The "write-up" they got in the Press, while the truth was worse than a lie; because it did not tell the truth, nor all of the "Night Riders' " side of it. A little nearer, we had peonage of the worst kind, which the court record will prove—and I only wish I were at liberty to tell where, in the State, cotton picking negroes, at cotton-picking time, are "rounded up" by the sheriff, when a certain planter needs cotton-pickers, and they are sentenced for one thing or another to terms, which generally means that they are "farmed" out to some cotton planter. He gets cheap labor, the county gets some cheap money, the sheriff is sure of re-election, and the negroes—not a cent. Madero, when he got in the President's chair of Mexico, after promising to take away the lands of the hacendados, never gave away so much as one foot of the millions owned by the Maderos them-

selves. And suppose that he had done so, the desert or the jungle would have reclaimed them in three or five years. Another thing that does not seem to be known here; and that is, that the peon and the hacendado work these haciendas on shares; there hacendado and the peons are partners. It takes the hacendado to do this, to be the head and have the incentive to work. The Mexican, though frugal, is not a materialist. He is a lover of nature and a lover of ease. One of our cabinet ministers, a few years ago, made a visit to Mexico. He thought he would teach "Jose" a lesson in industry and providence. Through an interpreter, here was the substance of the conversation: "Jose, how many days a week, do you work." "O, two, three days, Senor." "How much a day do you get, 'Jose'?" "O, fifty centavos (25 cents) and sometimes more, and sometimes less." "Now, if you worked four days in the week, would you not have more money than if you worked three days" "Certamente" (surely). "And if you worked five days in the week, would you not have more money?" "Si" (yes). "And if you worked six days in the week would you not still have more money?" "Jose" responded with another "si," and, as far as his politeness would let him, showed a disgust at such foolish questions. The Diplomat went on with his figures and questions; asking him if he worked four weeks of the month, and for twelve months in the year, if he would not have more money. To which the "si" or "certamente" was being wearily, if not disgustedly given. Then the

question was asked if he could not, after working like this, have money enough to buy a piece of land upon which he could build a house, and "si" was again the reply. Then he was assured, if he kept on working like that, he could, in time, buy more land upon which to build another house; and still more land upon which to build another, and then asked if he could not, then, sit down and take a rest for the remainder of his life. "Jose," between impatience and disgust, raised his shoulders, and his arms at right angles with his shoulders, with palms upward, and said: "But, Senor, what is the use of going to all that trouble? I am resting *now!*" The tropics and the contentment of a fertile land and a kindly climate enable "Jose" to rest much. If we had the same climate here, where the ideals of our race were not as materialistic as Anglo-Saxon civilization has made them, how many do you think, of our laboring class would be any different, especially when their breakfast, dinner and supper were growing steadily and surely in the ground, on it, or over it? Then "Jose" has to "bury" his mother-in-law every few years, as our office boys have to "bury" their grandmothers, occasionally. And the "fiestas" come often, but not too often to suit "Jose," though his "Americano" boss wishes the honored ones for whom the "fiesta" is being celebrated were in any other place but heaven.

## Chapter VI

### Saltillo, Continued

This city of Saltillo was the residence of the notorious Carranza; he was the Governor of that State when we were there. While driving through the Alameda, to our hotel, we discovered where all (?) of the blackbirds of the States wintered.

They are so many, so tame and so noisy, they are a nuisance; keeping the people out of the parks. Among them we noticed a species longer and more slender in proportion to our largest blackbirds. Here is where the once famous zerape was made. Its making is now a lost art. In past days it was woven by hand with all the vari-colored plumage of the birds and the flowers as a design; today they are woven by machinery and the tints that now meet the eyes of the initiated are far from pleasing. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have a convent here on the edge of the desert; the desert sands and the city's streets meeting as distinctly as the waters of a lake with its sandy shore. In this institution they had a nineteen year old girl who had a voice the equal of Patti's in her best days. Alongside the convent we saw a partially built church going to ruin. Carranza, and his predecessors, "liberal" minded men that they were, forbade its being built, because those gentlemen, without religion or sense of justice thought that there were "churches enough in

Saltillo." Its erection or its upkeep would not have cost them or the government, whose powers they prostituted, so much as one cent; but it takes a Mexican Catholic (or a Mexican Atheist) to understand a "clandestine" Mason of Mexico. Imagine an atheist doing that to the members of any religion in this country! What a compensation to those gentlewomen who left Canada to risk life and health in a tropical climate, to care for the wayward of Mexico, without State aid, to live in a building little better than an adobe hut, in the desert, without trees! They know the Spanish language, though born and reared in Canada. It is soft music to hear "adieu" in this Spanish-Mexican tongue; but was there not the sound of a sigh that came to us as they bade us farewell; and was it our imagination that led us to believe the eyes were lustrous with unshed tears as we left them at the gate? If so, was it not pardonable if an instant's homesickness assailed them and brought the far-away look into their eyes as they may have been traveling, in fancy, over the hundreds upon hundreds of miles of desert, over rivers, prairies and mountains separating them in their voluntary exile from their northern home, to take care of their Master's little ones in that city with its pre-Christian looks yet Christian atmosphere?

One Sunday evening we went to the Plaza to listen to the music of the band. The strains of *La Paloma,* (The Dove) which is the Mexican "Dixie," greeted our ears as we approached. The park was brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. The vari-colored costumes of the "senoras" and "senoritas," mingled with the well-

dressed "caballeros" and their plainer dressed peon brothers. Hundreds were promenading slowly; more were sitting, some on the plaza benches, hired chairs, or in the many carriages that filled the square on all sides; chatting lowly, laughing softly, drinking in the floating music, as they watched the courting lads and lassies—but of those in a moment.

With all these before us, the difficulty of varied attention and observation cannot be expressed. We noticed the sighing swains (at least we supposed they sighed, for swains are said to sigh, anyone could tell they were swains, whether they sighed or not) walked 'round and 'round the square in orderly procession. You may have noticed that swains, and those for whom the swains sigh, walk in the States, too, but not in the same manner. That is to say, in the States, you may have noticed *the* lady "hangs" on the left arm of the species of the male, either from "physical exhaustion" or from "fear," leaving him free with his "good right" to protect her from, from, er,—well, bears 'n' things; while they maunder, I mean meander, over grassy mead and through bosky dell. But not so incumbered is the Mexican lad. Several young men, "afflicted" the same way, accompany him as he walks 'round and 'round and 'round—but the species of each go in opposite directions, and do not follow each other, meeting face to face; but passing each other on the left hand side twice in the circuit of the plazas. So, while they may be lonely, they are not alone. Not a word did I hear addressed to the young ladies by the young men; nor did I hear a word

addressed by the young ladies to the young men —but waste no sympathy, gentle reader, on these young lovers! Our initiated, observing guide and friend stayed our welling "tear" by putting us "wise" to things we never knew before. He said *they were "talking" to each other all the time* in a language that had no roots, verbs or tenses, he called it the "language of the eyes"! He says it is a very forceful language and can be both tense and intense. He said they know "Dan Cupid" down there as well as they do here and that there are but few countries who serve him, as constantly and faithfully, or "worship" him as much as in Mexico. So loyal are his subjects there that he has no trouble to lead them to God's temple to promise him, with God and Church as witness, that this loyalty and service will be given to the entrance of the tomb; and God and Church bless this promise and service with a happiness that ceases not in time and increases in Eternity.

About six miles south of this city is the old Fort Taylor, which Zachary Taylor built as a base of supplies and retreat in case of need, before he fought the battle of Buena Vista ("Beautiful View"), nine miles to the South of the city, through which the railroad trains pass, and a beautiful view that place is, indeed.

## Chapter VII

### Oil Interests

In 1910, some months before the people of the United States knew that the fires of a so-called revolution existed down there, I was asked by a prominent official of the Press, who had learned that I was about to go into that now unhappy country, if I would do some newspaper work for him in Mexico.

However he knew, I do not know, he told me that the seemingly insignificant disturbances that were occurring at the time, and of which we had been reading in the papers in this country, though greatly exaggerated at the time, were "really the beginning of a wide-spread revolution." He wanted the truths connected with those uprisings, from the sources within my reach. He wanted me to follow these sources, and get the facts no matter where they would lead me, considering expense secondary—so he said. I accepted the commission, wrote the truth, was paid for my work, but learned afterwards orders were given to him to "kill it." Three other papers printed parts of it: the SAN ANTONIO LIGHT, the NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE, NEW YORK AMERICAN and some other paper in the East, I believe in Boston. For these reports I was threatened with suit on the part of certain representatives, if I did not retract them; I never retracted them and I was never sued. In substance, I shall set down

here what may be nothing new to some readers, though when they were first given in the Press and on the platform they were considered incredible by many.

There is a large banking institution in this country known as the "Morgan Interests," there is a large oil corporation known as the "Standard Oil Interests." This Standard Oil, whatever defects it may have, and I believe they are many, is at least more patriotic than the Morgan Interests. The Morgan Interests are little more than a corporation of clerks for English capitalists, of whom there are many who have invested in American securities. A prominent railroad man, during the strike that was threatened a few weeks ago, stated to me that seventy per cent of our railroads were owned or controlled by English and French capital—mostly English. Even little Holland has over eight hundred millions of dollars in American railroads. Besides looking after our American railroads, which are practically owned as stated, the Morgans were behind the English interests, that were behind the Pearson Oil Company; and the English Government was behind the people who were behind the Pearson Oil Company, at least semi-officially. England is using oil on her war vessels and realizes, as American interests do, that oil is failing rapidly in the United States. The nation that has the most oil will be the nation having the advantage on the seas. Now, Colonel Diaz told me, that Standard Oil was not supposed to have any existence in the Republic of Mexico, but that the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, of St. Louis, was there. No letter to or

from the Waters-Pierce Oil Company was ever delivered or sent, whether in code, cipher or otherwise, till the authorities of the Mexican government read them. There was living, at this time, an excellent man, personally, he was genial of nature, with those he liked; big of heart, under a snappy, energetic exterior; and broad of mind—with no prejudice of race or creed. While he was known as the President of the Southern Pacific Railway, he was only a highly paid employe, as much as the track walker, who had less responsibility, in a way, and much less pay. This highly paid employe was the late Mr. Harriman.

In days of old, all roads led to Rome. In Harriman's day, in Mexico, all roads, built, being built or contemplated, led to Tampico, the largest oil fields in the world, at that time if not now. The Southern Pacific was building some of those roads. Mr. Harriman, the "President" of some of those English roads, in United States and Mexico, called on the "old man" with a proposition to merge these roads and others, as were the Northern Securities that were declared unconstitutional in the North-west, by the Supreme Court of the United States, a few years ago.

The "Old Man" wined, dined and "pumped" Mr. Harriman how to do this and on the effects of such merging. Over night Colonel Diaz merged them for the Government of Mexico, sending for Mr. Harriman to come and visit him. Mr. Harriman came. At that interview, in substance, Colonel Diaz said: "Mr. Harriman, I have merged these roads (naming them) for the

government. I want from you certain roads (naming them) already constructed or under construction (naming them) and in payment therefor here are Government Bonds of the Republic of Mexico." Mr. Harriman saw where he had to "get off." He sparred for time. He asked to be given an opportunity to study the papers, etc., and to consider the proposition with others. He returned with a proposition, which, on the surface, seemed to be an acquiescence; but, which contained a "joker" of this order: In case the Republic of Mexico failed to redeem those bonds when due, or to pay the interest thereon, the Company could seize the custom-houses of that Republic till reimbursed. Mr. Harriman and his corporation were too astute to contemplate performing an act that is the cause of a war between nations. He wanted no war with Mexico, and there would be no war if he could help it; a revolution, which he thought he could control, maybe. A compromise was expected to follow. The bonds would be returned to the Mexican Government; the railroads constructed, and under construction, would be returned; and, as a matter of compensation, certain concessions would be given. Those concessions would be further holdings in the Tampico oil fields—the richest and most copious then in the world. The fount of oil is in Mexico. The oil found north of there is the overflow—the "back-water." Our American wells comparatively speaking, will be soon dry. But things did not turn out the way it was expected. What occurred after that is agreed upon by those who know Mexico, and have no material interests

there, though anybody's guess is as good, or as bad, as the opinions of those who know Mexico better than the guessers. It was the case of the "old man" regretting the concessions he already gave, and wanting to hold, what Mexico still possessed, for the Mexicans. The Rockefeller interests, through the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, wanted them; the Pearson Oil Company wanted not only what they had but more. Then began the tug of war between the Morgan interests, for England, through the Pearson Oil Co., and the Rockefeller interests, through the Waters-Pierce Oil Co. The Standard Oil is always suave and smooth, rarely antagonizes but "gets there just the same"; the Morgan interests will be "smooth," if not suave, provided that it does not take up too much time and does not make much trouble, by telling the people that they are the saviors of the country, their acts are patriotic, and they are working for the benefit of humanity or are agents of destiny, etc. But if it takes too long or too much trouble to "chloroform" the judgment of the "hoi polloi" with these, why—"the public be damned"!

All these factions decided that the "old man" had to "go." He wanted Mexican oil for the Mexican people; but the "old man" was a "sticker" and as good a fighter across the table as on the battlefield. His intellect was as robust as his body, and that body was seemingly as agile and virile as a man of fifty-five. Here is where Harriman, with his knowledge of Mexican conditions, came in.

He tried to use the Protestant clergy, with their aims and prejudices, to effect the "old

man's'' overthrow. To the credit of those good men they failed, except in a few notorious particulars, as notorious as they were exceptional, and for whom the general body are not responsible.

Then he had recourse to an atheistic body of Oriental Masons, known to the American Masons as ''clandestines,'' with which the governments of Central and South America are cursed. The American Masons will expel any of their members who affiliate with them.

## Chapter VIII

### Two Kinds of Masons—One Kind

It is impossible to write fairly or justly of Mexico without touching upon Spain, the Church, Masonry and certain oil interests. This place is about as good as any to touch upon Masonry in general and the kind that exists so malevolently in Mexico and South America. Decent Masons, in the United States, God-fearing and just, as I believe the large majority are, have been mortified and indignant at the barbarous cruelties, atrocities, persecutions and murders of Catholics, Protestants and others in Mexico, by some of these "clandestine" Masons. In fact, no race or creed were respected by them. For these reasons, and on account of the defense of them by the uninformed Masons in this country many Catholics, in this country and elsewhere, look upon these acts of the "clandestines" of Mexico as what may be expected from Masonry, if it ever became a predominant power. Now, my Catholic and Masonic Friends, follow me through this subject and neither of you need fear evil, truth, nor embarrassment, let alone offense.

If all men and women lived an ideal life, serving God, country and fellow-man, with fidelity, zeal and charity, it is doubtful if they would belong to any organization except that of their God and country. But such an ideal life is not common among men and women; and to supply

the defects, organizations and societies are established for that end. However well-intentioned these societies may be in their institution and existence, the best are liable to feel the effects of those among them, who try, and sometimes succeed, to manipulate them for selfish and sinister motives; that is, contrary to the end for which they were instituted. To avoid this, those imbued with the spirit of the organization are constantly vigilant; if they are not so imbued, the manipulators gain their purpose for a time, and in the end, the organization ceases to exist. Besides this, no matter how they try to obviate it, the best human organizations segregate the best people in the communities in which they flourish, more or less, from the excellent people of those communities, who do not belong to these societies. From expediency, if not necessity, their charity must be limited, and their efforts must be limited, first, to their own membership. If there be an exception it is rare and could not last for long, because it cannot include all men, whether all men would join them or not. The Church and State, on the contrary, are not so handicapped. Where men are discriminated against on the part of Church or State, as it oftens appears, it is not by the Church or the State, but by the miscarriage of justice and the abuse of laws on the part of their officers. This condition is not general, is only particular and cannot last for long. Either the State corrects it or its form of government changes; with the Church, it changes its officers by formal action or the natural death of the one abusing his power, the abuse dying with him. Therefore,

the best organizations are those of our God and our country; other organizations are superfluous and needless. But we have many organizations that our Church and our country tolerate. Let us look at some of them. I will address myself to the Catholic reader on the subject first: I may shock you when I state to you who are not familiar with all the angles of our Church's attitude toward Masonry: If I were not a Catholic, and a Catholic priest, and if I felt so disposed, I would not hesitate to join what is called "Blue-Lodge" Masonry. As Catholics, you and I cannot join that organization, for reasons which the most of us know and which I shall state when addressing my Masonic readers. Do you ever stop to think that while you and I are bound by the laws of our Church, formally and materially, in some things, that those who in good faith, or invincible ignorance, are not so formally bound? The Church considers this on the part of those who do not know her teachings and of her spiritual authority over them. For example: were you or I to eat flesh-meat on the forbidden days, without justifying causes, we would sin grievously under the laws of the Church; not so our dissenting brethren and friends; though, materially, they are bound to that law as well as we. Under this principle of law our dissenting brethren and friends do not incur the penalties for joining the Masonic Order that we would, if we joined it. Among the best men I ever knew were Masons whom I would trust as implicitly as I would some Catholics I know. Before a candidate can join what is known as "Blue-Lodge" Masonry (though this is not correct term) he

must profess belief in a Supreme Being, and live up to that belief, if he be sincere in trying to live up to the obligations he takes. That some hypocrites may join them and go through the outward forms is possible and even very probable; but the Church and other organizations, without invidious comparisons, suffer, too, from the same class. If the Jew or the Protestant live up to those obligations they will be good citizens, friends and neighbors. But I make one exception—the renegade Catholic, who has received Catholic instructions, Communion and Confirmation; to have such a renegade join he must do violence to his conscience, or his conscience is dead; he is joining for selfish and material motives and advantages. Many Masons, from experience with this class, believe as I do in this, because they "black-ball" such candidates, and they do well. While Masonry was established under the auspices of the Church, in the Fourth Century, for the purpose of building temples to God, the Church, later, had to put it under the ban of her condemnation, because of conditions and events charged against it by her and which, to this day, Masonry has never denied. While these conditions last, we can never hope for the removal of that ban that would permit us to affiliate with that organization, nor them with us. This is truly regrettable because they are a body of men that are worthy citizens and could be our associates, of whom we could be proud as brothers and fellow members of the Church that grieves to see them separated from her. But while the Church is forced to continue this ban, she forbids us, were we so in-

clined, and we are not, to do the least or the greatest of that order an injustice, in word, thought or deed.

Now, my Masonic friends, in making the mistake that you do of your own attitude, in mistaking the attitude of the Church towards your organization, are you not, unconsciously, also, doing us and yourselves an injustice? You confuse the attitude of the Church and ourselves with one of hostility and antagonism, and act in a manner towards us, that seems to us, as antagonistic. Where Masonry, in the past, has attacked the Church, the Church has had to do the logical and obvious—defend herself. She is ready to receive you in friendship if you will do what the other organizations of the world do, even those not Catholic; namely, submit yourselves to the supervision of qualified authorities of Church and State, if required. Those organizations, even those that are oath-bound, do this without inconveniences or hindrance in their formation and development. The Church, from a religious standpoint, is opposed to all the religious sects; but she does not antagonize them. I can successfully prove this despite the contrary statements of perverts, whose works, till the last generation, were considered, history; but not so considered now by the advanced student of history. All men concede the right to every organization to make laws governing its own members, if those laws do not conflict with the laws of the State or the rights of man; and that every member is bound to observe those laws while remaining a member of that organization.

Masonry makes laws for governing its mem-

bers. The organizations known as the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, etc., systems of religion, make rules governing their members. When a member of those sectarian organizations joins the the Catholic Church, they excommunicate, that is, "cut off from communion" of membership, the convert to the Catholic Church. We do not take offense at such official action, knowing that it would be inconsistent for that excommunicated member to be a Catholic and a Protestant at the same time. And reversely, when a person who has been a member of the Catholic Church joins one of those Protestant organizations, the organization with which they affiliate do not take offense when that former member of the Church excommunicates himself from her.

Now why should Masons take offense at acts of this kind that do not offend Protestant or Catholic? You may say you are not a sect? The Church regards you as such. She has the right to teach her members what is sectarian and what is not, if she does not misrepresent; you have a Dogma, a Ritual and teach, in your three degrees, what constitute a religious cult. In this teaching of hers, the Church violates the law of no State or the right of no one and is the first in the Christian field. If they do not like her teachings or her laws, those objecting are free to leave her communion. If she penalizes with spiritual penalties, Masons must remember that Masonry penalizes its members, too; even to the end of life, with excommunication and other penalties. Is there any good reason why Masonry should seek an exemption for the disci-

plining, in the spiritual order, of Catholics, by the Church? The Protestant organizations do not seek it. We do not seek it from them or Masonry, and I cannot believe, if the Mason, now, seeing the Church's side, would seek it from the Church. Nor can I believe that they will be further offended in this fair and reasonable position of the Church. But there is another feature, and when you view it, I feel you will be fair and just in your decision. While the Church permits its members to join even oath-bound organizations, even those that are not Catholic, it is because those oath-bound organizations permit supervision of them by the qualified authorities of Church and State, if required. Masonry will not permit this, unless the authority of the State is a Mason. As for the Church's authority, they will not permit such supervision. No non-Catholic organization that does this, and they are many, have ever had cause to find fault with a condition of this kind that has never given cause for such supervision. Neither do the Catholic organizations. Take the largest Catholic secret society in the United States, the Knights of Columbus; *though not an oath-bound organization in any sense* or *degree,* they not only submit to the supervision of the authorities of the Church, but also of the State, *even though the authorities of the State be Masons.* While I am neither competent nor qualified to speak authoritatively for the Church in this matter, I dare venture to assert that when Masonry will do what the Catholic and non-Catholic organizations do, in this matter of State and Church supervision, like the Elks, the

Eagles, the Woodmen, *et al,* the Church, I believe, will remove the ban under which Masonry now is, and Catholic and Masonic friends will become better friends instead of a collection of individuals suspicious of each other. Can any fair-minded Mason say such an attitude is one of antagonism?

While the Church does not recognize any authority outside of Church or State competent to administer an oath, she is benignant enough to respect the good faith and consciences of those who have taken an oath in Masonry, and afterwards join her communion, by not requiring them to reveal anything of what they learned or promised, under oath, or otherwise, in Masonry. If you doubt this, ask the Masons who have joined the Church and learn for yourselves.

## Chapter IX

### The Other Kind—The "Clandestine"

The reader who has followed the above, whether a Mason or not, will be able to understand and appreciate what I shall state in the following about the Mexican Masons who are called "clandestine" by those of the Craft in the United States and England. The latter will have nothing to do with this "clandestine" body. They will not affiliate with them; if any of their members should do so they would be expelled from their lodges at home. And those Masons who are not "clandestine" will agree with me that they are a "bunch whom no true Mason will defend."

They are, at best, materialistic evolutionists. They do not believe in God, Heaven, Hell nor man—except themselves, individually, and collectively, for political power, rapine and loot and call themselves "Liberals." If any of them had, as individuals, a true and consistent belief in God, they could not remain in that "liberal" organization professing Atheism as a requirement and whose atrocious acts are in accord with those Atheistic requirements that debar them from the Craft in the United States. In the United States, I have stated, the requirement before all else, is the belief in God; in Mexican Masonry, that is, what is commonly known as Oriental Masonry, there is no such requirement. While these Orientals ("Clandestines"), hypocritically pose before the world as patriots,

"liberals" and uplifters of humanity, they are continuously striving to overthrow peaceful governments of different countries, to get the reins of power in their hands so that they may more easily loot. They control the avenues of information with some of their spoils so artfully that they deceive the outside world, if not the Press. Until recently, even the Masons of the United States and the President of the United States, with all the wonderful resources of their powers, were deceived.

By this artful control of the avenues of information, it is not till long afterwards that the unsuspecting and duped world learns of their atrocities, robberies, rapine and murders of a people that these atrocious robbers held up to the world in a false light, so that the uninformed, or the hopelessly prejudiced, undeservedly gave them credit for sincerity and noble endeavor in the cause of right and good. These "Clandestines" call themselves "Liberals," and make it appear that there is a "Catholic" Party, when no such party exists—though, God knows, if there were, it would be a benefit to humanity there, if it were strong enough to protect humanity from that kind of "Liberals."

After getting political power, those so-called "Liberals" first attack the established schools; making them so Atheistic that the children prefer to go without an intellectual education rather than lose the moral education necessary to save their souls. This kind of education offered is called "liberal." Whatever defects may be in our own excellent Public School System, in the matter of religious education, it is not intensely,

subtly or professedly, atheistic. In Mexico it is all these and more. They would not have any schools at all there if they could help it; while they have little if any regard for the opinion of the rest of the world, as we have seen in these revolutions in Mexico and Portugal, they do give it a "sop" in the shape of these schools, and can say that they "provide schools but that they are not attended." But they conceal the reason why they cannot be attended and go on putting in their pockets the money that would be required to run those schools, if they were like those of our Public School System in the United States—truly non-Sectarian and non-atheistic, un-religious rather than irreligious.

The result of this confiscation of schools, colleges and the higher institutions of learning, is a period of illiteracy following their usurpation of power till the Church is able to adjust herself and overcome this lack of an intellectual training. The "clandestines" do this for two reasons. One is that the few who may attend these few schools will soon be among them to keep up the numbers of their restricted organization; the other is that of a hope that the rest, though able to receive at home a moral training, will grow up more or less illiterate and ignorant of the ways and means to recover their political and civic rights, and remain the vassals, if not the very slaves, of this grafting clique, these economic robbers.

Most people, even Catholics, make the mistake of thinking that it is within the province of the Church to provide an intellectual education; this is a mistake. It is within her province to supervise an intellectual culture that, to be Christian, must give room, also, for a moral

education. She does not intrude on the intellectual part, known as the scientific; with this she has nothing to do, except to see that the scientific part, when touching upon, or entering into, the moral part, does so without violating faith or morals. It is no concern of hers, strictly, whether Tommie makes the letter "a" right or wrong; or whether "Professor Buncombe" teaches that the world is round or flat, if he remain within his own domain of science. But when the State, as in Mexico, since the days of Commonfort and his ilk, do not provide an intellectual culture, she supplies it till the State remedies this defect. She has done this since the sixth century and needless to dwell upon her successes in this line here. When she does supply this defect, or establishes a system of education to protect children from an intellectual culture that violates their rights in faith and morals, they turn their attention, then, to her by attacking her clergy, closing her schools and higher institutions of learning; confiscating her properties and persecuting her members. This was, and is, the condition, periodically, in Mexico, since 1833, under Farias; Commonfort and Juarez followed in 1861. They closed schools, colleges and universities of higher learning, seven of which were old before our American Declaration of Independence had existence. And these institutions were no inferior institutions. They equalled the Gregorian University of Rome, after which they were patterned. Maximilian, the poor unfortunate dupe of Napoleon and the "clandestines," though he died in peace with the Church he oppressed and per-

secuted, was an Oriental Mason. He was guilty of the same acts in 1865. By the "ipse dixit" laws of a small clique of "clandestines" called the "Laws of Reform," backed up with the force of arms on an unarmed and defenseless people, and not by any voting of an Amendment to their so-called constitution, they were disfranchised and had no voice in their own country or government, though they were an overwhelming majority of the cultured and moral people of that Republic. They and their clergy were, and are again, reduced civically and politically to the conditions that existed among the negroes before the Civil War in this country. The unspeakable Carranza, went more than "one better" than his predecessors under that elastic Constitution and its so-called "Laws of Reform."

Here are what are considered *crimes* under those so-called "Laws of Reform," punishable with fines from twenty-five dollars to five hundred dollars, or imprisonment, and even both imprisonment and fine: For priests or ministers in Mexico to take from their Churches any of the things used in churches, even though they may have been purchased with their own personal funds.

If I sent a chalice to a priest friend in Mexico, for his own personal use, after I bought it with my own personal funds, either in Mexico or out of it, as soon as my friend brought that chalice inside the door of the Church, it automatically became the property of the Republic of Mexico; and if that friend, if he were leaving that Church, wished to take the memento of my

friendship with him, and did so, he would be prosecuted as a thief under those so-called "Laws of Reform." If you, My Protestant Friend, sent an organ, or a communion service, to your minister, out of your own personal funds, or from the funds of your missionary society, as soon as those objects were brought inside his Church, either he, or some Government inspector, would have to report that to the Government official of Mexico, and it would become, automatically, the property of the Mexican Government—an object of future loot for those who have the reins of government in their hands down there. This includes the vestments of the clergy, the books and every object inside its walls. Time and again have they looted and desecrated churches; selling them for their own personal uses, as the records will prove beyond cavil of doubt.

It is a crime in Mexico for a clergyman to wear clerical garb. Once, in Guanajato and once in Pachuca, I, an American citizen, on a visit, had to take off my Roman collar.

It is a crime for a nun to wear her plain and simple garb on the streets, even though she be on an emergency call of charity or mercy to the sick, suffering or afflicted of humanity, while the foreign prostitute, of whom there are a few, may dress as little and as indecently as her sinful avocation will permit, as she plies her sinful barter and pollutes the bodies of men as well as their souls.

It is a crime to sell hymn books that tell of a happy life beyond the grave, or a prayer-book that will enable those to pray who do not know

easily how to "talk with God"; or a crucifix that would enable the spiritually inclined minds to meditate more easily on the God that came down from Heaven to redeem mankind on a cruel cross of death.

So as to discourage and make more difficult for those who come to God's house to worship, in common with others, it is made a crime to have pews in the churches upon which they may rest.

It is a crime to go to confession, and a crime for a priest who hears the confession; and there are several who have suffered death under Villa, Obregon and Carranza who have been "guilty" of those "crimes." The repentant sinner, wishing to make his peace with an outraged God, commits a "crime" to send for his clergyman, Protestant or Catholic, to console him in his dying agony; if he die before receiving the penalty, his estate will pay it and the clergyman will be dealt with "according to the 'Laws of Reform'," enacted by those "liberal" gentlemen. And if those clergymen should be so foolish as to say a few words of spiritual consolation to his anguished friends at the grave, sing a hymn of faith that will give hope to them of meeting on Jordan's shore, they will be prosecuted according to those "Laws of Reform." Christian instruction and Christian burial are a crime down there, according to those "Liberal" gentlemen whom Mr. Bryan and Mr. Lind, and their kind, think are such noble patriots and brothers in God with them.

It is a crime in Mexico to have in church a Holy Water Font, or to use it. The United States, or any other civilized country that I

know of, has never traced the source of epidemics or disease to the Holy Water Font; it remained for these "liberal" gentlemen to do that—to "preserve" them from any "disease" that may take them off before they have an opportunity of raping and then slaughtering them.

It is a crime for a Protestant or a Catholic to donate from their personal funds to the support of their clergy for any services rendered. If they donate to some fund that will support them, and no offerings taken for services, the fund is confiscated to the Government.

If the priest or minister, especially a priest, would be so foolish as to imagine that he is a citizen of Mexico, just let him try to vote. If he is not killed before he gets inside the polling booth he will land in jail. To show their contempt for the sacredness of the churches, besides using them for places of prostitution, they use them for election booths, and on a Sunday, when no religious services can be held. In the United States, our dear and beloved country, we clergymen not only vote, but are little thought of if we do not vote—and rightly, too. We discuss the tariff and free trade; one may be for it and the other "ag'in" it. Till recently we might criticise the policy of this or that administration, one official or another, and no one question our right, no matter how much we regarded the judgment manifested in the discussion, but let a priest, a "citizen" of the Republic of Mexico, dare attempt such a thing in Mexico and he will go to jail, if he is not dead. Under the "Laws of Reform" he is a criminal. He has not even the right to own a home, a horse or an

ass. To discourage him from saying Mass, the hour is put beyond the canonical hour which forbids his celebrating; or so late the priest has to fast till as late as twelve and after. The Masons of the United States take an obligation not only *not to assail,* but to protect the chastity and virtue of the women folk of brother Masons; in Mexico there is no such respect shown. They raped the wives and daughters of American Masons with the same nonchalance that they did the many nuns who chose a life of service and denial, as well as of virginity, to the God who lived a life of virginity himself. They unspeakably mutilated priests, in contempt for their lives of celibacy. They plundered the properties of American Masons just the same as they did the properties of the Church, the priests, the nuns and the people; forcing those, whose service was not material, to starve or learn to compete in an unfamiliar calling—and if successful enough in this to drive them out of the country or putting them to clean the streets and water closets.

My Masonic friends, these charges are not particular incidents, but many; and can be proven by the most prominent people in this country and Mexico, of all denominations, Masonic as well as others. I shall not offend you by asking you if you now defend those "clandestines" who have officially given their approval of these acts. This is the tribe of "patriots" that keep Central and South America in continuous turmoil and make you ask "what is the cause of this?" and suspect the Church for being the cause. This Mexican brand of "patriots"

was defended and assisted in their atrocious acts, at least indirectly, by William Jennings Bryan, as Secretary of State, by his conscious inaction and knowledge of the facts. This was the clique that fell out among themselves, but agreed in their atrocities on a moral and intellectual people. I except President Wilson from these charges only because I believe that he was not informed, if not really deceived, by his advisers, one of whom was a man who knew nothing of the Spanish language and very little of the English language—yet a quasi-ambassador of this great Republic of the United States, in the most delicate mission that could require the talents of a sage and diplomat! If the reader, Masonic or otherwise, is further interested in these subjects, and needs some proofs from Masonic sources, please read Mr. Byam's article in the BROOKLYN TABLET of about the middle of October, 1916. There is another printed in the October issue of the BUILDER, an official organ of the Masonic Order. Both writers are men who have lived a long time in Mexico, one of them thirty years; both of them are Masons in good standing and of high degree.

## Chapter X

### Catorce—San Luis Potosi

In all my travels I saw no place as unique as Catorce. To journey there in the day time is to court peril; to attempt it at night is more than fool-hardy and doubtful. It is built on the side of a gigantic ravine; its streets are steeper than any you have seen in the steepest part of Constantinople, Amalfi or Sorrento. Engineers say that some of the streets are at an angle greater than forty-five degrees. It is about six thousand feet above sea-level. We made it in the day time on the back of an ass. No vehicle can be used for the journey up the mountain side. To get to it, we left the station of Catorce 435 miles north of Mexico City, on the Mexican National Railroad. After a while the idea of personal danger vanished as we saw the magnificence and beauty of our surroundings. Thousands of feet below us we saw a silvery stream winding its way to the sea, the browns, the greens and the yellows of the panoramic scene blending into a picture never to be forgotten any more than our perilous ride on the tropical "king of beasts." Glancing from this picture your eyes, at least, are held by the white-walled Catorce. Catorce (pronounced cah-tor'-say) means "fourteen." Fourteen bandits took up their stronghold here both on account of its inaccessibility of approach and for its impregnable position after reaching it. Some-

time after their having it made as their stronghold, they discovered silver. This was about 1780. The silver from this place is from the highest to the lowest grade. They have mined it so much that the tunnels are from a few feet to a mile and a half into the mountain-side. While millions have been spent in tunneling and shaftings, many millions have been taken from them and the mines are not yet exhausted. When the mines are working there are, sometimes, as many as forty thousand people living in that most peculiar city that has no vehicles. When there is no work, it dwindles to about five thousand; but no matter how little or great the number, it is as primitive as the days of our Lord. Those who like the luxury of a Belmont or a Biltmore would better compromise with waiting in their Pullman till the return of their friends; but things are primitively clean and your food will satisfy you till your return. The Church here, at one time, was the most valuable in art and treasures of any church on this continent, owing to the way it was built and adorned. The miners of those days were paid by being allowed to take home each night, as their wages, all the silver ore they could carry in one hand. Ever devoted to their church from the time they accepted Christianity from the Spaniard, they would "club" together and get this or that object of art, in linens, laces, paintings, tapestries, and the precious metals. This was among the first objects of loot by the Commonfort and Juarez clique. While the church is still beautiful and possesses some old objects of beautiful art, none of the earlier remain.

Some of this silver assayed as high as twelve and twenty dollars a ton. Railroad men who visit the city say it is a part cut and a part fill. The streets are fairly well paved; it has a nice plaza, the widest part of the town—but the plaza is small. It is no city for a man who will stagger under a load of "tea"; nor is it a safe place to travel at night without light and a knowledge of the city. It is not safe on account of its sloping sides and the journeying one would fall before he stopped.

We crossed the Tropic of Cancer one hundred and forty-eight miles south of Saltillo. Upon the line is a small wooden building with markers pointing on each side of the line. Owing to the altitude, we felt no more discomfort from the heat than if we had been in New York in a beautiful day in June. When we arrived in San Luis Potosi (pronounced Sahn-loo-ees Po'-toe-sée) we were in one of the prettiest cities in the world. Its climate is beautiful all the year around; even the rainy season is not disagreeable as it does not rain till the afternoon, and the rain, while heavy, does not last long. As we approached we saw the spires or towers of the Churches, the ancient walls, the vast areas of gardens and plain.

When we left the platform of the depot we found it was almost a part of the beautiful Plaza, and this is a feature of the railroads in Mexico. The city is but a few feet less than six thousand feet above the sea. Instead of this being a detriment to those who live there, it seems to make them as energetic as a youth in the North. The church bells ringing, though

not in chiming order, greeted our morning arrival. In the States and cities, where the Governors and Mayors are complaisant, these bells are allowed to be rung. Sometimes they are rung so often and so much that I might acquiesce in a little restriction in this regard were it not for the reasons and the animus behind the government-prohibition concerning church bells; especially when following our Northern custom of sleeping longer in the morning than do "Jose" and his caballero brother, who are always up in time to greet the dawn. In 1911 this city had a population estimated at over 85,000 while the State, after which it is named, or rather the State was named after the City, has over 600,000. It is rich in the products of the mine and the fields. The Honorable John Barrett gives statistics on these in his excellent work "The Pan-American Union." It is in this city the passengers change cars for Aguas Calientes (Hot Waters—springs) Guadlajara and other western and south-western cities, on the East for Tampico and other cities towards the Gulf. All the fruits and flowers of the Tropics and the Temperate Zones flourish there abundantly. Its waters are pure, sweet and cool as well as copious, and their crops never fail. The journey to the West is along the River Lerma that is almost a mile high in the air, eight hundred miles long, flows through Lake Chapala, like the Gulf Stream through the Atlantic Ocean. While in the cities on the table lands we were never bothered with fleas, flies, mosquitoes and their respective *et cetera* that keep our beloved South Land from being the

earthly paradise it might otherwise be. An acre of land, aided with a cow, will support a family of five. From here, down to the "calientes" (the hot lands) grows the famous para grass, which is somewhat on the order of our Kentucky "blue grass." It grows so abundantly that a cow never has to move beyond her own circumference to get enough to eat all day; the result being that they have there the fattest cattle and the best milch cows in the world, excepting none. Where they have this kind of land it is not unusual to see haciendas as large as many small cities in the States. The hacendado raises his own cattle, sheep and goats. It is not unusual to see them, in the sparse lands, in herds of many thousands. They kill their own beeves, dress and ship them to Europe; tan their hides, weave their wool and hair. This requires a large retinue of servants in field, factory and homes. Other industries, auxiliary, of necessity, go along with this. As there is no race-suicide or birth control and little venereal disease in Mexico, there are but few, if any, unhealthy mothers; but there are many children and here is where the hacienda schools come in, with their teachers, and the "padres" who come into their lives from the baptismal font to the grave—and even beyond and forever. He does not force himself on them; he is sought with affection in all the vicissitudes of life, happy or otherwise. Though these hacienda schools, and the churches alongside of them, may have been built from the private funds of the hacendado, assisted by the peons who work for, or with, him, as soon as they are

completed, they become the property of the "Liberal Government" under those American-believed liberal "Laws of Reform." Some of these people, for awhile, do not complete these buildings and keep a man "tinkering" on them every day, but never *completing* them, so that on a technicality, they may retain them and keep the "Liberals" from interfering with the education of their children. As education in that Republic is compulsory, and as the children under Diaz were getting an education that satisfied the State and the parents, there was no friction between either under the really liberal and broad-minded Diaz.

The *maguey* plant, of which I wrote in a previous chapter, is also among the products raised here. You may see thousands of acres set out with this plant; it is planted like gigantic cabbages; its leaves have a length, when of full growth, from six to twelve feet and even more. The heart is scooped out at maturity and this gives from a gallon to two gallons every twenty-four hours. It is siphoned from the plant's heart into receptacles made from the skin of a goat or sheep, to those of the most appropriate, and delivered to places of shipment for the trains that carry it to Mexico City, as the milk trains in the East carry the different consignments of milk to New York City. In Mexico City it is sold as *pulque,* which is drunk by the Mexicans of high and low degree. It would take quite a quantity of it to inebriate. In taste, to the one who has not acquired a liking for it, it is insipid, a milk and watery appearance and about as thick as skimmed milk. It is distilled

into a brandy called "mescal" and "tequila"; as stated in a previous chapter, this *pulque* is a sure cure for Bright's disease. As it cannot be bottled, owing to its fermentation, it must be drunk by those so afflicted as soon as it comes from the field.

There are many Americans, suffering from this disease, who have settled around Queretaro where this is produced most extensively and where the most delightful climate in the world may be enjoyed all the year around in an altitude of over five thousand feet. The Cathedral here is far-famed for its beauty and for its objects of art and devotion that interest even the aesthetic and artistic Protestant. It was built by that patron of arts, the Bishop Montes de Oca, who is still living and affectionately remembered by artists and lovers of art from all over the world, especially those from the United States, to whom he gave welcome *entreé* to his home which is, also, a palace of art. While his house is a palace, his own quarters are as plain as any carping critic might wish. The Cathedral faces the *Plaza Major*. In this city, Juarez had a place of richness to plunder, and he did. The beautiful Alameda, now a public park, was once the convent garden of the plundered nuns. Here is erected a beautiful statue to Father Hidalgo, the "Washington of Mexico." In passing, I may state that the rebellion against Spain would not have taken place, at least then, had it not been for the fact that the people found out that Spain was about to deliver them over to the atheistic revolutionists of Napoleon's time, who had to seek pastures new to browse

in their own beastly and bestial way. So much has been written on this subject we shall forbear further than to say that for his successful revolution Spain had him degraded as a priest, shot as a rebel and made immortal to all lovers of liberty. He was shot in 1810, after having freed Mexico from one foreign master to go under the yoke, later of petty domestic tyrants who, ever since, have exploited them till, there was a surcease for a time, under Diaz.

We sat down on a bench and gazed upon the statue of this immortal hero, thinking how those who serve the most suffer the greatest that others may enjoy what they never had; and as we sat under that statue, the fulsome chatter and laughter of care-free children, mingled with the feathered gentry pouring out their matin lays to the breezes floating under skies as blue as any in the world; the fruit peddlers, with their strawberries, pine apples, oranges and other tropical, and strange fruits, as well as vegetables, were passing to and fro on sandalled feet to market places. The white-colored raiment suggested the Orient, were it not for the hustle and energy of the passing throng, colored here and there with the Mexican blankets, making a picture that only death can remove from my mind.

They had sub-ways in San Luis Potosi hundreds of years before New York City or Boston had even a surface car or an elevated railroad; and they were used for travelling, too. They united church with church and were made by the Spaniards to protect themselves from the Indians, before the time when the Mexicans

were not the kindly people they are today. Where the fort was, there also, was the church with the Spanish adventurers. This subway covered several miles of ground and is still in a good state of preservation. In San Antonio, Texas, they have tunnels of a smaller diameter fifteen miles long, but the entrances to them are not known except to the Mexicans, who will not tell. I understand that when the Menger Hotel was constructed, some forty or more years ago, in San Antonio, they ran across one of the tunnels running from the Alamo to the distant Missions. It is a matter of much speculation to engineers, who have seen and marvelled at their construction, how this work was done in San Luis Potosi. While they are not used today, you will be often reminded of their existence when you hear the hollow sounds of the carts crossing them above. A truly classic piece of architecture is their theatre called *La Paz,* the "Peace." It is said to be second only to any other theatre in the world and that one to which it is second is the theatre in Mexico City, of which I shall make note later. It looks like a church, with its superb Corinthian columns and massive central dome. I was told by a passing American, who lived there, that it had been a church but "nationalized" (that is confiscated) under Commonfort and Juarez. The street scenes were peaceful, bright and gay, as were all the city streets of that "Land of Manana," the morrow that never comes. Juarez made this city his Capital, when driven out of Mexico, and it was here he issued the death-decree of poor Maximilian and his two devoted generals. In

San Luis Potosi, literally as well as figuratively, the Mexicans keep their door-yards clean. The streets are included, half way and those living opposite must do the other half. If the doors are open, you see through a paved hall-way, wide enough for a carriage to enter; after the street door is open there is another door opening into the "patio." The houses are quandrangular. In the center are the "patios" in which are flowing fountains, all kinds of flowers, even banana trees, often tame parrots or parrakeets flying among them. On one side of the house may be the horses and carriages; on the opposite, in the corner, the servants; and the rest of the house the dining and other rooms; but the ones of privacy and state are in the story above. To pass from one room to the other is not the same as here, from room to room. There you go out in the gallery, or verandah, and go through a door that opens on this gallery. Go to the railing or banister and look up and you see no roof, but the starry skies at night and the blue of the day time, or the clouds, as the skies may be. When it rains, the "patios" are so drained that seldom, if ever, do the rains enter the rooms on the ground floor. The people are great lovers of flowers and music. Only those who have been in the homes of those people who have a "patio" of this kind, with its gold-fish coming to the top in the fountain's waters, flashing in the light, with music stealing softly to the tinkling sounds of the flowing fountain, beneath a tropical moon, in air as balmy as Summer's gentle breath, can appreciate how easily the spirit of Mexico can steal

into the heart of one born in a Northern clime.

Five miles away from San Luis Potosi is the city reservoir, over a hundred feet in height. Some of these Mexican reservoirs are built on the plan of those ancient ones in Italy. They are open to the sunlight and flow on arched masonry of massive proportions. On the top of this structure flows the water from the mountains. The one in Queretaro is notable. One hacienda near this city had twenty thousand peons from which, in 1810, a full regiment of cavalry were recruited to assist the Royalists. They have a penitentiary and a barracks here. The churches have some of the finest paintings extant, of Mexican execution, and a credit to any school of art. Among their educational institution is a college of arts and crafts. Their library, confiscated as usual, has over 100,000 volumes of the most wonderful works extant. Here I saw some old ancient Irish manuscripts, brought over from Spain by the Irish who left Ireland during the Cromwellian slaughter and went to Spain — but more of this in a future chapter.

## Chapter XI

### The City of Dolores Hidalgo, Queretaro

At an altitude of over six thousand feet, nestling in a fertile valley, at the feet of steeply-rising mountains, we arrived at the little city of Dolores Hidalgo. "Sorrowful Hidalgo," the birth-place of Mexican Independence. It is named after Father Hidalgo, the "rebel" priest, and the Father of Mexican Independence. He engineered the revolutionary movement through his supposed literary clubs that were, really, revolutionary societies. The success of this revolution caused Spain the loss of her richest possessions in this hemisphere, beautiful Mexico. The city is a half hour's ride from the National Railway depot, over a sandy desert, in tram-car or carriage. Of Hidalgo and this revolution I shall touch again.

What would you think of a "back-woods" farmer, who could not read or write, who never had heard tell of, nor had seen, a Gothic structure; who had never traveled ten miles from his home, who would successfully design and build, without skilful aid, a Gothic church that will compare most favorably with any structure ever built? Down in this little city, a peon, who did not know how to write his own name, without the assistance of an architect, a skilled carpenter or mason, did this in the beautiful Gothic church of San Miguel de Allende. His name was Zeferino Guiterriz. It is a beautiful edifice that

would be a monument to any architect of any age. The main spire, crowned with a cross, over one hundred feet upwards, is surrounded with eight smaller spires and several minarets on the tower to challenge the roving eye, to arouse the wonder and court the admiration of the world.

His "blue-prints" were the plots of sand where he planned and labored; his pencil and square were pieces of sticks which he sharpened; his co-laborers were brother peons, imbued with religious fervor, and their compensation was a deferred payment due on reaching Jordan's shore. With engineers and others it is a matter of the deepest speculation how he designed and built so well and is regarded by those who believe in Divine Providence that he was inspired.

The interior is furnished in a style that will compare favorably with the most of the best churches in Mexico—and that is saying a great deal where the ordinary churches are the equal if not the superior of the most beautiful churches we have in the United States.

It has works of art and paintings, laces, linens and the precious metals, as may be found so extensively and generously in the country's churches. The "Liberals," who confiscated this church, were not satisfied with St. Michael's name, so they added the name of one of THEIR "saints" to it—"Allende" (pronounced "ayende"). They do this with all the churches of Mexico; not having been saints on earth they "canonize" them dead. Allende himself was not such a bad fellow, though the Spaniards thought so and killed him among those revolutionists of 1810. He was one of Father Hi-

dalgo's generals. The city of San Miguel de Allende has a church nearly 365 years old and possessed a population close to 15,000. Besides its famous church they have also famous baths that have great curative properties.

The next city we visited was Queretaro (kay-ret'-ä-roe). It is one of the quaintest and one of the most Mexican cities in that republic. The people there boast of forty-five thousand inhabitants and live in an altitude of six thousand feet. Its climate is even more delightful than that of San Luis Potosi, and is equal to any of those places of "paradise" in the Lerma valley where fruits and vegetables grow all the year around. Queretaro means "The Home of the Poor"; it is also the home of many rich Mexicans and Americans who would not change it for even the United States for which they yearn; but there is a reason. They live there to drink the "pulque" which has cured their Bright's disease. But they say, after their own country, there is no other place in the world that they would prefer to Queretaro. Were it not for the tram-ways, mule-drawn cars, like we saw in New York before the use of electricity, with the drivers' fish-horns warning pedestrians, coach drivers and others of their hasty approach, one might think he were in some street or square of Cairo; yet there is a difference; the people here have a "snap" and "ginger" in their make-up that you do not find in the lower altitudes. On their faces a physiognomist could read the "busy" sign. The houses and the streets look like those of the Orient. The high, two-wheeled carts of the draymen, the fruit venders with

their produce on trays, carried on the head or resting on the curb-stones of the market places and plazas, dressed in assortment of vesture, gracefully and artistically worn, whether by peon or caballero, make a romantic picture to those accustomed to our style of dress and life. Not only on the edges of the plazas, but even in the narrow streets, the rich live cheek by jowl with the poor; yet the peon keeps his "place" with contentment and satisfaction, not as our poor do, grumblingly, enviously and covetously, here, where we, poor and rich, boast of a Democracy that states "all men are equal"—but are not. The peon has an interior peace and an exterior life of peace. He is either eating or drinking (not intoxicants), and often smoking. When the "bite" is not there, you will find the cigarette between the finger tips. It seemed to me that those who were not about their business, dreamed away the hours in the shade and even in the sun; the peon's home is mostly to sleep in and not to live in. This mountain-tropic atmosphere influences one different from any other place I know. I could not, if I tried, exaggerate its beauty, its sunlight and its many wonders in those remarkable cities in this altitude and latitude. This is why Mexico is an all-the-year-'round tourist's paradise; even the rainy season is the best time to go there, in our summer—and they have no winter, except in the still higher altitudes. While we saw them dozing and dreaming, we saw others who were not traveling the road of the simple life. Those were the busy members of the commerce and trade of the city. There is a poorhouse here

where all, who are able to work, are compelled to work in the factory, the busy hum of which greets the ear a block away. In this factory they are teaching trades to the young and old; such a system in this country would soon make the acquaintance of the walking delegate of some labor organization. However, from such establishments as these the adept Mexican is preparing a generation of machinists, engineers, mechanical and mining, under the direction of Americans and others. They also have other manufacturing concerns owned by private capital.

It would take columns to describe the churches of this city. I saw a church once gilded from floor to ceiling. One church, confiscated by the "Liberals," was sold to France for one million and a half dollars for the gold on its walls alone. The gold was put so thickly on the walls that a gold shell would have been cheaper than the leaf they put on. So richly embellished was the church of Santa Rosa, that it seems like a fable to learn, on indisputable authority, what they describe. The French got their "money's worth" and still more before they were told to "get out" by the United States, and left a great deal more behind. We saw some of this, covered with tortoise shell to protect it from the grime of time. This church is one of the oldest on this continent. It possesses an organ made there in 1759. It is so elaborately and beautifully carved and inlaid with mother of pearl, and purest silver and gold, that there are those who criticise so much treasure being employed for such a "wasteful"

purpose. Like Judas they tell what "good could be done for the poor" with it, while the same could be done with the jewels that adorned the persons of the critics, not to mention their lavishly furnished and embellished homes in the States and elsewhere. The carvings of altars, of organs and pews are exquisite poems of the chisel, directed by the hands of the artists and sculptors who put into their work a love for God that was the flame that warmed into an inspiration and enthusiasm the love of true art, which is founded on religion and not lecherized by the nude.

These objects would have to be seen to get the least conception of the time, the patience and the ability, as well as the devotion, of those who left behind them so much, the most of which was plundered by the "Liberal" barbarian; and the little that is still left is really much. Our Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says of this church: "One of the finest chapels in the world, it is, at any rate, unique. I know of no church in the world so rich in wood-carving. It is over-laid with thick gold leaf, almost gold plate, and, in some places, the gold is over-laid with transparent tortoise shell. The great altar piece, which is said to have been the richest part of the chapel, was wantonly destroyed by the French when they occupied the city. They tore it down and burned it in order to get the gold. I was told in Queretaro that they took gold to the value of a million and a half dollars. I can readily believe, judging from the thickness of the gold leaf remaining, that the sum obtained was immense. In the sacristy covering one end

of the wall is a painting that would attract admiration anywhere. In the central space is an altogether lovely figure of Santa Rosa. In form and color the composition would do no discredit to Murillo."

There is another church there, Santa Cruz, "The Holy Cross." The legend runs (it would be an offense to the ears of those good and pious people there to hear it called a legend) that when Tapia, the Otomite chief, came to bring the Christian faith to the people of Queretaro, they did not take kindly to his mission and had recourse to arms to oppose him. During the conflict, an angel, others say Santiago, stood high in the skies above them with a cross of dazzling splendor in his uplifted hand. Struck with this manifestation of divine approbation of Tapia's mission, fighting ceased immediately and all embraced the Christian faith, were baptized and Tapia, shortly after, departed for his home. Upon the spot where the apparition was seen is now this beautiful church with a cross of stone at the top, commemorating that event that happened so long ago, three hundred years and more. From my own observation and from conviction, I believe that Queretaro's people are not second to the best and the most faithful of the good and faithful children of the Church in Mexico. Americans, especially the proprietor of the American Hotel there, told me that doors are seldom locked and that life and property is no safer in the safest city of the world than in the city of Queretaro; and from my own personal knowledge and experiences, I believe it. It would be monotonous, perhaps, to some of the

readers to dwell further on the wonderful and beautiful other churches in this city; but I shall say of the people that at no time of the day, from dawn to dark, except at siesta, will you find their churches empty. You will be struck with surprise at the large number of devoted worshippers who come to silently adore their Tabernacled God. They are all unconscious of exterior distractions and edify even those who do not believe in the same system of religion as they. These people have a water system that cost many thousands of dollars, donated by one man, whose name I have forgotten. I saw on the street stands for exhibition and sale, a great many beautifully-made slippers and shoes, equal to any of French or American make. I contemplated buying some of them till my companion, a Mr. Sleicher, the boniface of the American Hotel, cautioned me that the tanning process was of such an order that the wearing of these shoes might embarrass me, especially on a hot day—they are tanned with human excrement. This is the method of all leathers tanned in Mexico, owing to the lack of the wood that we use in this country. I did not buy. My imagination ran apace. I saw some visiting confrere, or dignitary, tired from travel and labor, and forgetful of providing for his comfort on the road, wearing them while accepting of my hospitality and the potential "embarrassment" that might follow!

This is the city in which Maximilian was shot with his two generals. While histories and encyclopedias state much concerning this poor dupe of Napoleon, sufficient time has not elapsed

for historical ripeness to enable a writer to write impartially, and with the full knowledge of facts hidden in the archives of the different governments, to give a correct and complete judgment. Maximilian was the Arch-Duke of Austria and the brother of the late Emperor of that country. He was born in 1832. He married the beautiful Carlotta, the daughter of Leopold I, King of Belgium. According to press notices, during this terrible European slaughter, she is still alive in a castle in Belgium that now flies the German flag and is being protected by German soldiers and officers. She holds her court as though she were a reigning Empress and still lives in the happy delusion that her dear husband will soon return to her. Juarez was the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Mexico, at the time previous to the French invasion of Mexico. After a three years' fight with the so-called "Clericals," he made himself President with the aid of the Oriental Masons and the connivance of the American ambassador. It was more a "clandestine" revolution than a people's contest for liberty and self-rule. Napoleon, to get rid of a probable powerful obstacle to his European ambitions and plans, persuaded Maximilian to accept the Emperorship (King) of Mexico, producing petitions (mostly forged and fictitious) beseeching him to accept. Napoleon's excuse and alleged reason was that the "Mexicans were unable to rule themselves." Because the "clericals" and "clandestines," the latter of which were as insignificant as they were powerless, could not agree among themselves is no evidence that the Mexicans could not govern themselves.

Oriental Masonic help, and Oriental Masonic influence, and, it is alleged, Masonry in England, overthrew the new republic of Hidalgo. Dissension after dissension, created by those who would ruin if they could not rule, followed on the part of the atheistic clique who made no "bones" of their atheistic aims. It was an expense to France that the niggardly Napoleon could not keep up and which the people of France did not want—to destroy a republic to promote a monarchial institution which they themselves had thrown by the board!

So Maximilian was abandoned by Napoleon; but to do Napoleon justice he did try to assist him in his new country; when this failed he also tried to relieve him and get him out of the country; when this failed he did try to save his life, and would have succeeded, but the revived nobility of the unfortunate Maximilian would not cooperate in this unless his two generals, who were shot with him, could be also saved. At Queretaro he made a brave stand, after this, with only ten thousand men. He might have won but for the treachery of the "clandestine" Lopez, whom he had foolishly believed to be his dearest friend. While Maximilian was sleeping, Lopez delivered him and his position to the "Clandestine" General Escobedo. Bear in mind that Maximilian himself was a "Clandestine" Mason, and a "brother" of both Lopez and Escobedo. To the credit of Juarez, he was reluctant to execute Maximilian and gave him a chance to escape; but, as the same opportunity would not be given to his two generals to escape with him, he declined the opportunity and asked to be executed

with them. Maximilian's wife, Carlotta, had already sailed for France to seek aid for him; failing in this, she went hopelessly insane. She loved her husband devotedly and he as devotedly loved her. Despite the fact that Mexico looked upon him as a foreign invader and an enemy, it cherishes his memory and keeps in loving remembrance his noble qualities. They erected to his memory and the memory of his two generals, shot on each side of him at the same volley, that terrible June 19, 1867, a beautiful little chapel. Three engraved brass plates mark the spots upon which they stood when shot. The chapel is of white marble and is cared for by the government. Mass is said there at certain times for the repose of their souls. We knelt and prayed that he may be among those resting in eternal bliss. In life, Maximilian did not continue to be a faithful child of the Church. This I shall leave for some other writer and, also, leave his faults, still hidden, by saying: God be merciful to his soul and the souls of his brave companions who fought with him on the field and rest with him in the grave.

When we were in Monterey we visited the State building. In that building they had among the guns used in this execution, three that were supposed to have been loaded with ball instead of being blank, as is the custom down there to have a certain number blank and a certain number loaded with ball, so as to spare the feelings of the executioners. The attendant that showed us the arms, then proudly extended his chest, pointed to himself in an "Uncle Mun" style, and informed us that it was HE shot Maximilian.

I could not enthuse nor give the "tip" that he is supposed to receive. I learned, later, that it was true that he had shot Maximilian; he was, until a few weeks ago, among the bandits fighting in Mexico. I learned he was killed since then. Queretaro is also famous for its part in the revolution that overthrew the Spanish Government in 1810. Donna Maria Josefa Ortiz de Dominiguez, the wife of the Mayor of the city, warned the priest, Father Hidalgo, that her husband, with his cabinet, had officially decreed his death with others of his following. The Donna, herself, was not loyal to Spain. They felt that Spain was about to deliver Mexico to the "atheists and infidels" (which they really were) of France. She played the part of eaves-dropper and heard the deliberations of the council and heard the sentence. She had a faithful servant, by the name of Juan Perez, waiting for her summons to take a message to Father Hidalgo. The husband, suspecting her interest in the proceedings, as well as her loyalty, on account of the persons that frequented her salon, which was supposed to be literary and social, apprehended her and had her locked in her boudoir. Still resourceful, she stamped her foot upon the floor as a signal to the waiting Juan below, who departed safely with his message to the "Padre" by word of mouth. Acting on the information, he sent his general, Allende, to intercept the royal orders of arrest of the revolutionary conspirators; with Allende went another officer by the name of Aldama. This was done very early in the morning, and they had to act quickly. Despite the early hour, before the dawn, Hidalgo celebrated

Mass and addressed the worshippers in a passionate plea, telling them that the Spaniards were about to betray their country and their Church to atheistic enemies. He won their hearts, minds and wills, no easy thing to do at that time, so loyal were the Mexicans to Spain. Had it not been proven to them that Spain really had intended turning the country over to this rabble remnant of the French Revolution, they would not have revolted from Spain, at least, at that time. Then Hidalgo, Allende and Aldama, with a few more, hastened to the city jail and liberated the *political* prisoners; next went to the military barracks (soledad), seized the arms there, and equipped eighty men for the coming strife; and there and then declared the successful revolution of 1810, September 15th.

The republic existed till Juarez overthrew it. The people had voice in government; and he and his clique, since they could not rule the republic, would ruin the government—and he did, with a mongrel crew of political pirates that has watered with blood many fields of Mexico ever since. They had no high ideals to court the approbation of a humane world; they professed them, it is true; but the evidence and the record prove them to have been a sordid pack of traitors whose love, instead of being centered in country or countrymen, were centered in themselves and on loot, with a hatred for God and an incredible record of slaughter, rapine and murder, till his recent successor, Carranza, succeeded him and left a record of this kind, equalled only by the present Government of Portugal, since the days of Nero, Diocletian, Cromwell and

Lloyd George. The only difference is in the duration of them.

The palace where Donna Maria lived is still well-preserved, and is one of the sights of the city of Queretaro. This city is also called "the place of the opals." You will find nearly every one, from the banker to the beggar, selling an opal, or having one for sale, to the foreign tourist. While they are not, as a rule, as good as the Hungarian stones, it is not seldom that one can find an exquisite stone for a reasonable price. They may be bought from five cents to five hundred dollars. The place in which they are mined is about thirty-five miles from the city.

One of the days we were in the city, we saw some of the women washing their garments in the stream. There were about fifty, all working, laughing and chatting. Some had a rock in the stream for a wash-board, and some had various other articles, among them, an American iron wheel-barrow. All were barefooted, many standing in the stream. They all worked "manfully" and had no need of rinsing tubs, patent wringers and the other "luxuries" of their Americano sisters of the "blanchissage." Those who go there and have to have fine linens, and other delicate fabrics, refreshed would better let the hotel or other host choose their "lavendera." After they washed their garments, they washed themselves. Going farther up the stream, they removed their waists, retained their skirts, turned their backs, and on their return their clean faces and their "coiffed" hair made a pleasing picture which they permitted us to "snap" with our kodaks. I stated elsewhere,

that where water was abundant they were as cleanly as the cleanest; where it is not they are not lessly cleanly than the cleanest. An American friend of mine, a more than "daily plunger" in the cold tub, told me that he has had to go as long as six months without a bath, owing to the scarcity of water in some of those places.

## Chapter XII

### Mexican Railroads

A few years ago the traveller in Mexico had but little good to say of the railroads of Mexico. In 1911, thanks to Diaz and American capital as well as American engineers, they were unequalled by any in the world in railroading; most of the railroads in Mexico, narrow or standard gauge, were equal to any in the United States, unequalled in the world. It is true that, in Europe, you will find one or two trains daily that may be superior, in some features, to some, but not all, of our trains; but as a whole any American or European, who has seen the railways of this and those countries, cannot rightly deny our superiority in this respect. And before this bandit up-rising in Mexico, the roads of that country would compare most favorably with ours. The smoothness of the straight lines, the absence of curve jolts were remarkable. The rail was of the heaviest on the principal roads at the time, though I saw some "thirty-five pounders" still in use on the branches. After this building, by American engineers, and other trackmen, they were successfully maintained by the native Mexicans themselves. There were steel bridges over yawning chasms, many hundreds of feet deep, wonderful cuts through rocky places, tunnels and winding curves on the edge of precipitous mountains, that made the timid shudder as they looked out of the window

and saw, suddenly, streams and gorges from dizzy heights, with nothing to protect them from going off into space but the well-kept rail and rolling stock—all maintained by the Mexican peon section-boss, with his men, and Mexican brothers in the other departments of the service. The rides are thrilling at times, as they are beautiful and serene at others; making the well-informed traveller or the experienced railroad man marvel at not only the Mexican ability to maintain this order, but that the man of any country was able to create these engineering effects. The "Old Man" told me that he had been gradually supplanting American railroad men with Mexicans in every department. Not that he discharged the faithful American; but that when one was discharged for grave cause, left of his own accord or died, a Mexican succeeded him. For a time many American railway employes there went to jail if a peon was killed on the tracks or train. Sometimes this was unjust; but it was caused in the beginning by the reckless and drunken engineer or conductor. I know whereof I speak. When a youth I worked under a train-despatcher, who never drew a sober breath in thirty years—and he never had an accident. As a train-despatcher, myself, I have sent train orders to telegraph operators who were as drunk as the conductors and engineers who signed them. I have seen crews, both passenger and freight, who were more or less under the influence of liquor. Those men, after a time, made records in this respect, that kept them from getting positions in the States. Among others they went to Mexico,

where wages were high, living and alcohol cheap. It is my belief that the "Old Man" was correct when he said that the most of the "accidents" and the loss of Mexican lives, in the beginning down there, were caused by crews of this kind. When they began to jail them for the "accidents," both began to decrease. Since the companies in this country make it so no drinking railroad man can hold a position in this country, we are having less accidents, too, though our mileage increased as well as the number of employes. There is a certain period, though, when we have still many "accidents" and that is around the Holidays. Has alcohol anything to do with them?

The average wage paid in Mexico, to the American, at least, and I believe all are paid alike, is higher than in the States, and living is cheaper there than here, except for American products. The Government, practically, owns all the railroads. American men in railroading there, in executive departments and other positions of responsibility, told me that this ownership is of superior advantage to the public, to the employes and the treasury. Of course they would have lost their positions with the roads there, through the money element in this country who were even then trying to get hold of these roads again, if they had been quoted in this regard. There may be many here, who do not know the question well, or those who are exploiting the American people, through Wall Street, and have interests in our railroads that are not justly and equally shared with the American people, who will tell you, smugly and glibly,

that Government ownership would be a failure here—an absurdity. When you cross the border, the conductor, or, in his absence, a special officer, approaches you and asks your name, your age and your destination, where you came from, and how long you expect to remain in the Republic, what is your avocation or profession. He "sizes" you "up" and indites his mental picture of you, salutes you with an "adios" and telegraphs to your stopping place and to Mexico City that you are "on your way," and about when you will arrive. They do this in a way that is not offensive; sometimes the inquisitor finds all this out from you in a conversation so friendly and so diplomatic that, if you were not aware of the system, you would never know that you had been the subject of an official inquisition. You might resent this, if you knew, but save your resentment, till you return to your own country again, when you will have objects worthy of that resentment in the boorish officers that you will find, with few exceptions, at every point of entrance. Of course they have a disagreeable duty to perform, these American officers, perhaps, that is the reason why some feel they have to fulfill those duties in a disagreeable way. If you are an American, you will get off "light;" but if you are a foreigner, though your sojourn will be short, in this "Land of the Bird of Freedom," you may escape jail and fumigation, but you will be asked such personal and intimate questions, asked by no other nation, except in time of war, that will make you want to go back and "fight your grandma." They will want to know if you are a "piker" or

traveling with a well-filled wallet, no matter how well-dressed you may be, no matter how well-educated you may be, nor how much baggage you may have in the costliest of receptacles. Then, to get some of your money, they will have you "held up," to the amount of four dollars, to enter the "Land of the Free," so as to make you feel all sorts of feelings against us for which, we, the people, are not to blame. Of course they will tell you that you will get this money when you leave us again, and you will, after spending about ten dollars worth of time, if you do go for it.

When you have arrived at your destination in the Republic of Mexico, at the station, you will find "runners" for the various hotels—and robbers, of various nationalities, including your own, who will grab your valise and walk on with a confidence as though you were following him to your hotel. You lose him—and you lose your valise, too. Pay no attention except to those in cap or uniform and you will be safely treated. We see that Mexico is little different from the rest of the world in this respect. In St. Louis, an American "ratero," made up as our beloved Champ Clark, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, "sold" the Eads Bridge, in St. Louis, for a couple of hundred dollars; on the same day this "Champ Clark" sold a street car to another one of our "show me" citizens. It would take up too much time and space to relate the humorous outcome of what some people, ordinarily of good sense, will do, or not do, when traveling. When you arrive at your hotel, you register yourself in the customary book,

and the clerk also registers you, on a blackboard, the number of your room, and sometimes where you came from. I have seen embarrassing moments to those who tried to travel "incog," by running across friends who knew them by other names in other places. Twenty-four hours before you depart for your next place, you are supposed to notify the management of the hotel that you are regretfully leaving his most estimable and luxurious, as well as honorable, establishment, and are going to seek other places of interest that may not equal the great ones you have been viewing in his excellent and most superb of cities. This was not exacted, generally, before this bandit-uprising, because the Boniface of the establishment, or some other diplomat, will approach you in a manner that will flatter you by the interest he seems to take in your welfare and future aims and journeyings in life, so that your flames of brotherly love for him will glow and you will give him the desired information he really sought; and the "Jefe Politico" will learn from him, in writing, before you leave the city, where you are going, how long you will remain and what your actions will be, if they should interest the government. He does it so nicely you would not hesitate to lend him a "five" or so and invite him to let you "show him the town" when he visits your city at home. After he has taken this "cruel" advantage of you, the civil authorities will keep an eye on you till you reach the next town, where the same thing occurs again and again till you leave the borders of sunny Mexico.

This is done for good and sufficient reasons, to which no honest man could object. Uncle Sam is "not so slow" in this respect either—but in a different way. It would take too long to explain the causes, but had the "old man" kept this up with the regularity required, he might be still the President of Mexico and bandits would not be the disturbing element there that they are today.

## Chapter XIII

### Huerta

After Diaz, there were three really brainy and able men in Mexico: Huerta, Gamboa and De la Bara. While all three had brains only one had "guts," and that one had enough for all of them and was superior to even the other two in brains—Huerta. Gamboa was highly educated, long in diplomatic service and a member of the Royal Academy of Spain. He was too Catholic to suit the Liberals, and too Liberal to suit the Catholics of Mexico. De la Bara is too well-known to dwell upon here. He was a clean, Catholic gentleman, of race a Castilian—not a Spaniard. He may be surprised when he reads this statement, but it is true. His name, alone, will prove it. Though not acquainted with Huerta, I saw him several times. He was almost pure Indian, with some Spanish blood in his veins, and looked it. Those who knew him said he was not only an able soldier by training and education, but also by instinct and inclination, with the racial pride and dignity of the Indian and the Spaniard. Like Diaz, Huerta's passion, as well as patriotic leanings, was Mexico. He had to contend during his "regime" with factionists in his own party, with Mexican traitors, with foreign "plunderbunds," outlaws of his own race and the ablest of foreign "crooked" diplomats of the greatest crooked

Government in the world. Assisting them, and attacking him to undermine and overthrow him and steal his country's resources from him were the combined efforts of Press, pulpit, platform, and schools, of England and the United States, and the international financiers. Harassed by another person who insisted he must salute our flag, on a quibble, Huerta said privately, many times, that he would have gladly done so, out of respect for the American people, but that, had he done so, some other method considered by his enemies to be humiliating, to create an episode of rancor between him and the United States, would have occurred. Seeing the advantage he had of his enemies enlarging an affair, petty in itself, as well as unfair and unjust to Mexico, he "stood pat," and refused the salute. The first cause of the petty episode, was the action of some of our navy boys, who ignorantly, or otherwise, in the time of Mexico's distress, trespassed on waters reserved to her, thus violating her rights under International law. For this they were arrested by the lawful and competent authorities of Mexico. Taken before the proper Mexican authorities, they were immediately released with a caution—even before the American authorities demanded their release. For doing what we would have done to any nation in the world, except England, perhaps, under the same circumstances, Huerta was ordered by Admiral Mayo, on his own responsibility, to salute our flag—and Huerta never did. Had I been a Mexican, under those or similar circumstances, or had it been Huerta demanding such a thing

from the United States, I would never have saluted any flag.

I would resent as quickly as any one an insult to the standard of our beloved country, an emblem of our liberty, but I also resent the fact that dupes and pseudo-patriots, in the cause of foreign crooks, distorted its use in order to embroil us in war with a friendly republic, beset around and about, with financial powers seeking to rape and ruin it. These things were not the worst that Huerta had to undergo, if an Associated Press despatch of Sept. 29th, 1913, was correct. He had to endure John Lind—it is true, at a distance, but, yet in Mexico—a personal and official enemy of Mexico and its people. And he arrived there in the guise of a friend! Because Huerta, like Madero, refused to be the monkey to pull the chestnuts of foreign capitalists out of the fire in Mexico, he had to go—even if it required killing to do so. In Mexico's direst, blackest hour, when Madero lost his head and life was the cheapest thing in Mexico, the man of the hour, who brought order out of chaos, was Huerta. Madero, the President, if not insane under all his terrible difficulties, was, at least, unbalanced. All mild suasion on the part of his friends and others to have him resign had been exhausted upon him. At the repetition of this request he became more enraged and wreaked vengeance upon the solicitors whom he regarded as his foes. At last, the Senate of Mexico ordered his arrest to save Mexico and himself from himself. As the head of the Army of the Republic of Mexico, and in accordance with his oath, Huerta was the man.

formally and officially, chosen to make the arrest. With tact and gentleness Huerta succeeds in his mission. Then the Government demands the resignation of poor Madero, and gets it. Huerta, never seeking the place, a place of danger and unpopularity, is chosen constitutionally, legally and formally as well as openly, by the Congress and Senate, and approved formally, in that selection by the Supreme Court of Mexico, becomes President. He was as legally and rightly chosen as any President we ever had—more so than were some. Now Huerta is accused of killing Madero, his predecessor.

Voltaire said, "When you throw mud, throw plenty of it, some of it will stick." While it may not stick long, it leaves a stain. Was it on this principle that the malicious assassins of character acted in their attacks on Huerta?

Only one slimy head among the hissing serpents rose above the crowd to spit his poison and hiss against the chaste reputation of the cruelly abused and calumniated Huerta.

As a churchman, I had no more "use" for him, previous to his return to the Church as a repentant son, than I had for any of the rest of that "clandestine" body of atheists, real or professed.

The one who makes this charge was an irresponsible, whose "brains" waved to the fumes of the wine he drank in that midnight wassail, where the charge was made, for the first time, in Mexico City. At that same time and place he was also accused, by the same *debauche,* of having killed Madero. There are, sometimes, infamies too low for certain classes of crimin-

als and degenerates, who will not find the "stomach" to descend to them. Perhaps that is why no person of responsibility ever felt like charging Huerta with such a murder. While I did not know Huerta intimately, I met him often enough to know that he was not the type of a man that would kill. He was known by all his intimates and others to be a family man and true to his good and worthy wife. Those who knew him intimately will tell you that these charges against him are as false as they are infamous.

But others say: "Why he drank!" So do millions of respectable people all over the world. "But, it is said, he got drunk," say others. But they never say who it is "said" it. While I do not believe it, let us suppose that he did: did this disqualify him and make him ineligible to head the Mexican government? If this were an insuperable obstacle it would have disqualified the heads of more than one civilized government. That he was a drunkard is absolutely false and men like Mr. Shaughnessy, Hon. Henry Lane Wilson, and others as well known and qualified to speak, brand the charge as a falsehood. That he may have drunk more spirits than were good for him, I neither deny nor affirm; neither do I condone his doing so. I can see, and appreciate, where a man of even stronger character than the virile Huerta, "on guard" night and day for many months against foes from within and without his country, working for his overthrow, with his nerves strained and "jangled," might have recourse to stimulants, but will anyone, with common sense, be-

lieve he drank to excess, at such a time and under such difficulties as he had to meet, with his life threatened and in danger every moment after he became the President of Mexico? Could a drunken man wrest such signal and brilliant victories, diplomatic and otherwise, from the plotters against him, among whom were the diplomats of the world, and some of them with superior advantages of their governments behind them? I think it is an absurdity.

I asked a certain ecclesiastical personage, of high degree, who knew Huerta, if he believed there was any truth in the charge of drunkenness, he smiled and said: "If he drinks as much as his enemies say he does, he must have not only a wonderful stomach, but, also, a wonderful head, because the more he is said to drink the more sober he seems to be." He also said that the charge of wassail and debauchery made against him were not true, because if they were he would have heard of it, and he had heard of none of it. Americans and Europeans, as well as Mexicans, down there looked upon John Lind's mission as a "nagging" expedition, as though to exasperate Huerta into doing something on an impulse that would cause his overthrow. Despite the *faux pas* of Admiral Mayo, at Vera Cruz, trying to embroil us in a war, for the Mexicans doing what we would have been justified in doing to any other nation under similar circumstances, Huerta's officers and himself released American sailors for the violation of the laws of Mexico, going within forbidden waters, after warning, especially when those waters were only a few yards from the

wharves of Mexico. When the truth came out, the excuse was that, "through lack of gasoline the engine of the launch stalled!" What was a stalled launch doing in that forbidden locality in the first place? Yet Huerta was asked to stultify himself and his country by making an apology for an offense that existed only on the part of American sailors! Let us be fair and just. Patriotism does not require us to hide the truth in this matter. It seems to me, according to the spirit and fairness for which we Americans are noted, we ought to admit these things and show that we regret them and that those who were guilty of them did not represent our true selves.

After all this, President Wilson sent a man down there who was, and is, notorious in misrepresenting the Mexican people and the things they hold dearest—their religion and their character. To the credit of the President, when doubts were raised in his mind, he sent down other "diplomats," but they proved to be misfits and nonentities. I want to except here Hon. Henry Lane Wilson and Mr. Shaughnessy.

It is regrettable that the President was deceived in his choice of men for a task that required the services of the ablest diplomats, and that he was, I believe, to say the least, poorly informed by them when they returned; or were they "muzzled" by official power? Life, limb and property were safe where Huerta had control—and Huerta could have shortly widened that sphere of control had he not been hindered by an embargo of arms against him and in favor of the bandits. Up to the time that Huerta held

power, and before he was formally and legally chosen the Provisional President of Mexico, none could reasonably criticise the President of the United States for withholding recognition, or for his reluctance to giving it after; but there is no moral or legal justification for his interference in that government after Huerta was legally chosen. Not one of the officers of the legislative and judicial departments of the Republic of Mexico was an appointee of Huerta, and had nothing to gain by recognizing him, granting that he had them under duress later. It has since been proven that Huerta's charge against them for conspiracy was true. It was a sad and serious mistake that President Wilson also assisted, after this denial of recognition, the worst elements of banditry in the Republic, by letting them have arms and ammunition, and denying them to the better element, like De la Bara. Among the notorious personages connected with these bandits, at least in an advisory capacity, was a Mr. Silliman, whose acts were not commendable. There was another man by the name of George D. Carothers, an agent of the American State Department, whose relations with Villa, I shall leave for the future to pass upon; acts that appear now, for the want of evidence (I believe it exists), certainly inexplicable, if not most reprehensible. And if a Mr. Allen Tupper, another one of the discredited calumniators of Mexico, does not leave something further for posterity to justify his acts and statements of Mexico and its people, the historian of the future, if he recognize him at all, will be far from eulogistic, when writing of

his part in that country and its unfortunate people. The embargo on arms against Huerta was bad enough, but the financial embargo placed against him was still worse. We shall be very fortunate, after all this "flopping" from one bandit to another, if we do not have to pay, ourselves, for the damages caused in Mexico by those bandits whom we assisted. Why did we recognize this bandit today—and "cut" him the next, to "see" another bandit; and having recognized the last bandit we "cut" him the following day for still another and more recent bandit; and, then, casting all but the first aside, recognized again the first bandit, but at no time recognizing the lawful and constitutional Provisional President? Why? "Because he was a murderer," you say? Whom did he murder? "Madero?" On what authority and evidence do you make the charge? "It is said," without other proofs, is not accepted by any just court in the world as legal and judicial evidence. *Who* says it? It is never answered except by silence. And no one who knew Huerta believes it. Even his enemies, when asked if they believe it, smile their Mexican smile when they say "si." As stated, the only man to make that charge was a debauche, of no social, moral or financial standing, at a champagne carousal, at which he was beastly drunk. That Mrs. Madero, and Madero's family, believed the charge and feared such an act, I will suppose for the sake of argument, but have any of them produced a witness or a document, even, since the death of Huerta, to substantiate that charge? If any such evidence exists, in honor of her husband's memory,

ought she not give it to the world, or admit she has no such evidence? In the cause of truth, she ought to give it to the world, so that the world may condemn the act of a murderer, or admit that she has no such proof, so that posterity may do justice to the memory of a man calumniated by the thoughtless of our time—a brave man of the battlefields, as well as a fighter across the table of diplomacy, who never drew a drop of blood except on the battlefields of his country, for its honor, its safety and its freedom. Brave and open fighters may not be loved, but they are known even by their foes, to be neither murderers, liars nor cowards. It is only the average "diplomat" who is a liar and coward. "But Huerta 'double-crossed' Madero" you say?

I do not believe that charge either. Every officer in the three branches of Government in Mexico recognized what we now see; that poor Madero, the weakling, with all his best intentions and endeavors, could not bring order out of the chaos of his making, relatively speaking; that he could not govern under the difficulties continually arising, and caused by his brothers of that "clandestine" clique, who did not want, what I believe Madero really wanted, the rule of the common people. He could not even defend the city of Mexico from the bandit Zapata, who was threatening the lives and honor of the city's women, and was looting and destroying property. What would you do, were your wife and children, and all your possessions, threatened in this manner? While the city was in this danger, Madero was giving banquets in the

palace and having spiritistic seances, with their table-tipping performances, to the disgust of the foreigners, the diplomats and the Mexicans.

He promised the peons what he could not deliver, namely, the improved lands of the "hacendados." He did not even set an example of giving so much as one inch of his own lands or the large lands of his family. The Mexicans, like most Indians, are logical. The result was that when his insincerity, or impotence, if you will, was recognized as insuperable, the civil and military authorities, after difficulty, not by physical force, persuaded him to resign. Then Huerta was chosen by them as the best man. That their choice was the best has since been proven and Huerta would have been successful had it not been for American interference. While I state he was the legal and constitutional President, I have not much respect for that emasculated instrument called a constitution which is only on paper. Yet the Governments of the world recognize it, as we have. If our disapproval of Huerta or that constitution be consistent, and right, or if it be any of our business to interfere with Mexico for the reasons given by President Wilson, why not interfere with the brutal and barbarous government of Portugal or with England's seven hundred years of brutal and hunnish misrule in Ireland, South Africa, and India? We could do so with more reason and justice. It may be asked: Why did not Huerta protect Madero? For the same reason that Huerta, whose life was also threatened from sources he could not lightly ignore, could not protect himself. What did he do? Like a

good many down there who joined the "clandestines," for one ulterior motive or another, and like those from the street-sweeper to the President, who cannot hold position or office without joining that organization, seeing death waiting for him, as he supposed, he went to the "padre" to hear his confession and be reinstated in the Church from which he had excommunicated himself, made his peace with God, went to the palace, the next morning to Holy Communion (the Lord's Supper), and then put his side-arms on a table, lit a cigarette, and walked down the *Paseo de la Reforma,* smilingly greeting friends and foes, among whom there were hundreds who would have gladly torn him to pieces, and would have done so, too, only they admired the bravery of the man. He did not summon a body-guard to protect him. He went down that avenue *alone.* He mixed with them in the cafes and other places of the city. Huerta stated in Mexico and in this country what the Mexicans recognized: Madero alive was harmless; Madero dead would be a hero, around whom political adventurers and friends would make a common cause, infamous though that cause would be. He had more to gain with Madero alive, nothing to fear from him alive; but to save him with a body-guard from the peculiar tribe of brigands down there would be as impossible as it would be for us to save our President from an assassin who made up his mind to kill him. While I gladly give this testimony in favor of Huerta as a man, I, as a priest, had no more regard for him, from the Christian standpoint, than I have for that cabal of brigands down there who have

usurped the rights of the people, oppress them in their spoilations, and prevent them from the enjoyment of their civic and religious rights, living and dying. As a priest, it is with regret I dwell on his vicissitudes and unhappy end, but I see in them the "hand of God," as I have seen it when placed upon others who violated his consecrated ones and polluted his sanctuaries. I am comforted in my thoughts of him in the knowledge that he came, striking his breast, a repentant and loving son, back to the bosom of that patient and forgiving mother, the Church, from whom he wandered so far and so long, before he went to his propitiated God, our loving Father.

When the people of the United States, to the number of several millions, asked, besought and demanded our Congressmen to investigate the phases of the Mexican conditions before the overthrow of Diaz, and since that time, such pleadings and demands were weaker in effect than the influences that were craftily and effectually used to deny our requests. The State Department, including the President, after promises never kept, never dared, to this hour, to give the American people the full truth about Mexico.* Of course, Mr. Wilson is responsible for the acts of his subordinates, especially John Lind, Paul Fuller, Silliman, Carothers, William Bayard Hale and William Jennings Bryan. Is he afraid to let the American people see what these gentlemen did, and is he protecting them from the condemnation of the American people?

*Since writing the above this report has been made.

If so he is only hurting himself and failing in his efforts to protect them; they are already judged—and the judgment is not favorable. And from what is he protecting them? For deceiving the President of the United States? And what can one say of a pusillanimous Congress and Senate, degenerated from its old time virility, that did not send its voice loud enough to penetrate the doors of the Secretary of State's office, and that of the White House, and make our servants do their duty and keep to the *older American traditions of no secret diplomacy?* Would that we had Congressmen and Senators like those of a generation ago, of whom we were proud! It is true we have a few remarkable exceptions. When the future historian will get a chance to examine the documents of this disgraceful part, to write that chapter of our history, will it not show one more dastardly outrage in the overthrow of this sister republic, by Americans, assisted by the connivance of American Government officials, who dared not let the light of publicity beat upon their acts so that the American people could judge whether or not to give their approval? In concluding this chapter we can address the departed Huerta and say: No, Huerta, with all your faults, whatever they may have been, you were no murderer and no drunkard. God grant rest to your soul. Adios.

## Chapter XIV

## Mexico City

When you reach Gonzales Junction, on The National Railroad, there are two ways of going to Mexico City—if you remain on the National you will have a pleasant and a beautiful ride over a wide-gauged track, but you will not be able to see greater objects of wonder and note that you may see by going to Acambaro, and from there over the narrow-gauge that leads you to Toluca, (Toe'-luk-a) over the mountain, back of that ancient city. At Acambaro you may have a chance to see flocks of Parrakeets in the Eucalyptus trees about the railroad station. They say they have been taught to swear at the trainmen who taught them the "art." I do not vouch for the statement, but state what we were told.

Lacking nine years, Acambaro is four hundred years old. It is as primitive as Catorce and has a remarkable bridge across the Lerma River, which flows through Lake Chapala. This Lerma valley is a terrestrial paradise. It is also the richest and most fertile part of agricultural Mexico. We passed through beautiful towns and equally beautiful thriving, industrious cities.

As we approached Toluca, we saw glistening snow, thousands of feet above us, though we were eight thousand feet above sea-level. This was the city given to Cortez by Charles V. with

the title of "Marquis of the Valley" (Lerma). Close to Toluca is an extinct volcano, over fifteen thousand feet above sea-level. It is only ten feet wide and long at the top.

While we did not make the ascent, those who did said the view was, of its kind, unequalled on this continent, if not in the world. Here is where may be seen the sunken ruins of the ancient Toltec Capital, over twelve hundred years old. Here are also the ancient ruins of the Toltec Temples called *casas grandes,* the "grand houses." These buildings show that the ancient people had knowledge of cement, as some of these buildings were constructed of that material. The churches here are beautiful as well as old and rich in objects of devotional art. One of the churches is only a few years less than four hundred years old. The convent, confiscated, of course, is now a "soledad" or barracks for the soldiers. One of the strikingly remarkable pieces of railroad-engineering in that country may be seen, as you ride on it, back of the city of Toluca, where the grade is as steep as any in existence, where cogs or auxiliary motive power are not used. The locomotives are narrow-gauge, long in proportion to their width, and very heavy, having great traction power. While the engine is on one side of the summit, and the rear car on the other side, those on either end cannot see the other. The ascent is so steep and rapid, it seemed as though we could flip a marble into the center of the city, many hundreds of feet below us. Shortly after the summit is reached, descending with grinding brakes that leave a stream of fire behind, at an altitude

of over ten thousand feet, we saw in the distance below, straight down two thousand feet, the city of Mexico, like a white pearl resting on green velvet. The shades of night are pulled with a hastier hand in the tropics than with us. Mexico was soon lost to view; but gradually the "lamps of the sky" began to be matched, one by one, with the lamps of the distant city, till their lights, blended by distance, made one large place of light, which we reached in safety from a thrilling railway journey, where human lives depended no less on pieces of iron than upon the cool head and steady hand of our engineer. The journey back, for those who take this route coming, is the National, making a circuit, of which one end is Gonzales Junction and the other Mexico City. Not one moment of either way is monotonous. When we arrived at Mexico City, on our last trip, we went to the Hotel Sanz, the proprietor of which was formerly a boy of Rome, N. Y. The express "wagons" of Mexico have no wheels, unless they are inside their head. They do not call them "express" at all, they are called cargadores. It took two husky expressmen in St. Louis (and a generous "tip") to take my trunk to the express wagon; in Mexico one little fellow, almost as slender as a woman and not over five foot five, with the gestures and eloquence of a Demosthenes and the tears of a Niobe, convinced me, against my will, that he could carry that same trunk, and another if necessary, on his back. I'll try some things once. Much against my feelings, and, at the same time, on account of them, I gave him a trial. He was at our hotel as soon as our car-

riage and there he was smiling, proving he could carry it farther if it were twice as heavy. He got, his charge, fifty centavos—and a tip of twenty-five more (an "Estimado" could not be a "piker"). Yet it was cheap at that price, thirty seven and a half cents, gold! After we registered we were given excellent rooms, but the best are not a Copley Plaza nor a Biltmore, though the rooms were comfortable in the evening, at that altitude of nearly eight thousand feet, and cool in the day time. Unless you are extraordinarily fastidious you will find the rooms comfortable as well as clean. The waiters are Mexicans, who seem to be real descendants of Alphonse and Gaston, minus their ludicrous and ridiculous mistakes. They bring you ambrosial foods with perennial fruits, delicious sherbets and other iced fruits and sparkling waters—though the city water of Mexico is not the safest water to drink there. Even if you are a devoted follower of "Pro High Bishun" and a glass of beer be offered you, and a glass of Mexico City's "H-2-O"—take the beer, that is the advice of a true temperance man. (Their "ads" there say they make a beer that "makes Milwaukee jealous".) The reason the water is unsafe is that Mexico City is in a valley, which is also a basin. The rains wash the mountain sides and send all the refuse down into the basin. Typhoid is as common there as chills-and-fever once was in Southeast Missouri.

While you dine, a Mexican orchestra plays Mexican Music, with instruments that seem odd, and even grotesque, if you have never seen them before—and you never have, outside of Mexico.

The dining room was exquisitely adorned with palms and flowers, your table having the choicest, because you are a new-comer and travelling with the "Americano Padre." The boisterous laugh is not heard here and we saw the Mexican costumes mingling with the American and European, "harmonizing" into blended beauty of light and shade, fit for the artist's brush, enhanced as they were with American beauty and Mexican grace, in an atmosphere of music that exhilarated like mellowed wine. Locking our rooms before leaving the hotel was a matter of indifference. There were always those who told us what happened "to a friend of a friend" of his who did this foolish thing, but I never met the person yet who lost anything who did as we did.

When we started out sight-seeing the only danger to our life and limb was our own carelessness and an "act of Providence," in both of which, *gratias Deo,* we were fortunate. The hotel at which we stopped is one of the sights of the city. It was once a private palace, as is the Hotel Iturbide, once the Palace of King Iturbide, the last king of Mexico. While there were more imposing buildings in the States than our hotel, this had all the marks of a palace of the South Land. It was tessellated in beautiful white marble, with winding marble stairways and beautiful metal banisters. Works of art, in beautiful marble figures, paintings and tapestries greet you on every side, and you greet yourself often in plate glass mirrors at every turn. There was a "patio" in the middle of the interior quadrangle,

open to the sky over-head, your feet pass smoothly over tessellated floors, around the sides are growing palms, flowers and banana trees. In the center of the "patio" there is a large and beautiful fountain of waters supplying the swimming gold-fish beneath; they come to the surface to eat from your hands the dainties you give them.

The rooms are reached from outside galleries instead of halls, forming a quadrangle with the building, from which you may look down on the beautiful below as well as on the beautiful in the skies above you. Opposite this hotel, but a little to the west, if my sense of direction is not at fault, is the most beautiful Alameda, of its kind, in the world. There are beautiful pieces of statuary in marble and bronze in large numbers, all of them worthy of space inside rather than outside, exposed to the elements. The park is forty acres in extent, and in the heart of the most valuable district of Mexico City; it was founded in 1592. On the western side of it is the "Plaza del Quemadero," so named because they executed criminals there by burning them at the stake, somewhat after the style of the Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers in this country. This is not the place where it is alleged that the Inquisition burned others "for conscience sake." That was over in a place called the Zocalo, on the Plaza opposite the Cathedral. I tried to locate the records of this allegation. I learned that less than fifty criminals were executed in this manner, but not one record could be produced that it was "for conscience sake." Considering how intensely the average "clandes-

tine" hates the Church, they would be only too glad to produce such a record, or secondary evidence, at least, to prove it, if such had been true —personally, I do not believe it. Another thing must be borne in mind: Spain was not the only European power that executed criminals in this way. England and France did the same thing even later than this, as did the Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers, still later, in this country. It was brutal, no matter who did it, and it is more decent to pass over the subject rather than to argue which burnt the last or the least. If anyone wishes to "enjoy" the versatile and original methods of such a gruesome and brutal subject, read Cardinal Moran's Penal Laws. It will be very little if any behind the butcheries and persecutions of Nero, Diocletian or Marcus Aurelius. The Peasants' War still makes the Germans blush, and the butcheries of our Pilgrim Fathers are still fresh in our minds. After these slaughters, even churchmen among them got up in their pulpits and approved the slaughter; one, in particular, after the massacre of the men, women and little children of the Pequot nation, thanked God in his pulpit that the Pilgrim Fathers had "sent six hundred heathen souls to hell"! Even to this day we have a saying that the "only good Indian is a dead Indian." Then our record in the Philippines! And some of these people who, when persecuted at home among their Pilgrim confreres, sought refuge and homes among the Marylanders, and were received as brothers among them, turned on their benefactors, drove them out, and slaughtered those that remained.

And only a short time later, in Pennsylvania, they whipped the Quakers from the tail of a cart, bored their tongues with hot irons, and cut off their ears; this brutality was followed later by their descendants who hunted and slaughtered, like wild beasts, Christian Indians whose only crime was to meet in Church and ask God on bended knees to accept their worship, to forgive their persecutors and to be protected from them. This happened in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The descendants of these gentle Pilgrims hunted Indians and killed them in the States of Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, New Jersey, and New York, for the price of the bounty paid for their scalps by England. One hundred and thirty-four dollars was the price of a bounty on the scalp and death of any male Indian over ten years old; one hundred and thirty dollars for the capture of any child, male or female, under ten years; fifty dollars for the scalp and death of every female above ten years. These are only isolated tales in the stream of blood that could be pointed out. Then the "enlightened" part of the citizens of particularly Georgia and Florida, not to speak of other States, as late as today, break out in periodical delight in lynching and roasting negroes, just to prove to the rest of us humiliated Americans that they have no respect for our laws. Negroes are not the only ones who are the victims of their savagery. Not that I indict and convict the better class of that country, but they are evidently in the minority as the crimes are too frequent and some of their laws absurd. Some historian of the future will write us up some day for roast-

ing criminals in a chair, or stretching their necks with a cruel rope till death ensues, because we believe that justice and honor, or dignity, or some other such specious argument, demands it of society in the highly civilized age in which we live.

There is no more disputing taste in the manner of killing than there is in other things; as we say down here, "some of 'em is an' some of 'em haint." Near the Alameda and on San Francisco Street, we were struck with admiration at the new National Theatre under construction, but now finished, at the expense, I understand, of six millions, gold. I can well believe it. It is most classic and attractive. It is said to be equalled, architecturally, only by our Congressional Library building in Washington. It is not so large as the City Hall in St. Louis, but larger than the City Hall in New York City. It was planned and built wholly by Mexicans, except that Tiffany of New York made the stage curtain, which is composed entirely of small pieces of vari-colored glass. This curtain is fifty feet wide and one hundred feet high, and can be raised in twelve seconds by mechanical power. Instead of spiking the scaffolding, as we do here in the erection of our buildings, they use thongs of deer hide and no accidents as to scaffolding took place. To my mind they debased art by putting nude figures above the entrance. Though of heroic size they look small because of their height over the entrance. There is another theatre there called the CIRCO TEATRO ORRIN. It was built by the Orrin Brothers for one hundred thousand dollars, gold.

The ring is made like those of ancient Rome, can be flooded the same as they could, and upon the waters they sail boats large and small, steam as well as sail. It can be changed into all sorts of novel structures, from the Indian hut to the palaces of kings, according to the character of the play given. It is one of the show-places of Mexico, at which people of wealth and poverty are frequent patrons.

The climate of Mexico City is about the same all the year around. In the winter time they have a slight frost. About nine a. m. it gets warm and it is about ninety or ninety-five in the shade at noon. The afternoons are windy and sometimes dusty on account of the Trade Winds. The only time they get frost is when they get a "Norther" from the Gulf; that water sends us warmth in winter. The rainy season is the best time to visit the city; it does not rain every day and when it does rain it is in the afternoon and in one hour everybody is out riding. They had automobiles, my last trip there. Well-dressed people, in Mexico City, are supposed to ride as much from fashion as from necessity. On a previous visit we had a ridiculous experience that did not appeal to us as funny, though we laugh at it now. It was exciting enough at the time, and the only act that I would call rude I witnessed then from Mexicans, yet there were not wanting Americans, who assured us, between

bursts of laughter, that we were to blame. They claimed that we violated the "unwritten law" of the Mexican cabby, namely, that no well-dressed person should ride in a "yellow" cab, even though the "yellow" cab should be a better appearing vehicle than a "red" or a "blue" cab. They have, now, only two grades of carriages, the "red" and the "blue." The "blue" is a first class vehicle, rented at two pesos an hour, one dollar, gold; the "red" is a second class vehicle, rented at a "peso" and a half an hour, seventy-five cents, gold. The "yellow" was a third class and rented for seventy-five centavos, thirty-seven and a half cents, gold. Because of haste rather than economy, and because it appeared the best looking among others, I and a brave young Southerner, now living in New York City, took a cab with a "yellow" flag. Things began from the start. Every Knight of the Equine Ribbons who "sported" a "blue" or "red" flag made a "crack" at us as they were passing us. My companion's "southern blood" got "up," after being made a target for the whip of the "cabby" who struck him or at him. I was cool, calm and collected, assuring him of the truth of the American proverb in Mexico, that "it is very easy for a 'gringo' to get into jail, but very hard to get out." Then some "ribbon-breaker" would pass on my side and he did to me what made me forget I was a duly ordained

man of a Peaceful Master, with a message of peace to a warring world, and made me remember that while I am an American I had the Celtic blood of Irish Ancestors. Then my friend, with all the coolness of one who resisted temptation himself, held me till I was able to realize his assurance that it was "very easy for a 'gringo' to get into jail, but very hard to get out." I have never since ridden in anything but a BLUE flag, and the bluer it was, the safer I felt. Another funny thing happened to me while there on a later visit.

## Chapter XV

### A Wife and Seven Daughters

I met a charming gentleman on the train whom I took for a priest, though he was dressed in brown. He was reading the Latin Breviary. I went up to him and spoke to him in Latin, feeling safer in that tongue than in the Spanish. He assured me while I was a doctor of souls he was a doctor of bodies, an M.D. He knew English and spoke it as well as an American. We had a delightful journey. He learned what my mission was there, and knowing mutual friends, he was very gracious. He instructed me on many things. He told me that he would call on me at my hotel the following morning, which he did with his estimable wife. I took him for some poor doctor, because of the journey he took to attend a patient. He received the stork at the hacienda of one of his wealthy friends, who was in the country for the time. When he called he spoke in that style that seems "stilted" to us. He assured me of the great pleasure the opportunity afforded him to have his dear wife meet me. After a visit of fifteen minutes he then said, in substance: "My dear Father, my wife and I thought we would avail ourselves of this chance to invite you to an informal dinner at our humble home this evening, where we would be delighted to have you meet a few of our beloved friends. If you will be so condescending and so gracious as to accept of our humble hos-

pitality, you will confer a favor and blessing upon us and on our house that will ever be gratefully remembered by us, and by our children, for a long time to come." What could I say? I had a young friend with me. I knew the really great honor that was mine to receive the invitation, because they were at the "top" of the best circles there. But I knew how hard it was to have a foreigner admitted "en famille" in a Mexican home; I could not refuse and I could not ask for an invitation for my friend. So here is what took place and what was said, in substance: "My dear Friends, I know nothing short of heaven that would give me greater pleasure than to avail myself of the opportunity of accepting your most kind and thoughtful invitation to partake of the hospitality of your honorable home and to meet your estimable family and friends; but it desolates me to say that I have travelling with me a friend (here I gave him information as to the young man's family and social standing) who is of the *creme de la creme* of our South Land (another hint) and who is connected socially and financially with the most exclusive and widely known people in the City of New York. It is with the greatest reluctance that I would leave him here alone, a stranger, in a strange city, ignorant of its language and customs." Here is how he met it: "But, my dear Father, if there is anything in the world could add to the pleasure of your honorable presence in our humble home, would be the fact that you could prevail upon your excellent young friend to take pity on us and partake of our humble hospitality, which we extend

from sincere hearts." We went. If his home was "humble" it was also a palace of art, though no more imposing on the outside than other simple but nice buildings around it. We lifted the old-fashioned knocker like those which we had on our doors as boys forty years ago. The butler threw open the door with a "manner." He announced our names with titles we had and never knew we had—and do not yet, confounding us with some of our Irish-Castillian connections in the colony of the name adjoining the City.

Behind him was the host, behind whom was the wife and seven daughters of the host. The host stepped forward and, according to the Spanish and Mexican custom of making you at home, tells you that the "house is yours," he said: "My dear Father: here is your home and here is your family." Well—my "family" consisted of a wife and seven daughters! I had all these responsibilities thrust on me at once and without warning. What was I to do? Only a man who has a wife and seven daughters can appreciate my position; only he could tell what I ought to do—and I "done" it. My friend came to my aid by whispering "Father, give the youngest one to me." As I gazed upon that wife and seven daughters, with the youngest seventeen, I gave the matter thought! I thought all through the dinner! In this country, I have the pleasure of taking into dinner, as my dinner-partners, estimable people of the opposite sex. Our customs, ecclesiastical and social, permit it; not so in Mexico—I took in myself. My friend did not know that he whispered so loud, and

thought that none of them understood English, when he asked for my youngest "daughter." I was placed at the right hand side of the host. My friend had the hostess, as his partner, at the foot of the table; we were at the head of the table. At my right was my youngest "daughter," the partner of a young Mexican classmate of mine, in days gone by. During a time when there was quite a hum of conversation, I leaned over to her and said in English "I hope that you will not hold against my friend what he said this evening; he admired you, he did not know he spoke so loud and he did not know that you understood English." She gave me the most innocent "baby stare," from eyes of a golden brown, and said, in Spanish, that she did not comprehend, *fully,* what I said and would I be so good as to speak it over in Spanish? To make a long story shorter, two years later I married my youngest "daughter" to that same young man that asked for her. The young minx was educated in an American convent, was an excellent English linguist, and understood every word myself and my friend said, especially his request for her. He got her and she got him, and they are happily mated. I had to shirk all my other "responsibilities" there, but they did not blame me for it. God pity some of them there today, because this brigand uprising has hurt them in more ways than one.

They have a game down there called "playing bear." It is a "dangerous" game. It is played by a man and a woman, generally by youths and young ladies. The young man who was the dinner partner of my "daughter" was the "victim"

and also he happened to "play the bear"—in fact was *the* "bear;" and he *was* a "bear." He never did much but go to school and college and spend his father's money, trying to spend it all within a short time, something unusual with a Mexican. He came "to himself" one day, as those who knew him, knew he would. He went into his father's place of business, to learn it. After a few days he did not keep up the same energy. This lethargy continued for some time till, one day, he got another energetic spell. They could not provide work enough for him—if it took him on the street. He even took the messenger boy's duties on himself, but he did not acquit himself as well as the messenger boy. Instead of putting into practice the lesson he learned in the same room with me in the Geometry class about a straight line, he would go two or three blocks out of his way to go no farther than the required half a block away, if he took the nearest way. Even when returning he did not come back the shortest way; he went all the way around again. Those who knew the ways of Mexican "bears" smiled. Then others began to smile and watched for the house with the bars that were going to "hold" him. In this country we put bars on a cage to keep bears IN, down there they put them on to keep "bears" OUT. After a while this "bear" got the glimpse of a form behind the barred bay-window, the bayed part being much larger there than ours. After several days' trips back and forth, that "bear" began to get restive. The time came when he saw a pair of eyes that "smiled" (how *eyes* smile don't ask me) at him;

they were the same eyes he saw coming from Mass one morning. After a while the lips below the eyes joined the eyes in smiling, a little and then the "bear" smiled all over. The "bear" began to get "tame" and yet he was restive. Time went on; sometime it takes years to tame these "bears," and the "bear" was seen to lean up against the bars of the bay-window. The lassie inside was not a bit afraid to put her lily-white (sometimes they are chocolate-brown) fingers outside the bars; not even when he raised them towards his mouth—to bite them? Not a bit of it! To kiss them? No! To hold on the back of his hand and lift *as though* he were going to kiss them. The "bear" is so "tame" by this time that he rubs his glossy "coat," (duck or Panama) up against the bars and would be willing to have his shaggy head rubbed if the "bear tamer" wanted to. But there is a *duenna,* or as we call her, chaperone, present. She may or may not hear, as may be decided on, but she can see, that is her duty and she does it. And she never sees anything improper. This is the stage of the "game" when the "bear-tamer's" father calls the young man in for a glass of wine, for some "dulces," cakes or a cigarette. In due time the father and mother of the "bear" are brought into the matter; then the "bear" and his "tamer." Later the engagement is formally announced and, still later, the sounds of the words of the officiating priest, blessing, with the blessing of the Church, the union of their hearts and souls, after which they march down the aisle of the church, to the strains of Lohengrin or some other fellow who understood the condi-

tions, and they go out into that path that is rose-colored for the right kind of mates, and fulfill their destiny as my young friends are fulfilling it ever since, as I am sure they will, till called inside the "bars" of their heavenly home.

We have seen examples of courting and marriage in the cities, let us stop to see a phase of it in the interior. "Jose" and "Rosalita" have been "keeping company," as we call it here. He did not, perhaps, "play the bear," perhaps he did sing songs under the window where his *inamorata* wasn't sleeping while he sang the moon into its western cradle. And, again, he never sang or whistled a note, nor whispered an endearing term to her, but they kept on "keeping company," with no *duenna* to keep them company. This may go on from a few hours to a few years, when "Jose" some day rushes up to "Rosalita" and tells her to hurry up, they are going to get married at once. "Rosalita" must have been a mind-reader all this time; never a word of love said he to her and never a word of love said she; yet, lo! and behold! Her simple trousseau was all ready, as was herself. But her church-training comes in. She says to him: "But, 'Jose,' the 'padre' is not here, we must wait." "Wait, nothing!" says "Jose." "Go and get your friend 'Carmencita' and I shall get my friend 'Miguel,' we shall plight each other in their presence." "Rosalita" gets "Carmencita" and tells her the glad news; "Jose" gets "Miguel" and tells him the glad news. The four stand up in the presence of each other, "Jose" takes hold of the hand of "Rosalita" and says: "I, 'Jose' take you, 'Rosalita,'

for my lawfully wedded wife to have and to hold, for richer, for poorer, for better for worse, till death do us part." And "Rosalita," whose hand is still held by "Jose," says: "I, 'Rosalita,' take you, 'Jose,' for my lawfully wedded husband, for richer, for poorer, to have and to hold, for better, for worse, till death do us part." And they are married in the sight of their God and Church, and would be so recognized by the civil laws of this land. That is called a marriage of "clandestinity," by the Church; it is not forbidden in Mexico, where they are short of priests, the distances far and places difficult to reach. It is forbidden in this country, where transportation is easy and priests can be reached more or less easily. It is not the priest who marries the couple, but the couple themselves, the priest giving the formal blessing of the Church. On account of abuses, the Church had to do away with the marriage of clandestinity in places where there is sufficient clergy. The States of this Union are doing the same thing; it is called by the State a "Common-Law" Marriage.

Now there is a certain type of a man that once sojourned with us, with a bad character, from the time he was able to distinguish between good and evil; we shall call him "Hank." "Hank" "lit out" after the sun set and before it arose the next morning. He went while the "going" was good. And it was a foot race with "Hank" in the lead and the Sheriff and others in the rear; "Hank" won. By so doing he saved himself, his few friends and many enemies some embarrassment. The pity of it was he left a

trusting girl behind him who lived in the hope of his return. When "Hank" got to Mexico, he was not any better there than when he was in the States; he was more prudent—that is to say, was "slicker." "Hank" saw a Mexican girl; she was not rich, she was a peon. He misunderstood the chaste character of even the peon woman. He knew better with the next one, but not till he made another hasty change of address. The State did not recognize a "clandestine" marriage in Mexico; perhaps the States he lived in at home did not either. What more convenient or quiet than a clandestine marriage? He went through that ceremony. A day or more afterwards his peon, wife in the sight of God and decent men, rushes to him laughing, with joy in every fiber of her being, saying: "Hank the 'padre' he come tomorrow. He will bless with the blessing of the Church our marriage." "Hank" discovers, all of a sudden, that he has "important business" over in the next mine or whatever his kind of work is. He keeps track of the "padre" after that so as not to get caught again. While he knows that the State does not recognize the marriage and calls it lacking legality, nevertheless there are people in the States who look upon a priest officiating at a marriage in a different light from the atheistic Government of Mexico, and a priest's word would go farther than several peons. Years of deception like this goes on; one day the peon-wife wonders why her husband does not come home. She worries for him. He has been hurt in the wilds, or in the mine, and no one will tell her because she loves him, the father of her chil-

dren and the life of her heart, so much! In time, she settles down to a life of futile expectation and hope of his return. "Hank," in the meantime, after having made his "pile," had things smoothed out for him at home. Some of those who raced with him, before he got away from them, are dead; others had their objections rolled out in gold; more were too young to remember what he ran away for and did not care if they did. The girl, who was true and waited, is happy. "Hank" gives his hand, fortune and rotten heart to the trusting girl; they are "married" and there is a grieving peon-wife waiting for him, and will wait for him with the utmost fidelity, till the Judgment Day, and his children will live in the memory of what their dear mother told them of their good, brave "Americano" father. This is bad enough; but these are among the kind of human "cuckoos," after befouling their own nest, that come back here and tell us, as an "authority," that the "Mexicans have no regard for the marriage ceremony." It cannot be that they, who have gone through the ceremony themselves, do not know how sacred this ceremony is and how the Church protects it, as she protects marriage everywhere. And to say, because they have gone through this kind of a ceremony, that Mexicans do not care for the marriage ceremony, is adding malice to the calumny. Sometimes these marriages turn out well. I had the pleasure of "straightening" out a couple of men who went through this ceremony. They found out that they loved their wives and children so much, that they could not desert them, and their pride would not permit

them to bring their dark-skinned wives home to the States.

There is another feature of marriage in Mexico that I shall treat in the next Chapter under the head of "illegitimacy."

## Chapter XVI

### Illegitimacy

To any of you who has chosen for your wife a woman of excellent character and morals, and with whom you have children a credit to yourselves and your community, I am going to present a case for your judgment. Those who have no wife and no children will not go far astray if their judgment be the same as your own.

You gave your daughter away in marriage to an excellent young man of good character and morals. The wedding ceremony was performed in the church, by a priest or minister, according to your religious denomination. The church was filled with relatives, friends and acquaintances who witnessed the ceremony that joined their hearts and souls as well as their hands. In due time the stork paid one visit or many. What would you think of our government if, in spite of all this ceremony at the church, it said they were not married and that their children were illegitimate? Instead of the marriage taking place here before your clergyman, in the church of your religious belief, suppose it had taken place in Mexico. You were present, your relatives and friends were present, and they sped them on their wedding-journey, their honeymoon, to the United States. Suppose that they remained here a long or a short time, before or after the stork had paid them one or many visits. before they went back to Mexico. Then suppose

that the man or the woman, so married, died and left property. The wife would not be allowed to get her wife's share and his children would get only a bastard's share, because, under those so-called "Laws of Reform," your daughter, was no different than any other prostitute and her children bastards, while the property, if not claimed by any heir recognized by the "Liberal" gentlemen of Mexico, would be shunted into one of their government departments where it would be looted, in time, as they have looted and still loot private property belonging to others. Now this is what the Mexican has to undergo. He may have been married by his "padre," with all the ceremonies of the Church, in the presence of many relatives and friends, but any children born of that marriage, the State says, are illegitimate, bastards, to be plain, and the wife is nothing more before the law than any prostitute would be. If her husband died she could not touch his property and his and her children would get only a bastard's share, one-half the portion of what they call a lawful child. Why is this? Because these people did not go before the *Jefe Politico,* an official, who would be in our country, half Justice of the Peace and half Mayor. The Church in Mexico, as well as over the whole world, recognizes that the State has a right over the civil contract of Marriage. It does not interfere with the rights of the State and protests to the State, only, when the State intrudes on her rights.

Since the State insists on a civil ceremony, it ought, as a kind and benignant power, obviate all the inconveniences possible to its citizens.

They ought to have the costs of their requirements as light as possible, not excessive. The United States and all foreign countries, except the so-called Republic of Portugal, does this. In the States of this Union, the clergymen of all denominations, are licensed, without cost, to perform the marriage ceremony; the license required is reduced so low that it is not used as a revenue producer, but enough to pay the cost of record; and even if there be no license gotten the marriage is recognized, even though privately contracted, and known as a Common-Law Marriage, in many States. In Mexico the State and not the Church, as is popularly believed here, charges an excessive price for two reasons: the first is the loot, or graft, under the forms of the so-called "Laws of Reform;" the other reason is to discourage "Jose," and all the millions of other Joses, who are poor, from going to the Church that those "clandestine" grafters hate as much as they do the Protestant and Jewish denominations. They have driven the latter out, the Jew. When they charge an exorbitant fee, they hope it will do one of two things: cut down the offerings of the priests they hate, or make it so "Jose" will not want to go to his "padre," and will bring up his children without any religion. But "Jose" goes before his "padre" and he is indifferent as to what the State thinks of his marriage or the legal status of his children. He says to his "padre": "Am I not married in the eyes of Holy Church?" And the priest says, "Yes, Jose." "Am I not married in the eyes of my 'padre'?" and he answers, "Yes." Then the indignant "Jose" says: "What do I

care for the opinion of God-haters and haters of their own country-men, who would make of my wife a prostitute and my children bastards?"

Despite the influence of priests and Church, and on account of the exorbitant charge of a civil ceremony to which "Jose" and his forbears had not been subjected under the Spaniards, he is indifferent to the civil stigma placed upon him and his children, by the Liberals. Then comes a Northern visitor, looking up the defects in the lives of their fellowmen in Mexico with little or no knowledge of the Spanish language, the customs of the people, or the history of their unjust legal disabilities, and feasts on this "legal" evidence, to prove that the "Mexican has little use for the marriage ceremony in Mexico, and that seventy-two per cent of them are illegitimate"—they are too "nice" to use the word they mean. Why do they not, in these inaccurate reports, tell why they are so listed? Did you ever hear one of them tell it? Did you ever see the explanation written before or after the charge? I never did. Why did they not? Were they ignorant of what I state here and can prove? If so, you will know how to treat their statements in the future, as coming from one incompetent to speak on account of ignorance or malice. Would to God that we in this country had as much respect for the marriage ceremony as the Mexicans have! Our tens upon tens of hundreds of divorces, annually, that shame us, would not be; the poor-houses, foundling asylums, the prisons and houses of prostitution filled mostly by divorce, would not be the greatest of any country in the world. Then our chil-

dren, separated by divorced parents, and reared without the knowledge of love, would not be increasing the generation of savages that are making our record of murders and suicides greater than all the civilized world combined.

On account of the increasing lack of religious respect for the marriage ceremony in our own state of Missouri, and the shirking of the marital responsibilities connected therewith, it might not be amiss to give some official statistics from our Secretary of State in 1915. Bad as it is there are worse places than Missouri. I believe that the causes back of these conditions are the lack of respect for the marriage obligation and its responsibility. The Secretary first surveys the number of convicts in our State penal institutions, for every ten years from 1840 to 1910, inclusive. Then he divides the number of people in the State, as given by the U. S. Federal Census, by the number of convicts as given in the State official reports and produces the following: In 1840 there was one convict to every 5,495 persons; in 1850 one in every 3,444; in 1860 one in every 2,555; in 1870, one in 2,159; in 1880, one in every 1,780; in 1890, one in every 1,486; in 1900, one in every 1,222; and in 1910, it was one in every 845. This report does not speak well for us, as immigration does not affect us much either way; nevertheless it is far from complimentary to us if we compare it with the record of Mexico where crime was lower than anywhere else in the world except Ireland and Spain. Of course the disturbance of 1910 has produced a terrible demoralization, comparatively speaking that did not generally exist there

before that period. While we had no report at the periods since 1870, and not much foreign immigration our percentages of criminals increased. Granting that those who came to us from other States increased this ratio, there is not much relief in this, because they were American, mostly by birth, some of three generations. Take the years 1850, 1880 and 1910 and compare them.

Now let us look at the defectives among us; the reports of the different institutions are more gloomy than the official report; adding both together it is far from encouraging. The first decennial census, after the foundation of the first State Hospital for the insane was 1860. That year there were 171 patients. The table is as follows: In 1860 there was one mental defective to every 6,970 persons; in 1870 the ratio was one in 5,464; in 1880 it was one in 3,988; in 1890 it was one in 1,111; and in 1910 there was one mental defective to every 694 persons. How long will it be before the people of Missouri will have to seek refuge in our insane asylums to protect themselves from the insane and defective that will be in the majority? The past and present generation are aiding this terrible condition; that is, increasing it by human asininities. We have among us all the fads and fancies of the unnatural criminal. We have "birth control" and birth "controllers"; we have a debased and immoral literature and moving picture shows that develop the emotions at the expense of the intellect; we have an irreligious, money controlled-press; we have divorce mills that grind out divorces at the pleasure and convenience of

those seeking them; we have systems of imparting an intellectual culture without a moral culture, and other things foisted on us by the bigot, the fanatic or the office-seeker dressed in the habilaments of the crusader. More money is spent by us in endeavors to terrify our neurotic children with the horrors of a harmless drink, or an innocent game than to teach them about their last end or the existence of their Creator, or to demonstrate to them, by lesson and example, that no human institution can legislate for conscience. If there are among us unbalanced minds of a controlling minority that will still be able to continue deceiving a potential controlling majority among us, in substituting some of their own manufactured pet commandments for those of Mt. Sinai, would it be not only consistent but in good taste as well as just to cease unjustly holding "Jose" and his people up to the scorn of a world that does not know the truth about them? Mexico has a civilization thousands of years older than ours; not tainted with Anglo-Saxon civilization, either. The Mexican prefers his to ours. There are many thousands all over the world who prefer it to theirs. I do not, wholly, but I wish we had less of the Anglo-Saxon taint in ours and more of the Mexican. The ignorant and uninformed should stop to realize that even our American civilization, despite the propaganda of certain writers and speakers, IS NOT ANGLO-SAXON, as can be easily proven. Contrary to the reports of mental prostitutes, of "BIG BIZ" and the bigot, illegitimacy is almost NIL; divorce does not blast the flowers of chastity nor the marital

purity of the Mexicans; concubinage and divorce look alike to them. They know our defects, but you never see them using them as the ruins of charity upon which to stand and look down upon us. It would be good business, it would be politic, it would be decent, not to say charitable, if we did likewise concerning their lesser defects.

## Chapter XVII

### "Statistics" and "Illiteracy"

When I heard of or read atrocious calumnies against the intelligence, the literacy, the morals and the religion of the Mexicans, sometimes, if the speaker or writer guilty of their utterance was a person of sufficient standing to have weight with the uninformed or thoughtless student, I have written to the speaker or writer for evidence to sustain his assertion. Most often I would receive no reply; sometimes I might get as a reply "the statistics" or "it is said." Then when I asked for the number of the Bulletin giving "the statistics" or asked WHO it was "said" it, I rarely, if ever, got a reply.

If the number and date were given they proved to be those of 1872, a good reason why the rest remained silent till they went forth to calumniate still more. Now for any person, having the least knowledge of Mexico, to use the statistics of 1872, is as dishonest as it is tricky, contemptible and insincere, because the informed know that there are no Governmental statistics on Mexico, in this respect, since 1872.

And to apply those statistics of 1872 in such a way as to make the reader or hearer believe that they are the statistics of the present instead of the past generation would be as inaccurate and unfair as to compare the present reader's qualifications with those of his childhood years. To quote any statistics on Mexico

since 1872, and to leave the reader or hearer to infer, by silence or otherwise, that they are of a more recent date is not only an absurdity but an unqualified falsehood, for the reason that there has been no census taken since 1872 in Mexico. The best statistics on Mexico are those of the Catholic Church and they are very incomplete.

Yet we have some so-called books of information, as useful as joke books, like a widely-advertised encyclopedia, that glibly, and in all seeming seriousness, give us "statistics" to back up their false assertions, which everyone, who knows Mexico and its people, knows are absolutely untrue.

Let us go more deeply into this matter of so-called statistics, examine and judge for ourselves. When the official statistics of Mexico, of 1872 had standing, the people were rising from many of the disabilities caused by the revolutions, which any Southerner will easily understand and appreciate who suffered from and observed the conditions caused by the machinations of the "carpet-baggers" and others who injured them in their rights and properties. And these were the least of their injuries; they were also calumniated after the Civil War of '61-'65. Some of these violators of the law, and these calumniators of the Southland even professed religious convictions and served as leaders of the denominations with which they affiliated. If people of our own country have not escaped from these unjust disabilities, on what grounds will a lover of truth justify his skepticism in believing that the Mexicans escape it? In Mexico, on the contrary, the "carpet-baggers" of that time,

made up of the Commonfort and Juarez clique of robbing cut-throats, professed no religion in life, till on their death-beds, when they sent for the "padre" to shrive them before they went to God, Commonfort and Juarez excepted. They were artists in calumniating. In life they professed openly a system of an atheistic cult, called "Liberalism." This clique closed all the schools and churches of the people by hostile banns, or disabilities "legal." They closed not only the universities and colleges, but even the parochial and convent schools with these disabling laws. They sold the church edifices and institutions "for a song" and desecrated them by using them for even the basest of purposes.

They made it so no Christian child in that Republic could receive an education that was not atheistic. Despite the indifference and contempt this clique had for the world's opinion of them, for the many terrible things they did, they threw it a "sop," in the shape of a few scattered "schools," in which "pure" atheism was taught, knowing perfectly well that the school-children, who were wholly and intensely Catholic, would not attend them—a thing this clique expected and desired. They did not want to be burdened with a system that would have to be supported, and thus hamper them in their official and private "graft," in which they out-grafted the grafting Turk. There was an exceptional and happy period under Sant' Anna and Diaz, who brought in teachers from the outside and gradually replaced those foreign teachers and professors with Mexicans, as the Mexicans became competent and efficient. Under Diaz there were

over forty-two thousand schools and institutions of learning, counting the primary grades, the parochial schools, the colleges and universities, equal to any in the world, grade for grade and kind for kind. Out of these forty-two thousand and more, a little over sixteen thousand were Government schools. For some time after the grafters got hold of the reins of government in Mexico there was much illiteracy on the part of those who were children during the revolutions, and who could not, at that time, go to school because teachers and parents were forced to take up arms. So there ought to be no surprise nor lack of understanding as to why there was, perhaps, as much as 86 per cent illiteracy. But the percentage is based only on a general estimate. This statement was confirmed to me by one of Diaz' Cabinet officers, who stated that even in 1872 statistics were very incomplete and much of it roughly estimated. We see what the effects of war were among the Americans in the South where literacy is not of a very high order even today. With wonderful celerity and success, considering the burden of the Mexican people and the disabilities placed on the Church by the grafters in Government, the Church not only responded to the cry of the people for intellectual aid but did so very efficiently. At private expense and personal endeavor she provided schools, parochial, conventual and hacienda, in cities, towns and haciendas, besides re-establishing colleges, seminaries and universities. One of Carranza's first acts was to wipe out these institutions and subsidize foreign newspapers, paid with the wealth of looted churches, to mislead their read-

ers into the belief that there were no educational facilities in Mexico! In 1911, in Mexico City alone, there were over two thousand students attending the Jesuit University. Besides this there were other similar institutions, taught by religious orders with their proportionate quota; among them were the Vincentians, the Franciscans and, I believe, the Christian Brothers. Time and space forbid the enumeration of the other institutions of similar degree and standing in the many cities of the Republic with their schools, colleges, seminaries and academies. A glance at the Church Directory, published by Kennedy & Sons, 1916, (New York City) and Pamphlet No. 33-34, Central Bureau, Temple Building, St. Louis, by Gerardo Decorme, Editor LA VISTA CATHOLICA, will bear me out in my personal knowledge of similar institutions, though even these authorities are very incomplete in recording them all.

Before this bandit-uprising in Mexico, there were other authorities that gave a list of publishers and printers of newspapers, magazines and other periodicals in Canada, the United States, Mexico, Central and South America. The exact number in Mexico I am unable to say. I learned from the late Mr. Guernsey, formerly of Boston, the editor of the *Mexican Herald* that there were in Mexico over three hundred and fifty high class journals and periodicals, equal to those of any country in the world. Those of us who know Mexico, also know that there is not a city or a hamlet in Mexico of any size that has not a monthly, a bi-weekly, a weekly or a daily newspaper. It is true that some of them, per-

haps but few of them, are of the same high standard, from our point of view, as those in the United States, while many of them would be judged superior to the "excuses" for newspapers that we see in many towns in the United States. And those papers were not subsidized by advertisers, but were supported and read by the peon as well as by his cabellero neighbor.

Now, if eighty-five per cent of the Mexicans were as illiterate as their calumniators say they were, let us say as late as 1911, who printed all these magazines, papers and other periodicals, and who read them? Were they the foreigners in Mexico? Foreigners in that republic are a very small ratio. The peon is frugal as well as poor and he will not pay for what he does not use for pleasure or profit. They could be seen in the first light of morning reading these papers. Were they mostly foreigners who taught in their many institutions of learning in their cities, towns and haciendas there? By no means! Were the children and the older students of both sexes mostly foreigners? Were their professors and teachers mostly foreigners? No! Then recall the thousands of Mexican students, male and female, who attended our colleges, convents and universities, not to speak of a much larger number who studied in Europe and even the Orient, as well as in Central and South America, where, in the last places, the educational institutions compare very favorably with the best in the world.

Were all their many doctors, lawyers and several thousands of clergy, equal in morality, intelligence and erudition to any in the world,

mostly foreign? No! Were their arts and craftsmen, their telephone and telegraph operators, their street-car men, their train-men, their shop-keepers, clerks, stenographers, military officers, cadets and policemen foreigners? This is by no means the end of the list that could be given.

All the business pursuits that we follow, where knowledge of letters is required, they pursue and are competent to satisfy the needed requirements. Who filled all these positions? Mostly foreigners? No. If foreigners filled them it would be very easy to find that out; because, whatever Mexico lacks in the way of statistics, and other respects, there are two things they keep track of, and they are commerce and foreigners. The number of foreigners in Mexico was carefully learned and as carefully tabulated. Their presence was known immediately they entered the Republic; it was known where they went every hour of the day or night, until they returned to the border again whence they came. Had Colonel Diaz not relaxed vigilance in this regard he might still be living and President of Mexico. This espionage was done by the various public servants, from the conductor who took your ticket on the train to your hotel clerk that greeted you with hand-clasp and farewell. That official record will show today whence they came, where they went. Will anyone, therefore, who knows the least bit about Mexico, its various industries and the avocations of its people, where knowledge of letters are required, believe that only fifteen per cent of its people are literate, not taking into consideration the large number

of peons who can read and write? While I believe I have given sufficient reasons that will appeal to the fair and discriminating of those who have never been in that country to disprove that calumny of illiteracy, I am convinced that those who know these people will agree with me that it would be safer to say that nine out of every ten can read and write. I do not mean to have you infer that this large number can read and write as well as the graduates of our graded schools, but that they can read and write more or less indifferently; that they can convey their thoughts in characters we call "writing," in an intelligent order, granting that all of them would not take prizes in penmanship, or in an old fashioned "spelling bee"; and I challenge refutation by any responsible authority for my assertions. Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that they are what they are not (illiterate, as a whole). These calumniators say they are ignorant because they are illiterate. Even in such case, that argument will not stand. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were illiterate, but who would dare to assert they were *ignorant?* There are some Southern States of my acquaintance and knowledge where I can match an American with a Mexican for illiteracy. I do not make this as a reflection, but stating a fact that, if you look up our own government statistics, you will hesitate to question the assertion and our illiterate are not confined to negroes nor foreigners either. There is another locality, the part of the country in which I live, where as much as twenty per cent of the grandfathers of the present generation, many still living, could not read and write even

their own names; yet I would like to see the person, for this or any other reason, say they were ignorant. But these calumniators of Mexico may still be captious enough to insist that the old calumny stands, "they *are* ignorant." So am I, and so are you, and so are they, of many things; but in what is the Mexican, particularly, ignorant? Are we lacking in intelligence because we are ignorant of many things? Again, I ask, of what is the Mexican ignorant? Of "birth control"? Abortions? Divorce *et similia?* If so, thank God! May they continue in such ignorance *ad aeternam.* But some one reverts to the "statistics," again? We have disposed, I believe, to the satisfaction of the fair and intelligent of the 1872 "statistics"; there has been no census since. Let us examine this, too. Mexico is a vast country and, in many parts, very difficult and tedious to traverse. To take a census of it would require a long period, especially where literacy is said to be so low. Such an undertaking in this country, every ten years, makes such a news item that it is noted in the press of the whole world. Can you find in any paper an event that would be more than likely to cause even greater attention than our census, a census taken up in Mexico since 1872? No. And I challenge anyone to produce such a record. Such a work as this would require a vast *corps* in field and office, not to speak of a building for the collaborators in the work. I called at the Hall of Records in Mexico, in 1911, to make inquiries if such a census had taken place since 1872, and the superior of that department told me no such an undertaking took

place since 1872, and that the 1872 record was erroneous, incomplete and had to be discounted in many things. Another proof why there has been no governmental provision for the taking up of a census is the expense that would be incurred. This would interfere with the "graft" of certain Government officers; but if such census had been taken there would be some record of this cost, to whom paid, the amount of service rendered and by whom. There is no such record. And if some one, or some other body of persons, took this census, who paid for it? There is no record to tell us. Was it the Britannica? If so, will they tell us and, also, tell us when, where, by whom and at what cost—and who paid the cost? It is beyond the resources of even the Britannica to pay for such an undertaking. Who paid it? Nobody. Another difficulty arises for those "statistic" quoters: If only fifteen per cent of the Mexicans are literate, how many of this fifteen per cent deserted their avenues of ordinary avocations to perform this great work? Did commerce and industry cease when they left? No; because they never deserted or took up any census.

But, perhaps, foreigners took this census? If so, who were those foreigners? Did the Mexican government co-operate with those foreigners, permitting them to take up a work of such intimacy, that might later prove of danger to the country? Is not this an absurdity? What government would allow that which would expose it and the country to the cupidity and exploitation of foreign, selfish, dangerous or hostile men? But let us suppose the improbable: If

the government, officially, would permit it, would the populace stand for it? Would they even co-operate with them? Would they be able to gain the confidence, these foreigners, of the Mexican people, smarting often from the calumnies of these self-same foreigners who, through ignorance of their religion, their language and customs, have so often illy-expressed themselves about all things Mexican as to make it appear to the Mexican that Jesus and his mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, to say the least, were persons of ill-repute?

Let us suppose, also, that the people did stand for it, and that these foreigners did gain the confidence of these people in spite of all these things, and that they answered truthfully and accurately (the peon loves his little joke, especially if it be on a "gringo"), who were these remarkable foreigners, where are they, where did they go? Whence came they? Are they dead? If so did they die without obtaining or leaving any other record of their work than that these Mexicans, who assisted them in their treacherous work, were illiterate, ignorant, immoral, barbarous, treacherous and that they and their progeny were seventy-two per cent illegitimate? Let us combine all the Protestant clergy, of all nationalities, with all the foreign missionary workers, all the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. in Mexico. Were they the ones who took this remarkable "census"? Even this SMALL number would be dead before they could finish a census in Mexico, not to speak of those who would die, be born, or married while taking it. Let us suppose such a combination

did such a work: Did they leave records only of the defects of a people whose confidence they gained? Did they discover no virtues, natural or supernatural, among those people who are equal to Ireland and Spain for chasteness of morals and bravery in battle?

Besides being second to none in chastity they are second to none in sobriety and simplicity of life. Their respect for law, their very few prisons, their architecture, their music and their art and literature, signs of the highest civilization, did not these plead for them when this "census" or "statistics" were being given to the world? Was it the suppression of all these and many other facts in their favor the Christian work to which these "statistic"-gatherers lent their talents, their time, their labor, their money and their ability?

To the everlasting credit of these people these questions can be answered in the negative; because they never took any such census or gathered any such statistics. And that negative will bear witness that there were no such statistics gathered since 1872, and those have been proven false, incomplete and inaccurate. The greatest malefactor in this crime of defamation of Mexico is the notorious and unreliable Britannica. The professional men, the clergy and the other highly educated classes in Mexico (and I say it with deliberation and knowledge) are superiorily educated to the educated classes in this country; their common people, as we understand the term, are not so greatly illiterate as many whites in some of the States of this Republic I could mention, and they are, in Mexico, as literate as I

have demonstrated. After due consideration of these points which I offer, will any decent, fair-minded person, with ordinary intelligence, believe such lying "statistics" in the future? If so, are they and better than the malicious calumniators of the Mexicans? Under this subject, read what Hon. John Barrett, the Director General of the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C., writes:

"Only by traveling all over Mexico, as many of us have done, can it be realized what an army of comparatively well-educated young men and women, recruited from the high and middle-classes, and even from the Indians and peons, was coming on to participate in Mexico's future, when, suddenly, the revolution broke out in 1911 and gave a serious setback to its hopes and ambitions."

"There has been, moreover, so little study of the Spanish language and of Mexican history in the educational institutions of the United States, that there has been slight realization of the interesting literature and the able authors and writers which Mexico has developed during the last fifty years."

"Many of the books most popular in Latin America have been written by Mexicans, while several of their statesmen have given to the world works on international law, history, science and philosophy, which take high rank in the library of world knowledge."

"Newspapers are said to be an evidence of public intelligence and public enterprise for there is hardly a city or hamlet that has not *one* or *more newspapers*. They may be far from

approaching the American standard, but in the light of environments and existing conditions, they are surprisingly enterprising."

"It is wrong to declare that Mexico's Indian population, representing nearly two-thirds, or 10,000,000 of its 15,000,000 inhabitants, is hopelessly deficient mentally and physically. On the contrary, the average peon, or Indian boy and girl, if taken young and properly educated, will usually develop into a man and woman who will be a credit to the country or people.

"The number of instances where young children of actual peons and Indians have been separated from their environment and have grown up responsible, educated and influential citizens is so great that it proves there is nothing wrong, inherently, with this element of Mexico's population. What it needs is to be properly educated, encouraged and given an opportunity to 'make good'."

It has been shown in previous chapters how these people have responded to the intellectual and moral culture of those who have brought these Mexicans up to the high standard of which John Barrett writes. It has also been shown that there is a clique there who do not wish this progress, because it deprives them of their opportunities for graft—I mean "clandestines." They destroy this avenue of Mexican uplift or any other movement that will aid in it.

The Honorable John Barrett is one of our great Americans, holding successfully an office that requires a great man to successfully fill it. He has held more portfolios and official commissions from our Government than any man

in public life today—and he has not "fallen down" on one, so far as the world knows.

He knows the Orient as well as he knows Europe; and those who know the so-called Latin American countries, I venture to assert, will agree with me when I state that John Barrett is the greatest living authority on Mexico, Central and South America. He is a Protestant, a Mason of high degree, a six-footer, clean mentally, morally and physically. Anyone looking into his handsome face and gentle but fearless eye, knows he is looking into the soul and upon the figure of a *man,* in all that our American, honorable meaning of the word implies.

I would suggest to the reader to read the work of that saintly Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Doctor Lummis, titled "The Awakening of a Nation," and the writings of that gentleman who was a Baptist minister there for seventeen years, Mr. Sloan.

Another fact the reader ought to keep in mind: It is a compliment to an American to be considered and to be reputed a liberal man. In Mexico it is not a compliment to be called "liberal." The word LIBERAL has not the same meaning in Mexico that it has in the United States.

Here, north of the Rio Grande, a man must be just to be considered liberal: South of it to be considered liberal he must be un-just and prove the same by unjust and un-Christian acts that are an offense to God and decent men. In the United States the liberal man leaves his neighbor free in his civil, religious and natural rights, as he, himself, desires to be free. What

is more, he will contend for and defend his neighbor in those rights, even though he may not believe as his neighbor does in those things, knowing that in defending them today, for his neighbor, he is protecting his own rights for tomorrow.

The "Liberal" in Mexico does the contrary by sumptuary and unjust, as well as unconstitutional, enactments, which he calls laws; he deprives most of his countrymen of their civil and natural rights and by a system, called "taxation," enriches himself and his fellow-robbers with their possessions. The Liberal in Mexico does not leave his fellow-countrymen free to love God: he leaves them *free* to HATE Him. He will not permit them to believe that there is a God or to love Him. He forces them to deny God's dominion over them. I can show you books of the pious proverbs of the Spanish language changed into English where the word DIOS is translated into *snake,* and other blasphemies.

I also learn from the same authority that the new constitution in Mexico will be truly liberal and has the support of Obregon. Dillon, the English propagandist and international correspondent, who is Obregon's right-hand man there, may have had something to do with it. But granted that such is true, the people had no voice in its construction or enactment. If the illiberal "liberals" get in power again they will do away with it and supplant it with another constitution of their own on which the people's wishes or consent may be again ignored.

The schools over which these Liberals usurp

charge, they permeate with an atheistic spirit and teachings that are positively hostile to right thought. This is what they call "liberal education."

Knowing the respect that we have for the truly liberal, they deceive Americans and others by saying they desire to have a "liberal education" in Mexico, and stick their tongues in their cheeks when they say it. That education is not liberal, as we understand the word; they mean it to be anti-Christian and anti-Jewish. So, reader, I beseech you not to be misled by that type of "Liberals" and their "liberal" professions, which we see in Vera-Estanol, De Angelis, Carranza, Zambrano, Arredondeo, Obregon, Villa and the rest of that ilk.

In some things we are very gullible and those Liberals know it; they laugh in their sleeves at us when they see us "swallowing like gudgeons," the increasing lumps of deception with which they are "stuffing" us.

## Chapter XVIII

### Politics

They say that politics make strange bedfellows. During the Carranza usurpation, Obregon, to say the least, was not much different from the rest of the "revolutionary" leaders down there. Since his election to the Presidency of Mexico, I learn, on credible authority, that he is "making good." I hope so. I hope that he will persevere. I do not wish to do him an injustice because I am skeptical. I hope that he will make sincere efforts to repair the damage he has done his country, and clean the escutcheon of the O'Briens, the Castilian-Irish-Mexican ancestors from whom he sprung. If he does, I would not be a bit surprised if the Liberals "remove" him as they "removed" Madero. They have even warned him of that removal by telling him to "remember the fate of Madero." If the Liberals are not served, the recalcitrant can be easily "removed" in Mexico. The word "patriotism" is abused, at times, in Mexico, as it sometimes is with us. They have "pay-triots" there, too.

The common argument which the so-called "Liberal" of Mexico offers for American consumption is the "Separation of Church and State." Here in this country, where we come nearer to this principle, in fact and theory, than any other nation in the world, the Mexican Liberal, who has separated the Church from the State, but has not separated the State from the

Church in Mexico, comes to "teach" us Americans with his specious arguments and to serve his capitalistic employers by spreading falsehoods about the Church in Mexico, so as to capitalize the prejudices of the non-Catholic element among us. If he succeeded in this he would have a free road for his masters down there in robbing Mexico without her getting any sympathy. We saw it demonstrated during the war. Had all the lies told about German atrocities in Belgium been true, they could not equal the hunger and pain suffered by the Mexican people at the same time. The people of both countries were Catholic. Torrents of tears and hundreds of millions of dollars were given to Belgium, while hardly a thought, a crust of bread, or a stitch of clothing were given to starving, bleeding Mexico. And where, O, where was the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and K. of C.? Why? Stop and search for the reason or cause yourself. The Liberal of Mexico has the advantage over the average American, as most educated Mexicans have, in the matter of knowing several languages, and knowing that, with the exception of a small minority, Americans know no history except that written in English, and that mostly perverted by English influences, distorted, minimized or magnified, where not false, or where true, to the advantage of the perverts of truth and the poisoner of its founts. I wish to state here, that when using the word "English," I am not referring to the English people, for whom I have respect and affection. I use it as I use the words "Wall Street" among ourselves, when referring to a certain class of robbers in our

midst—not attacking the conservative possessors of wealth or those who do not violate the laws of our land in acquiring it. The so-called Reformation of the XVI Century was not a religious revolution; it was an economic revolution. English capital, true to form, and following past precedents, perverted history, created the religious issue, to divide the people. They hired the perverts D'Aubigne, Hume, and later Macaulay to corrupt and pervert history, as it corrupted our press during the war and perverted truth. It was easy for this oily Liberal from Mexico and his ilk to deceive the uninformed and prejudiced American and make him think the troubles in Mexico were caused by the Catholic Church and its priesthood, that it was a religious question.

The greatest offender in this respect was a former high official, in a series of articles printed in a propaganda sheet, printed in Spanish, in the city of San Antonio, a couple of years ago. He drags in the disproved lie, no longer accepted by advanced non-Catholic students, of the Church being responsible for the atrocities and abuses of the Spanish Inquisition, an institution that persecuted the clergy of Spain and other Spanish possessions.

He cannot safely deny that the Mexican so-called Constitution of 1857, the creation of those cut-throats, like Commonfort, Juarez and others, disfranchised tens of thousands of educated, just and honorable citizens of Mexico, because they were ecclesiastical persons, so he brazenly admits it and dismisses the subject as though such action needed no defense.

Mexico has its peculiar kind of politicians, who manipulate the reins of Government for the men "behind the curtain." We have the same among ourselves. During the campaign of Madero, some of these politicians, as individuals, established different kinds of political clubs called "Junta." One of them was called the "Catholic Party." There is no more Catholic Party in Mexico than there is in the United States. Then the organizers of this party, failing to "catch the Catholic vote," got mad down there, just as they do up here, when they try the same thing and find that the Catholics "vote as they please," spread falsehoods about the Church and stating that the "Church was behind the Catholic Party." And all this despite the fact that the Mexican papers and the papers in the United States called the election of Madero the "fairest election Mexico ever had."

When one realizes that over ninety-nine per cent of Mexicans are Catholic, the absurdity of making the Church responsible for a repudiated "junta" will be obvious. But he goes farther in his falsehoods. He said that the "clergy, from the highest to the lowest, availed themselves of religious offices." What could be those religious offices in the State where a priest was not allowed even to vote, to wear his clerical dress, not to speak of other disabilities? If he is referring to Spanish times, when there was a union of Church and State, a curse to the Church under any *regime,* whom would he wish to have hold a *religious* office, if not an *ecclesiastic?* But he must mean the present time; because he goes on to state that the clergy used "the confessional,

the pulpit, doctrine, dogma, faith, superstition, and all the instruments at hand to gain proselytes"—(votes?). That they "worked on the consciences of the people, their friends, their servants, using the formidable argument of eternal salvation; and when the ballot boxes were installed, they placed about them standards, bearing significant legends." On many of them, for example, were inscribed the words: "Here you vote for God."

The absurdity of making the Church responsible for such a shibboleth is too obvious, even if the event occurred. Or that the Confessional, etc., is too absurd for denial. When this lie is told of the Church in Mexico, it is an offense to Catholics all over the world; *because the Church is no different in Mexico than it is in the United States.*

But suppose that the priests, as individuals and citizens of Mexico, used such a shibboleth, and electioneered for some particular party. They were within their civic and legal rights. I touch upon this in another place. The men they were opposing at the polls were people who were agents of exploiters or exploiters themselves; they oppressed the Church, interfered with the lawful rights of their Catholic fellow-citizens. Those so-called Liberals are repudiated by Christians of all denominations, disowned and contemned by the Masons of England and the United States, not only because they are CLANDESTINE, but because they are atheistic and hostile to all things religious. Here in the United States so-called atheists are indifferent to all denominations. So-called Liberals and atheists in Mexico are not indifferent, they are hostile.

The "Constitution of Queretaro," Article 130, forbids American and other foreign clergymen, whether Catholic or Protestant, to exercise the functions of their office, although, secretly, some few Protestant ministers and some priests in bad-standing, in certain parts of the Republic, were allowed to exercise the offices of their respective denominations, in appointed offices. It limits the number of priests and ministers that shall officiate in Mexico. If there were a surplus of priests in Mexico, that might be permitted, but there is always a scarcity of priests in that Catholic country, as well as among ourselves. One of the states, where the law was enforced was the state of Jalisco. Later, Carranza, in violation of the constitution, and the "Sovereignty" of that state, set the law aside without any reference to people or Congress. But he had precedents in the Republic to the North of him to follow in this respect.

EL LIBERAL, of Mexico City, of the issue of May 4th, 1915, is quoted by this high official as follows: "The Secretary of War, Alvaro Obregon, hierophant of the so-called 'Liberal Constitutional Party,' boasted not many months before of having 'traversed the republic from end to end, followed by the maledictions of the priests,' and proudly exclaimed: 'What greater honor could be mine'?"

He quotes Congressman Gonzales Torres as stating all religions "are absolutely corrupt and have been converted with a woof of tales and legends; of absurdities and aberrations."

He quotes Congressman Recio, when recording his vote, as stating: "We are obliged to

prevent and correct all that which may contribute to the immorality and corruption of the Mexican people, freeing them at the same time from the claws of the crafty priest who takes possession of consciences in order to carry on his iniquitous work of prostitution."

Think of that in a country where the lascivious libertine has to import from foreign countries prostitutes to sate his lusts! This same Congressman forbade "ministers of any sect" to hear confessions, and ordered that the practice of the ministerial profession be limited to Mexican citizens by birth, and forced them to marry, if not over fifty years old.

Congressman Alonzo Romero, according to this same high official, won loud applause from his confreres when he expressed it as his conviction that any woman who went to confession was an adulteress, and if permitted to go by her husband he was a procurer and a party to such immoral practices. Then comes another one of those "liberal" Liberals to state: "It has been agreed upon that Religion had an evolutionary progress, until it reached Christianity, which is supposed to be the most perfect form; theologians say it is the most truthful; I call it a farce. I call it a string of lies."

Let us suppose that the clergy did enter the elections to vote as citizens of their country: Where is the crime in that? Supposed they exercised their citizen-rights under the law, where was the crime? Suppose these same conditions, not to state many others not recorded here, existed in the United States, instead of

Mexico; that religious paintings on wall and in window-casing were destroyed by Liberal bullets, images of the saints riddled by bullets; clergymen harassed by unmentionable indignities, expelled from churches, homes and native land, their wives and daughters as well as nuns violated by those "preservers" of morals; churches and rectories looted and consciences oppressed. Would the clergy of the United States, Protestant, Catholic or Jew, be considered as interfering with the State because they voted these rascals out of power?

Yet, why condemn these Liberals without condemning their capitalistic masters? These abuses and indignities are only effects which we see, they are not the cause, which some of us do see. The cause is economic and has existed since the gold standard was established by Solomon; when he decided how many sicles of silver should buy a horse and how many grains of gold something else. With the exception of Czaristic Russia, in its mistreatment of the Jew (and that was economic rather than racial), and for a short period after the Franco-Prussian war, there are only three countries in the world where a certain few fight their brother in the name of Christ. I wish to state before proceeding on this phase of the subject, I have absolutely no religious or racial prejudices. I wish to say again that I have an affection for the English people. Where I use the word English in condemnation of certain things, I am referring to a class of robbers and oppressors of the poor of whom we have more than our share. We call them "Wall Street robbers." I am not condemning those because

of their wealth, but because of their system that controls governments, oppresses the poor, destroys fair opportunities and violates our laws, corrupt our courts, though escaping conviction on technical evasions.

The first of these three countries above referred to, is that English-oppressed country of Ireland. Here capitalism divides the people in Ulster on the question of religion. What Wall Street is to the people of the United States, Belfast, in Ulster, is to Ireland. To rule the people and take their minds from their oppression by English capital, the Protestant minority, though little favored, are more so than their Catholic neighbor. Their religious prejudices are aroused by falsehoods, in order to divide them that they may be ruled by the profiteering class known as English capitalists.

The second country is the United States. The Revolutionary War, the Civil War and our last service to the British Empire, to save her from the hell she deserves, prove that Americans, irrespective of antecedents—racial, religious or political—would live in peace and amity if left alone. But we are a rich country. We have the power of the ballot in our hands. If we actually do not select our Presidential candidates, we have the power of electing at least one of those whom we do not choose. We must be divided by our Wall Street magnates, and other servants of British capital in our midst, so that we can be ruled and our thoughts kept on other matters while "sneak legislation" is passed by unfaithful representatives in legislative halls, to withdraw our powers of sovereignty, gradually, surely and

secretly. Vile sheets called newspapers, that capitalize the prejudices of the ignorant and misinformed are subsidized by capitalists of a certain stripe, to divide labor and neighbor. The capitalist Catholic, Protestant, Jew and Atheist dollar looks the same and has the same power; the owners of the same are united; they own no nationality, race or creed. On the other hand, the Catholic, Protestant, Jew and Atheist among the labor class are divided on religious lines, or lodge lines, cutting each others' throats with the weapon provided for them for the purpose by those who divide and rule them. This is an English capitalistic trick. Thus it rules the world, dividing its people and ruling them, while exploiting them, taking in the United States seventy cents of every dollar they make while they eat, drink and wear clothes. Do you doubt that we Americans are so divided and exploited by capital, especially by English capital? Do you know who owns a large majority of our biggest railroads, our insurance companies, our automobile factories, most of our oil wells, not to mention eleven thousand business concerns in other lines? English capital. It borrows our money to buy these concerns once owned by us. Though American in name, or hyphenated as "British-American," or the name "international" given to them, they are no longer American and their profits go across the sea. Thus we give our money to foreigners, enabling them to become our masters financially, politically and in other ways.

The third country where this method is going on successfully is Mexico. I grant you that there

are American capitalists in this, too. Because every temple must have its servants whether in the spiritual or materialistic order. As in the spiritual temple, so, too, in the temple of finance, the laborer is worthy of his hire—and they are well-paid.

Mexico, in its potential resources, is one of the richest countries in the world. It is rich in oil, in minerals, gas and agricultural possibilities, not to include other riches so great they seem fabulous. It can't be robbed safely of these natural resources till it loses its good name.

The people in Mexico must be divided. The people in the United States who know these people and champion their cause must be discredited. All the avenues of information are controlled, truth perverted and distorted so that the country about to be robbed and exploited will have no defenders when the robbing process begins. Unlike the United States, the people are ninety-nine per cent Catholic. Religious issues cannot be raised there to divide its people. So what is done to take the place of the method worked on us and the Irish people? There is an atheistic clique of Masons down there kept in political power and place by capitalists, mostly English and American, to enact disabling legislation that has a greater effect on the fortunes and the rights of the Mexican people than the method employed against Americans. This Masonic clique is repudiated by decent American and English Masons. They are clandestine and atheistic. While they are a bad lot, I think they are superior to capitalist servants in the United States, professing religion and robbing their

fellow-countrymen. The "clandestines" are not so hypocritical. They do not profess religion. I touch this more fully in another chapter under the head of "Masonry."

My dear reader, do not harbor the erroneous opinion that I am a socialist because of these views. To those who follow the economic question I do not have to offer proofs to convince them of the accuracy of what I am stating here. I know Socialism's philosophy and history. I stand on the Constitution of my country and the Encyclical of Leo XIII.

I want to impress you with the truth and the fact that the Irish, the Americans and the Mexicans are suffering from the same causes. Mexico's people have suffered ahead of us; our time is coming when we shall suffer more. That this time will come I believe because of the lethargy of America to its dangers; because of its gullibility, in acceptation as gospel-truth of the statements of its enemies; because of its incredulity toward its vigilant friends; because of its ignorance and indifference. Washington spoke truly when he said: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The American people are not vigilant. They do not know or love liberty well enough to serve it or suffer for it. If the rights of a fellow-citizen have been violated, instead of growing indignant and helping him to have his liberty restored, the average American minimizes the affront or violation and lets his fellow-citizen suffer his loss of liberty with little or no assistance; so he has to suffer and fight alone, unaided. The American people are rapidly going the way of the Mexican in this respect. They are "up

against" their hereditary enemy, who is smugly professing friendship for them, and many Americans are "swallowing" the "bait." Mexico's disturbances were bloody and fatal to many. We are going through revolution now. How long will it remain bloodless?

Our own safety for the future demands that we shall see justice done in Mexico and Ireland, in so far as our relations in those countries are affected. We may not be called on to fight for them; it may be our duty not to; but it is our duty to see that our money, our boys or other resources are not given to English capitalists to further rob them of their liberties and resources. To deny that such was ever done is to deny a fact. It is still being done. Ask those in a position to know what is the status of British capitalists in Mexico today and whether or not England is "in the saddle" in Mexico today.

In the summer of 1913, according to a Mexican paper, Great Britain effected an agreement with Mexico, permitting British vessels to navigate Chatumal Bay and the River Hondo. It will be well for Mexico, the United States and the Southern Republics to keep an eye on Great Britain hereafter in those regions, lest we have another Venezuela affair on our hands. We may not be so fortunate in the future as to have a complaisant pro-British Secretary of State take a vacation, and have an unsuspected American patriot like A. A. Adee, acting as Secretary of State in his absence, nor a President like Cleveland to clear up any British-created fogs. There is still some floating oil loose in Mexico that the Cowdray interests have not got "for the benefit

of humanity" and "to make safe for Democracy." On whatever shore England puts her foot, with few exceptions, she puts her other one with it; and then God pity humanity—it may as well "kiss" its Democracy "good-bye." Her army and her navy follow her, landing her army under the shelter of her naval guns, even while she is smiling and professing friendship for the invaded country. Her first attack is covert. She enmeshes it with loans that she sees it will be never able to pay. Under the shibboleth of Anglo-Saxon civilization, a system as materialistic as its gold, destroys the ideals of the nation to be robbed, through domestic and English bankers and teachers—yes, by its pulpits and schools. It borrows, then, the money of the nation it proposes to take under her power, to buy up its own industries; profiteers on the newly English-owned industries till her loan for the concerns are paid; creates industrial strife by dividing labor in the purchased industries, through "agents provocateur"; social, financial and religious rivalries are created and, then, an outside nation is chosen to be "egged on" to the nation ripe for its fall into the British fold; going the way that history always records, to national destruction, death and oblivion under a flag where the only thing that flourishes for the people is sickness, poverty, misery and death. Anglo-Saxon methods will never succeed in Mexico or South America any more than it has in Ireland; to attempt it, as she certainly one day will try to do, in those countries, if she ever gets a foot-hold, will mean the destruction of its people, as the people of the West Indies were

destroyed. She may slaughter the Indian, Castilian and Spanish races, but she will never be able to engraft her gross and materialistic civilization upon them.

If the Mexicans and other Southern Republics will be united, and reject England *in toto,* with the aid of the tropics, and the awakening United States, England will fail in Mexico.

## Chapter XIX

## The Clergy and Politics

Will those who believe that there is constitutional government in Mexico, supposed to be like the constitutional government of the United States, and who believe that the Mexican Constitution is like ours (though it has been corrupted, mutilated and interpolated),. that a clergyman of any denomination has not as much right or privilege as any other citizen of that country, or that a few citizens have more rights, privileges and liberties than the remaining majority—will they qualify their condemnation, when passing upon political actions of the clergy in Mexico, that would be mild and insignificant, if compared with the political acts of the clergy in the United States? By "clergy," I mean those of all denominations who exercise their rights of citizenship, not including the "politician" type which infest certain localities among us and are a nuisance to all parties and creeds. If the clergy of this country discerned an unconstitutional act of legislation about to be enacted that would deprive them of their rights and citizenship, and would despoil the people under their spiritual jurisdiction, as well as themselves, of their properties, would they not be derelict in their duties as citizens and as spiritual leaders of their flocks if they did not warn them of the danger and have recourse to all moral and legal means, sanctioned by the laws of their country,

to avert it? Patriotism is one of religious as well as civic duty, obligating the citizen to loyal service. Now, if this would be right and proper, and could not be considered as plotting against the government, with us, how could the same actions be wrong, under the same conditions, in Mexico? If the clergy here, in such case, would not be considered as "dabbling in politics," or "plotting against the government," how can one logically or fairly condemn the Mexican clergy for a wrong in Mexico that is right and proper in the United States and the rest of the civilized world, except France, Italy and Portugal, where the "clandestines" are doing the same thing as in Mexico, abusing the usurped powers of a disfranchised people, and confiscating their buildings, residences, schools, colleges, universities, endowments and benefices? I shall give you one concrete piece of evidence of this confiscation and sale in the case of the Church on San Francisco Street, of which I wrote above. After confiscating the property, stripping the church, the monastery and other buildings of what could be sold or appropriated, the "liberator" Juarez sold it to the Presbyterians, who arrived there from the United States. Owing to reasons I have forgotten now, the Presbyterians sold it back to the Catholics again; and again it was confiscated by the Government; and again, in this bandit-uprising, under the usurpation of the miserable Carranza, it was looted of its rich treasures devoted to religion. Among the valuable treasures belonging to the private citizens of the Mexican Republic which this "honest" man is "preserving for posterity" is the private

and most unique and costly library in the world, of its kind.

Of course the pleasure of the owners was not consulted in the matter; those poor "ignorant Mexicans" could not realize, like Carranza, just what it meant to posterity that he should possess them, even if the library was not his own personal property, not honestly acquired and not honestly owned!*

So that the rest of the "honorable" bandits in Mexico City would not be tempted beyond their strength, "Little Venus" has them sent to his own home in Saltillo, in the State of Coahuila, where the other "honest" bandits have more fear, if not respect, for "Little Venus." As the French say, "it is to laugh," at what the Liberals always "do" to — I mean "for" — posterity, whenever they get a chance. These "Liberals" are artists in fooling gullible Americans, in explaining why they do these things.

Of course, it happens often that it is a priest, like the writer, who tells the world of them. With the "clandestines" a priest is biased or not able to tell the truth. He has an ulterior motive and the truth is discounted by the American "gudgeon." But woe betide that priest if he be a Mexican. He is penalized not only for becoming a priest, but he is deprived of his civil and natural rights. For being so foolish in his choice of a vocation the "liberal" "Laws of Reform" will attend to "his goose." An American priest, beyond the brutal maw of the "clandestines,"

*I refer here to thousands of ancient Irish manuscripts that were in San Luis Potosi and which were unknown even to the librarian till I drew his attention to them.

may have some influence, perhaps not much, with the volatile and illogical "gringoes"; but down there they will play off a Protestant "gringo" with a Catholic Mexican. They can count on the "Stone Men," the "A. P. A.," the "Guardians of Liberty," the "Q. K." and others of that ilk among us to pull the "clandestine" chestnuts out of the fire, even if the decent Masons of the United States should be so "unbrotherly" as to bear witness that the "gringo" priest is telling the truth about them. I fear that the wily "Liberal," who is synonymous with "clandestine," gets the erroneous opinion of us Americans, and our seemingly religious hatreds of each other's religious beliefs and practices from an unrepresentative class of Americans who speak and write in a manner not consistent with either justice or charity, nor the American spirit of fair-play; because, as a people, we are among the most truly liberal of any in the world. These Mexican "Liberals," mistaking these particular evidences as general, try to use the clergy among the dissenting bodies there. To the credit of those bodies, as a whole, they fail. The exception that is so imprudent or unwise as to be used does not last long as he loses *caste* at home, as well as in Mexico, among the fair-minded and his influence for good is over forever; he is discredited at home and ostracised in Mexico. Hence, bitter, "sore" and disappointed at this deserved ostracism by the Mexicans, whose language, customs and religion he never understood, or tried to learn, he returns home and is not able to give an accurate report of those people, their customs or their institutions. This does not in-

clude the Protestant clergy as a whole, nor is it a general reflection, indirectly upon them, many of whom I know and for whom I have respect, and, for a few, a deep affection.

What I wish to convey to the reader is that the *"clandestines" have only hatred for the clergy of all denominations.* They do not want them "snoopin' around." If they did not have a hatred for them, why are they not permitted to "run" for office, as they are permitted here? It is true, under Carranza, they have a few appointive offices, as a "sop" to a certain class. To the credit of the Protestant clergy there, as well as the priests in good standing, I know of none of them now holding political office. Knowing their records as well as rights in this respect, in this country, where the opposite to the conditions in Mexico exist, why have they not sought office in Mexico? WAS IT NOT BECAUSE IT WAS SAFER FOR LIFE AND LIMB AS WELL AS FOR THEIR PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, NOT TO RUN FOR OFFICE IN MEXICO? When legislation in this country is proposed, especially when affecting morals, the Protestant clergy, within their rights, and very often successfully, take one side or the other of a question or party policy. They even run for office and many hold office. For examples: The Honorable William Jennings Bryan is an ordained Elder, it is said, of the Presbyterian denomination, the beloved idol of many of the common people.

Our own dear friend and fellow Missourian, The Honorable Champ Clark, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, is an

ordained or licensed officer of the Christian Church. If it is no crime against government to have them, and even ordained clergymen of the Protestant denominations, hold office, why is it a crime for a priest to exercise his right of suffrage in Mexico, which is supposed to be a constitutional form of government like ours? And when they recently protest at the violation of their constitutional rights and confiscation of their personal property, why is that, too, a crime? When their endowments and benefices and lands, acquired, not at the expense of other's rights, are confiscated, their patrimonies for a rainy day in the old-age time of life, is it not human, right, just and reasonable for them to protest? To get this subsistence, they did not compete in the marts of commerce and trade or labor; they pooled with their co-laborers of the past, the present and the future, so as to assist in the uplift of mankind in Mexico, and to protect themselves from the tooth of hunger and the blast of winter, when they had spent their lives for others. Now these uplifters of humanity are robbed; their work, for which they were trained mentally and spiritually, is forbidden to them; they are not experienced in the work of the trained laborer or commercialist; and, if they show capacity and ability in their new field, they are driven from it and hounded from post to pillar and are even made to clean the water closets of the cities where these bandits, including Carranza, operate. When these priests saw the hostility of the legislation contemplated against them and their people, under specious verbiage not understood by the common people

of Mexico, they warned them. For this the "clandestines" threw aside all dissimulation and came out in the open and accused these priests of "dabbling in politics" and of "conspiring against the Government"! And these "Liberals" tell an uninformed and unsuspecting world that compensation was made for this confiscation! It is true an edict was issued to that effect, but it was to veil the fact that never a cent was paid or intended to be paid those defrauded clergy, or nuns, or the Church. They sold all that could be sold; nobody would buy the churches, so they sold the precious and intrinsically valuable art objects of devotion as well as their lands and institutions of learning to uninformed or sacrilegious foreigners. The Church is on record as a benignant and generous landlord, yet its land was taken; the people have not got them nor the peon; nor does the latter care to work so hard to pay the rent they are worth.

Those "Liberal" gentlemen, after they had confiscated these so-called Church lands, that were once impoverished lands and improved by the hundreds of years of labor of the monks, and had seized the objects of devotion of great intrinsic value, offered as an excuse for their thefts that the properties confiscated were really the property of the people; that the government was the people, and that the confiscators were the government acting for the people.

Had these grafters been elected by the free votes of the people, to perform such sacrilegious service, there might be some appearance of truth or excuse in this sophistry; but they were not,

nor did they ever give the people a chance to vote on such a momentous act.

Of course the Church property all over the world is the property of the people; but it is the right of the people, not of a usurping government, to decide who shall be the administrators of their own properties. What is more, much of the property confiscated belonged personally to those monks who left it behind to their heirs as other property is left by testators to their heirs in the people's service. They got the property legally, honestly and honorably, when it was of little value, and improved it and applied a great deal of its proceeds to the needs of the people, needs that should have been cared for by the officials of the government. Let us suppose that the Government officials of our beloved country were to confiscate the properties, private and official, of the clergy of the United States, and also the properties of the different denominations, similarly to what has been done in Mexico, do you not think that clergy and laity would protest? And because they protested, would they be accused of "dabbling in politics" and "conspiring against the Government"? But the Mexican political grafters, once, went too far. They attempted to confiscate the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, just bordering the city limits of Mexico City. Then arose the wrath of those outraged people to the degree that they defied death and camped down around that structure with guns, pistols, swords, knives, clubs, stones and every kind of an object that could be used as a weapon of defense. They were fed by rich and poor for three months. The

grafters, realizing they were check-mated, retired to their robber-holes in the government buildings, watching for a more propitious time. This church had such fabulously valuable objects of devotional art in silver, gold and precious stones, that the attacks attempted then and now under the bandits Zapata, Villa, Orozco and Carranza and others were to loot the Church. While they looted much, they got "left" in some of the things they sought—but that is another story, and here is not the time nor place to write of it; and to preclude any action that the last statement might cause, I want to say I have no actual knowledge of where those things are that the bandits are seeking today and for which they murdered and mutilated the priests of Mexico in revenge for their failure to obtain. Nor am I making the statement to lead others to infer that there is much concerning this matter of which "I could write," etc.

Reader, do not be misled when you read, or hear tell, of the "separation of Church and State" or "constitutional liberty" in Mexico. These terms are as much misnomers in that country as they are in Portugal and France. The Church does not interfere with the proper and just right of the state or its functions, but the governments of those three countries, particularly, are continuously interfering with the Church in spiritual and divine things, as well as in her material and temporal rights. The doctrines she teaches, in some of which even the Jew and Protestant believe, are dubbed superstitions and combatted by the State as being dangerous to the State. What the Church prays

for and desires is the system of religious freedom we have in our beloved United States, where there is a real and ideal separation of Church and State; where neither intrudes on the domain of the other, though jealously guarding the rights of each other, seeking no favors and wanting none. This the truth, no matter what you may have read or heard of to the contrary.

I learn that Obregon is going to give this a trial in Mexico. There was a man down there, until recently, and may be there yet for all I know, who is called the "right-hand man of Obregon." He may have had something to do with it. There are many who believe he is carrying out the policies of the British Empire down there. England knows that there can be no industrial peace in Mexico while the Catholic people are persecuted. She is in the "saddle" there, economically and industrially. We will get what she permits. This man is named Dillon, the most astute man in public life. In his writings he "damns" England in the smaller turpitudes in order to screen her larger ones. His work, which is hard to get, and a literary treat to read, THE INSIDE OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES (published by Harper's) is an example of what I mean. He is said to be advising Carranza, who knows but little of state-craft. The Liberals in Mexico are raging at him and Obregon. They see their chances of graft, political and economic, slipping from them if this Dillon-English-Obregon plan should succeed. It would be like them to make their threats against Obregon effective by turning the Indian element against

Obregon; Obregon is of Castillian antecedents and the Indian and Spanish element are not attracted to the Castillian stock for racial reasons. If Obregon can win the Indian, he will win; if not, he will lose, no matter who is behind him. If Obregon will not violate the rights of conscience, he will be a long way in his journey to success, is my opinion.

## Chapter XX

### Three Wonderful Lakes

There are three wonderful lakes in Mexico, each thousands of feet in the air. One of them is Lake Cuitzeo, almost a mile above sea level. It can be reached by the National Railroad, thirty-five miles west of Acambaro Junction, getting off at Querentaro. The lake is ten miles wide and forty-five miles long. Speak of the fisherman's and hunter's paradise; here it is. There are a few islands dotting the waters of the lake here and there and upon some of them fishermen live with their families. The favorite kind of fish-food of these island dwellers is a fish about the size of a small sardine. After catching these fish in nets they dry them in the tropical sun and eat in the dry condition; or they fry them in butter and consider them the choicest of morsels with their meals.

In the morning or evening one may see the steam rising from the lake, caused by the hot waters that flow from the hot springs contiguous to the lake. These waters, after flowing out from the spring, can be deflected into or away from the lake. If the fishermen consider that the water of the lake is too cold, they turn the hot waters into the lake.

The second wonderful lake is that of Patzcuaro, a name given to it by some Tarascan kings ages back in time. It means "The Place of Pleasure." It is well-named even for these

times. Some "up-to-date" Mexican capitalist with "vision" will establish pleasure resorts around the lake and it will be able to out-do any lake in Europe for beauty and natural pleasures. Next to Yellow Stone Lake, it is the highest navigable body of water in North America, and exceeded only by one lake in South America. This lake is only twenty miles long and ten miles wide, but 1,720 feet higher than a mile. It has the sobriquet of the "Crystal Goblet Held by the Sierras Above the Cooling Clouds."

To reach the place, take the Mexican National Railway, change at Gonzalez Junction to the narrow-gauge—it was a narrow-gauge when I was there last. It is only a short journey from Acambaro, about the tenth stop. There are many islands dotting the bosom of this lake. Fishermen and their families occupy about all of the islands. The town of Patzcuaro is some distance from the lake itself, about six miles. The town is one of the many quaint ones in Mexico. Its streets are narrow and crooked, with "kitty-cornered" sections. The men and women sitting in their market places on the plaza, selling fish, cooking it for the passing patrons, laughing chatting, sleeping in the cool shade on a sunny day, or around their little oil-wood fires at night to keep off the chill that comes "when the sun goes to bed," make a pleasing panoramic scene and pleasurably impress the tourist.

They cook their fish in either earthenware or copper utensils. Besides fish, cooked in more ways than I ever suspected were possible, they provide for the famished tourist or the one with delicate appetite, fruits, vegetables, pastry, the

national tortillas and *chile con carne,* pastry, and fowl, all for a peso (fifty cents) and even less. One of the notable places of the town up a steep hill, with the Via Crucis, and its fourteen Stations, is the "Los Balcones" (the Balconies). From these balconies one can see very many towns in the distance and close about, besides the lake and its several islands. When one leaves the station for the town, many quaint sights appear to the approaching traveler. Street and corner have many shrines erected to the honor of the Mother of Jesus, and His saints. Peons are passing to and fro; fishermen are bringing their yield of lake and field from town to station, from station to town, and from the town to the lake. All are genial, all are leisurely doing many things or nothing. When you arrive at your hotel in the town you will realize that it is not a Belmont, a Biltmore or a Vanderbilt. But the food is good, clean and well-cooked. They have learned that the American's taste does not go much for oil or goat's milk. And there is plenty of good cow's milk brought up from the Lerma valley through which we came to get here. The beds are clean as one finds all the beds in Mexico; little of fashion and none of show. The floors are of brick tiles and the rooms without fires disappoint one, yet it is not uncomfortably cool. If one wants the room heated the "stove" is brought in with the fire burning. It is a bucket-shaped contrivance with charcoal. The Mexican considers a house as useful only to sleep in, seldom to live in. You would, too, if you once let the spirit of mountain, air and sky enter your system as it does most Americans and other for-

eigners who visit there. There is nothing in the United States to equal them—I do not include California because I have never been there to judge.

The market place here is also different. Hundreds of boys, women and men, not forgetting the little girls, sell their little stock by the bundle or pile; and the prices are ridiculously cheap, even the one they raise a little for the rich and excellent Americano to pay, whether the object for sale be exquisite and beautiful flowers or the product of land or water.

In the center of the Plaza is a pagoda for the band. There under the moonlight, drinking in the music with the sweetest perfumes of flowers, listening to the laughing youngsters, watching the fleeting figures of them as they pass to and fro before and about the market-sellers around their oil-wood stoves inviting the passers-by to buy, observing the promenaders rich and poor in their different grades of dress and fashion, or no fashion, the fancy of the beholder is held in a thrall of pleasure and sweet contemplation.

"Los Balcones" itself, if I may use the words in the singular form, is a balcony or parapet in front of the EL CALVARIO church. This parapet has several stone benches over a precipice one thousand feet high. From this place of observation, one may see, in the depths below, the waters of the lake and the surrounding shores with forty towns in varying distances.

At the lake, as well as in the town, the hungry man or delicate eater, can, for no more than fifty cents, coax his appetite, at one meal, with the juiciest pineapples (three and four times as

large as we get here), strawberries, the most delicious bread, bacon and eggs, vegetables of various kinds, chicken, different kinds of fish, coffee, cream and butter cooled in the mountain waters and—this does not exhaust the list.

On the lakes they have boats hewed out of a single tree trunk, all in one piece, propelled by long, soup-spoon paddles instead of oars. On one of these islands there is a very old little church, the bell of which sends across the lake morning, noon and night, the call for "Mary's Prayer."

Its soft, yet joyous pealing, as though in greeting, as well as summons, to the waking dawn sending its rosy fingers above the distant mountains to the East, is only equalled at the vesper time, as the deepening shadows of the night, like closing curtains, come athwart the sun about to settle in his western couch beyond the mountain top.

The fish are so plentiful in this lake, I saw the fishermen catching them with a small scoop-net, with only a long handle to direct it. Among the forty towns that can be seen in the distance, is the former famous capital of the Tarascan kings, the town of Tzintzuntzan. In this former capital lives a very lovable "padre" who has sole charge of a Titian painting, called THE ENTOMBMENT. Some of the former Arch-Bishops of Mexico have time and again offered as high as fifty thousand dollars for this picture; but the "padres" having charge of it and the peons of the parish always refused the offer, not wishing to be separated from their treasure. Art with them, as with most Mexicans, is above the Almighty Dollar—or peso.

The "padre" guards it as though his life depended on it. For nothing will it be shown you, if he thinks you have the artistic temperament. Of course if you should diplomatically and with courteous tact offer him a cigar and a few cigarettes after you have viewed the picture, he will then lock up the room in which it is preserved and sit down and tell you in the most vivid manner about the picture and other interesting events connected with the former capital and the picture.

The picture is kept in a darkened room, with doors as thick and as tough as those you may see in foreign castles or fortresses. The door is fastened with a massive chain and a big lock. The picture shows ten life-sized figures. Our Lord is depicted as being lifted from the ground in his winding-sheet. One of the other figures is at the foot, holding the sheet with his two hands and with one corner of the sheet in his mouth. Behind this figure, interestedly looking on the dead body, are two other male figures. To the right, at the foot, sitting down, looking at the feet, with a side view of the feet of the dead body, is a patriarchal man with white beard and hair. At the head are two figures, lifting the body, with the sheet; one is a man and the other is a woman. At the left side of these, near the head and shoulders of the body, are three women, standing, with grieving countenance.

In the foreground is Mary Magdalen, kneeling on one knee, looking with anguish and awe at the crown of thorns laid upon a towel or napkin. Behind her are the spices in a dish. An empty basin is at her left side, some distance apart.

Needless to state that this being a Titian, is hundreds of years old.

In the "Casa Municipal" (Municipal Building) there is a much later but famous painting of great value, but above price so far as the Mexican is concerned. It depicts Calzontzin Sinzicha accepting Christianity. It is my belief, from what I learned there, that this place was once a large city, destroyed and buried by an earthquake. There are still evidences of sunken buildings. In 1855 some archaeologists began excavating there. What they dug in the daytime the peons threw back at night. Considering the ruins of larger cities I have seen in Tampico and in Yucatan, and no doubt there are many other places, which occupied more territory than Philadelphia and St. Louis, I have come to the conclusion that THE OLD COUNTRY IS HERE AND NOT IN EUROPE. Tzintzuntzan was once the Arch-Diocesan see of Michoacan, but was moved to Patzcuaro, where a massive cathedral was begun and built on the authority of a Bull issued by Pope Julian III., July 8th, 1550. Whatever the cause the see was changed to Morelia and the finishing of the Cathedral was stopped.

The destruction of Tzintzuntzan occurred long before this period. The present "cathedral," such as it is, will hold a little over three thousand people. It was stripped of its valuable paintings, altars and other furnishings by the perennial, political robbers that seem to infest Mexico since the evacuation of the Spaniards. Within this church, wrapped in silk, are the bones of the saintly and famous Bishop Zuroga. If the

traditions and local history of the bishop are correct, he was a wonderful man.

Among the things stated about him is, substantially the following: When the people of Tzintzuntzan were suffering from the want of water, the people besought him to come to their aid. He prayed to the Lord for them. Inspired, he struck the rock with his pastoral staff and water gushed out, which still supplies the city and has left them a lake besides.

Of course I do not vouch for the accuracy of this story, but if there was a lake contiguous at the time, why was there a suffering for the want of water? Is it not evident that there was no such lake at that time? A church was built over the spring that sprang up under his crozier. When you go there you can see this church and the spring. The same crozier is preserved in the Cathedral at Morelia.

In days gone by there was a large and greatly beneficed convent in this former capital. The "clandestines" made short work of these properties as they did with the Cathedral, they confiscated not only the church and the convent but stripped it of all its resources.

Near the town is another one of the several old pyramids that can be seen in Mexico. I did not have time to explore it nor would I have been permitted to do so had I so desired. Explorations in that particular locality are not looked upon with favor. There are many legends connected with the place that ante-date Christian times. No doubt some of them are founded more or less on facts and are as interesting as they are thrilling and romatic.

There is a paved road, still well-preserved, leading to this pyramid long before the advent of the Spaniards. According to local tradition, the Spaniards were very cruel here, because the Mexicans could not give them any information as to where gold could be gotten in those regions. There were copper mines adjacent but there was no gold. It is my belief, from observation and from information given to me by experienced mining engineers and geologists, that Mexico is not a gold country.

There is a gold mine, owned by British capitalists, about twenty-five miles southwest of Toluca, but it does not yield much of a return. Had they to pay the wage scale prevailing in other countries they would not be able to work the mine at a profit. Of course, when it comes to silver, Mexico, it is my belief and understanding, is the richest in the known world. There was much gold in Mexico previous to the advent of the Spaniards there, but it was the collections of years, from various parts of that country. There has been but little, relatively, discovered since. Spain, through the recommendations of the Spanish missionaries, removed the cruel persecutor, Guzman, who tortured Sinzicha, and replaced him with a lawyer by the name of Zuroga. Peace, contentment and plenty was once more enjoyed by the people under Zuroga and his successors. As a rule we read mostly in the Anglo-Saxon "histories" of the cruelty of some Spanish ruler, but we seldom see accounts from the same sources of the many that proved kindly rulers.

Anglo-Saxon civilization is not less cruel; it takes the lands and the possessions of those they rob and destroys the aborigines. They do it more subtly than the Spaniard, but just as effectively. They turn natives against natives and then settle down on their properties, after the aborigines have exterminated each other, disease and hunger finishing the cruel work.

We see this in the United States, in the West Indies, and other places I could name to a large number.

The successor of Guzman showed the Mexicans how to make their copper into useful utensils. They still continue to do this work, and copper utensils of various patterns may be bought among them today "for a song." This governor, Zuroga, lived till he was ninety-six years old, loved and respected by all.

The third wonderful lake is called Chapala. It is larger than all the lakes of Europe combined. It is a mile high in the air, lacking a few feet. The lake is one hundred miles long and thirty-three miles wide. This, too, is the fisherman's and hunter's paradise. On the National, it may be reached by changing at San Luis Potosi, going westward from there. The Lerma Valley is crossed to reach this place, the most beautiful valley, in some respects in the world. Not far from here is a place called "Irapuato," meaning the place of the strawberries. You may eat them here all the year around. In this Lerma valley an acre of land could sustain a man, his wife and five children all the year through. It rarely rains here, yet the verdure is always fresh and flourishing. It is rarely be-

yond the average degree of 70. Through this lake there flows a river like the "Atlantic River" (Gulf Stream) through the ocean. The river has its source in Toluca from the melted snows of its perennial snow-cap. It flows from this snow-capped volcano northwest into the lake. After its one hundred mile journey through the lake, it flows out to the northwest of the lake on its way to the Pacific Ocean, into which it empties. From the lake to the Pacific it takes the name of the Sant Iago River. Without any exaggeration, there is no lake in Europe so beautiful as Lake Chapala, nor any so large. In fact it is larger than all the lakes of Europe combined. We have larger lakes in the United States, but none so beautiful. Two of the railway stations are at the head of the lake, Ucotlan and La Barca. La Barca is the larger place—and the more expensive, but that is not expensive from an American standpoint. There are several other lakes in Mexico of which I make no note, but they are shallow and not to be compared with those of which I write.

The river Lerma, that flows through the lake, emerges from the lake between towering mountains and goes by the name of the "Rio de Santiago." The rockies are no more sublime or beautiful than the scene about here. The cañon is about twenty-three hundred feet down, but iooks five times that deep.

Not far from here are the Falls of Juanacatlan, about half the height of Niagara and almost as broad. Nearby is the beautiful city of Guadlajara. We have no city in the United States that can be compared with it in beauty and clean-

liness. There they have perpetual Spring, flowers and green-leafed trees. It would take hundreds of pages to describe it. It is an earthly paradise and an up-to-date city.

## Chapter XXI

### More of Mexico City

There is a church in Mexico City called the "Church of the Black Christ" situated on the Street of Porta Coeli, "The Gate of Heaven," which has a remarkable legend connected therewith. The simple and pious peon there might resent its relation as a legend. There was a large and beautiful crucifix donated to that church by a lady as pious as she was beautiful. She was a widow and very wealthy. She went to Mass, Confession and Communion daily. Her piety and her beauty did not keep her from having at least one enemy.

She was accustomed to kiss with devotion the large toe of the figure, symbolic of her humble love for the One the figure represented. One day she bent over to kiss it, as she had many times before, when it turned BLACK immediately before her eyes and she refrained with fear, hastening away. It was afterwards discovered that this enemy, a rejected suitor, had put a deadly poison on the toe. The figure is now all black, whether or not the absorption of the poison by the wooden figure caused it to turn black it is not known. Local tradition offers several eye-witnesses who saw the figure when it was not black, saw it when it turned black immediately, and who know that the whole figure is now black; I saw it, too. *Quien sabe?* There is a spot in Mexico City where the aborigines

bound human beings on a circular rock, with a knife cut open the bosoms of the victims and held aloft to the sun the still quivering hearts as a propitiation to the "Sun-God." The waiting victims who were to go through the same ordeal stood, two by two, for a distance of two miles. This was the condition of the people whom the Church has made as gentle as children, under that Spain that the ignorant readers of perverted English history has been made to appear as among the most brutal of brutal nations, coming through the barbarism that followed the wars that occurred for eight hundred years after the over-throw of Pagan Rome. Upon that bloody site the Church, under Spain, erected a temple to the God of mankind who had his loving and suffering heart pierced, too. The first temple was a small but beautiful structure; during the time of Pope Clement VII., he permitted it to be razed and the present beautiful and magnificent one took its place. The corner-stone of this Church was set in 1573, and consecrated in 1667. To build it cost two millions of dollars. Stop, for a moment! Consider what material was worth there then, where it was so plentiful and cheap, and where labor was plentiful and cheap, and where much more labor was donated, as the Mexicans do to this day where the Church needs it. So, I think, I am conservative when I say that church could not be built today for less than seven million dollars. Before the confiscation and looting of Commonfort and Juarez, it was the richest among the richly adorned churches of that republic. When you enter it you will be surprised to note that you cannot see

from the door to the main altar, as in the churches in this country and Europe. Half way, in the center of the church, is a large altar; when you go behind this you will see another large altar, the main altar of the church. You will find but few seats in it—it is against the law to have any there at all and the few there are to satisfy some prominent people who might make trouble. You know the "liberal" gentlemen believe that devout worshippers sitting in a church together will make the Mexicans "unhealthy."

I shall not dwell on the magnificence and beauty of the interior, the gold and silver decorations, its sixteen tons of silver altar railings, its marbles and other features of beauty you will find in no church in this country. At the time of my first visit there they had from ceiling to floor, on three sides of the sanctuary, paintings in beauty and value that were nearly fabulous. Some were brought from Europe hundreds of years ago. The "clandestines," in order to "save them for posterity," despoiled the Cathedral of them and put them for "safe-keeping" in the National Museum. SOME OF THEM are still there. MORE OF THEM are not—but the Church never got them back. When you consider that the sanctuary was much wider than any of our widest churches and as wide as the length of the average city church, you may realize how big the rest of the church is and about how many paintings were confiscated. Among them was a Murillo Madonna, one of only three in the world. There had been other paintings of Murillo there, so I was informed. They are not there now. There is a chapel there to

Father Hidalgo. The peons come to "listen" to Father Hidalgo's whisperings, which they claim they can "hear" by remaining quiet above where his head is resting in a case; the rest of his body, with his two generals executed with him, are in the compartment beneath. How the fortunes and memories of men change! Under Spain he was degraded as a priest and called a rebel; to-day the Church and people revere him—showing how the Church is hampered in her freedom by the political union of Church and State, which we thank God, as Catholics and Americans, is not the case with us. This Cathedral is 387 feet long and 177 feet wide. They have several brass statues which are used as candlesticks. They are the delight of artists and unequalled for beauty of its kind anywhere in the world. Each one is a perfect work of art. They light up the narrow passage-way that leads from the high altar to the choir. In this choir they still chant the Gregorian music from the same books that were used over two hundred years ago. One of the largest bells in the world is in the tower of this Cathedral. This church was threatened with collapse; but they sent for an engineer from this, our younger, Republic and it is repaired so well that it scarcely shows a sign of a modern hand. They have a diplomatic and fearless young American in one of those churches, San Lorenzo, called the "American Church," by the name of Father Riis. He has not only the humor of an American but also the wit of the peon. He played a joke on us. He made an agreement to be with us at twelve o'clock sharp at the cathedral, but he told us not to wait for

him over five minutes if he was not there. He knew what he was doing and what we would do. He knew that we had "done" the cathedral, for that trip, but had missed in all our visits what he wanted us to see and we had never seen. The chances were that we would not have gone if he had not make the "engagement." We arrived there promptly at twelve. Promptly at twelve the Arch-Bishop, also in all his vestments, arrived with assisting clergy. We thought, from the sounds, before getting behind the center altar, that a lot of calves and crying children were in the structure. There were no calves but there were children, hundreds of them, many crying like calves. There were people of all ages and conditions present. The Arch-Bishop was confirming, from the infant of a few days old to the gray head, a sight seldom if ever seen elsewhere as we saw it that day. Despite the sacredness of the event it had its amusing side as well as the edifying. One child without speech, but a good voice, can make a loud protest even in a large structure; but hundreds of children, with lusty voices, made the spectators realize what a test the saintly old Arch-Bishop of Mexico City had for his nerves every Saturday, beginning at twelve o'clock and lasting for a long time. Tourists in Mexico may have noticed the unusual appearance of the clergy on the streets, though graceful in church and house. The Arch-Bishop wishes to see his clergy in clerical dress, with the cassock and top-hat when they call on him. The law of the country forbids them to appear in that manner; so the priest is "damned if he does and he is damned if he does

not;" so what can the poor man do? He does it; that is to say, he wears his cassock, rolls it up to his waist, puts on his graceful cloak and starts out on his journey, showing slender nether limbs and not very wide shoulders, but a generous "tummy" not in keeping with his ascetic face. Were it not for their well-known sanctity, and the reverence due these men their ridiculous figures would create as much mirth among the faithful as it does among those who do not know and do not understand.

Hon. Henry Lane Wilson and General Frisbee, and, in fact, all foreigners who have respect for themselves as well as the truth, agree that the clergy of Mexico are second to none in the world for piety, morals and intellectual culture. The Mexican clergy, as a body, are all these, though some of the native clergy may not be as highly educated as the average priest in the United States; but include all the clergy of all denominations in the United States, excluding those of the colored race, and the Mexican clergy will not be in second place, by any means.

Reverence is high in Mexico for the clergy. An illustration will cover two points of a matter so often heard in this country that "the clergy are of no force or influence in Mexico" among the people.

One afternoon I paid a visit to one of the members of Diaz's cabinet, at the Jockey Club. We were discussing Mexico and the Mexicans, and the anomalies and inconsistencies of the "Reform Laws," as they appeared to me. He stopped in his remarks and drew my attention to a priest on the opposite side of the street who

was dressed in the ridiculous manner as I have described above. He said: "Father, I am a good Catholic. (Yet he belonged to the "clandestine" order of Masons.) There are my beads hanging on my bed-stead. I say them every night (which I hoped was true). Now, I am sure you will understand me in the proper spirit, when I draw your attention to the way those priests defy the law." I asked if he did not consider the law petty in the first place that restricted their rights of citizenship, and of what concern it was to a just and wise government how they dressed, if they dressed decently. Was the law not enacted to try to destroy the influence of the clergy with the people? He said the law was enacted for good reasons. The reasons he stated would not appeal to a redblooded and fair-minded American, whether Catholic, Protestant or Infidel. Then he went on: "Why, Father, the clergy here are not like you American priests; here they are of no force and are not respected or loved by the people." Just then he stopped, for the clergyman whom we saw standing on the opposite side of the street, talking to a peon, turned to salute another peon who came up. The priest extended his hand and the peon took it, pressed it to his lips and then to his heart with a look that was perfectly discernible in the narrow street and would be a compliment to any person. My companion burst out with a snarl of disgust and said in words of bitterness: "Father look at that peon kissing and fondling that 'padre's' hand! Would that not make you sick? Why, Father, do you know if President Diaz came down that street, and a 'padre' be-

hind him, that peon would pass the President and salute the 'padre' first? What do you think of that?" I replied: "Indeed?" And, as though to myself, but aloud, "and, yet the clergy are of no force in Mexico, and they are not respected and loved?" But I broke the long silence that followed as diplomatically as I could —some of my friends and others would not believe that I did or "could" be diplomatic, but I was. I could afford to be after such a contradictory demonstration so common in Mexico. During this conversation, while we were looking out on the street, I saw several ladies passing, as I had seen them before, at different times and places in the city who were dressed in deep black. Sometimes there were two or more ladies, or just one lady with one or more children. I took their garbs for habilaments of woe. I asked him if there had been an epidemic of any kind in the city the last year? He looked at me before replying and said "No." I said no more, till he asked: "What made you ask that question?" I told him that I saw so many ladies in mourning, and pointed at three more who were passing by, similarly garbed. He gazed at me side-ways, with a frown on his face, for several seconds and asked: "Do you not know who those women are?" I said no and asked him if I violated any local or national custom by asking. He looked at me searchingly, for several moments, and said "No. Those women are nuns." I asked where was there "guimpes" and where were their beads. He said "The laws of this Republic forbid them to be worn in public." I said no more —but I did some thinking. I thought of our be-

loved land, where two-thirds of our people, though un-churched, rarely and then only a few "Peck Sniffs," bothered their minds or went outside of their business to pry into the rights of a lot of maids, young and old, who dressed in a distinctive garb, that is as unassuming as it is frugal, to devote what more expensive material would cost to the poor, the sick, the aged and the unhappy; and besides this, they gave up the pleasures of the world for divine motives to nurse the sick, comfort the afflicted, care for the aged and homeless, and to teach civic and moral virtues to young and old among us without hindrance and, mostly, with the approbation and respect, if not with the affection, of all classes and creeds. While in Mexico the same class of women, attempting to do the same, succeeded under hamperings of unjust laws, restricted in their rights of simple dress and were not given even the "rights" of foreign prostitutes who tainted the bodies and souls of men, pursuing the putrid fruits of life, instead of healing them as the Sisters were doing. How could a government like that last? And I ask decent men and women of all the world, why should a tryannical government like that last two seconds? And yet, there are decent men and women among us ignorant of these conditions, and others still as vile, that think that this bandit uprising going on there now is to give equal rights to the people, when the real fact is that it is to perpetuate these tryannies, and to add worse, upon the people who support that government with their money, their blood, and their lives, hoping and praying that a chance for the better will come. These

petty tyrants are now divided into two factions: one wanting to sell out to English Capitalism and the other to Common Capitalists. And when the chance comes for them to correct these abuses, officials of our government have assisted the tyrants in Mexico, in every way in their power, to still enthrall the rank and file of the Mexican people, and assist the minority, who really hate them, down in their hearts, which the people of Mexico, as a whole, do not do.

East of the beautiful street San Francisco is the Church of San Felipe. San Felipe was born in Mexico in 1572. He is the only Mexican saint in the Roman calendar. While still in boyhood's years, he was placed in the Franciscan monastery to receive an education. He ran away from the institution and was sent away from Mexico to the Philippines, where he entered a monastery. After his ordination he was sent as a missionary to Japan, where he was martyred. When a child in Mexico his mother said to him, "Felipe, God will make thee a saint." An old servant of the household said "Yes, he will be a saint when this barren fig-tree will have figs." Evidently Felipe was somewhat of a boy in his childhood, and was a tease to the old servant.

Yet, both mother and servants were prophets. Felipe is on the roll of saints of the church and the barren fig-tree had figs upon it the day that news of his martyrdom was received in Mexico. In 1861 a rich and devout Mexican priest, by the name of Labrastida, from his own personal funds, started a subscription to build a church in honor of this first Mexican saint. All the people of Mexico contributed; it was consecrated

in 1897, after costing three hundred thousand dollars, all donated by the people. Before the bandit uprising of 1910 it had much more of valuable donaries of the people. It is cruciform in construction. Its floors of mosaic are beautiful and its frescoed walls were done by an artist imported from Italy. The first organ in Mexico is in this Church.

Its altar and tabernacle are the private gifts of a devout man and are dreams of art. The church of St. Brigida, on the corner 2'nd Independencia and San Juan de Letran is the exceedingly fashionable church of Mexico City. It was through the generosity and piety of a Don Jose Francisco de Aguirre and his wife, that this Irish saint had erected to her honor this beautiful church. The above is the Spanish way of spelling his Irish name of Joseph Francis McGuire. In another chapter I touch ethnologically on those Irish who were driven out of Ireland in the Cromwellian and Elizabethan persecutions. How they went from Ireland to Spain, from Spain to Mexico and established colonies in Mexico: that the Castilian Spaniard is not ethnologically, a Spaniard; that the Irish people are the lineal descendants of those Phoenic-Gaelic-Milesian-Castilians. It would require volumes to write of Mexico's beautiful churches, with their solid silver altars and solid gold altar railings like the Cathedral of Guadalajara and objects of art and devotion.

## Chapter XXII

### The Church and Picture of Guadalupe

Guadalupe Church is about fifteen minutes' ride from the Cathedral of Mexico City on an electric car. The cars from Mexico City stop in front of the door of the famous church, to which hundreds come every day from all parts of the world. There is so much that is wonderful about this church and its history that it is hard even for the skeptical to explain what to some is a miracle, a legend or an extraordinary natural fact. But there is one thing that can not be disproved: the wonderful cures that have taken place in that beautiful shrine to the Divine. After many years and many visits, I shall relate what I discovered from the records, from the statements of people of deep erudition and my own observations, and let the reader judge.

I saw in that building many hundreds of votive offerings as testimonials for Divine favors, granted by God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, the Blessed Mother of Jesus. They ranged, in intrinsic values, from a centavo to five millions of dollars, the last being the wonderful crown of which I shall write in a moment. Nearly four hundred years ago a peon by the name of Juan Diego said that the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in the morning of December 9, 1531, while on his way to Mass. Passing by the Hill of Tepeyac his ears were greeted with celestial music and his eyes with the splen-

dor of a light never seen by him before; in the midst of this light stood the most beautiful woman he had ever seen clothed in a dazzling white that radiated a light bright but not hurtful to his astonished eyes. She spoke to him in the sweetest, softest voice and asked him: "Juan Diego, My Son, where art thou going?" He replied: "Noble Lady, I go to hear the Holy Mass as commanded by our God and Church." She said again to Juan: "Knowest thou that I am the Blessed Virgin, Mary, the mother of the true God, Jesus Christ?"

She then goes on to tell him of her sympathies for the suffering and afflicted; bade him to go to the Bishop of Mexico and tell him of her appearance, their conversation, and that he should build a temple upon the spot wherein those who sought her intercession with her Divine Son might come to worship Him. The peon did as he was commanded, but met with ridicule from the servants of the Bishop for his presumption in trying to bother the Bishop, who was a very busy man, with "such imaginings"; but as he persisted in his demands to see the dignitary, the Bishop was notified, and, to humor the supposed demented peon, saw him and sent him kindly away. On his homeward journey, humiliated and ashamed because he was not believed, he wondered why the Blessed Virgin had chosen so unworthy, so humble and so insignificant a messenger to present her case to the great and mighty Bishop, who would not believe him.

Passing the spot where the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him, he found her awaiting his return. He described to her the interview and its

result, begging her to send some more appropriate person to worthily represent her. The blessed Mother interrupted him, declaring that he was the chosen one and to go back to the Bishop and tell him she had truly sent him.

Accordingly, the following morning, Juan stood, again, outside the Episcopal Palace gates, seeking admission there. Again he was the recipient of ridicule and mockery; but he persisted in spite of all, insisting on another interview with the Bishop till he obtained it.

Throwing himself on his knees, he sobbed out, rather than spoke, the mission he was told to perform. The Bishop gently lifted him up, vaguely stirred in spite of his incredulity, and told Juan to ask the Blessed Virgin for a sign, to prove his mission and her wishes. Juan returned accordingly, with hope in his heart. The Bishop gave instructions, secretly, as Juan was departing from the palace, to some of the attaches, to follow him, without his knowledge, and relate what they observed on their return to him. They did as they were instructed, never losing sight of Juan till he reached the foot of Tepeyac Hill, where he was suddenly and mysteriously hidden from their view.

After searching diligently for him, incensed at his action of hiding from them, and failure to find him, they returned to the city and reported him as an impostor and recommended that he be whipped.

During this time Juan was on his knees, asking the Blessed Virgin for the sign demanded by the Bishop. She replied: "Come tomorrow and the sign will be given thee." Juan promised

to come on the morrow and set out for his home. But he did not keep his promise, though he had intended doing so. During the night, his uncle, Bernardino, was seized by a violent fever, and Juan set out for a priest to give him the last rites of the Church.

This was before the dawn of morning, and he forgot about his promise of the evening before. Suddenly, remembering his promise, and fearing if he stopped on his errand, his uncle would die without the Sacraments, he changed his course so that he would not meet the Blessed Virgin and be delayed. She suddenly stood before him and asked: "Where art thou going, my son?" Falling on his knees, and telling her of his uncle's dangerous illness, begging her to excuse his broken promise, he listened to her assurance that his uncle was in no danger. She said to him as follows: "Am I not thy mother? Rest in my lap. Thy uncle has no pain; he is cured." Then Juan asked her again for the sign. She pointed to the top of the hill and said: "Go up there and cut the roses you will find. Wrap them in your tilma (mantle) and bring them here and I shall tell you what to do and say." Though he knew, what all Mexicans knew in those days, that roses never grew or bloomed on the sands and rocks of Tepeyac Hill, he obediently and confidently went up the hill, and on reaching the top he beheld, in the glory of the morning, a garden of roses glistening with dew.

Astonished and exultant, he places some of the many roses in his tilma, as much as that garment would hold, and placed them in the lap of Our Lady. She arranged them in a certain man-

ner, blessed them and handed them to Juan, saying: "There is your sign for the Bishop. Take them to him and tell what is ordained." During these events she was sitting under a tree, that may be seen to this day, and is called the "Fast Tree," it blooms but bears no fruit and is very old. When Juan reached the Palace the third time, he had to force his way through a crowd of jeering, mocking servants who were convinced of his imposture. Surprised to see roses at that time of the year, they tried to take them from him. He defended his possessions and rushing through the throng of his mockers, he gained the Bishop's presence, and said: "Here is your sign," as he unfolded his mantle. Puzzled, but at the same time expectant, the Bishop waited for sight of the roses, the perfume of which he was smelling, to be placed at his feet, when, lo! a miracle took place before his very eyes. As the mantle unfolded, and as each rose appeared to be about to fall out of the tilma they began to adhere to the tilma and forming a picture, representing a young girl of fifteen, with advancing step, in flower-like tints and golden colors, with an angel under her feet, and moon and stars, upon which she stands, upheld by an angel with outstretched arms. All the roses formed the picture of the Blessed Virgin and they may be seen as fresh and as fair as the very day its creation occurred over three hundred and ninety-five years ago, from the writing of this.

After the excitement subsided, Juan led a large procession of the great and mighty, as well as of the poor and lowly, to the place of the

apparition. His uncle while on the verge of death, was blessed with the same apparition of the Blessed Virgin and became, immediately well. She also told the uncle that she wished a church below the mountain, at the foot of Tepeyac Hill, and that it should be called "Santa Maria de Guadalupe." A church was erected there at once, but it was not till 1709 that the present church was built. The mantle was preserved in the Bishop's palace till the church was ready to receive it, when it was translated with the greatest ceremony. It may be seen today in its costly frame of silver and marble.

Many people of my acquaintance, Protestant, Catholic and Infidel ask me, when I relate the history of this picture, if any person with intelligence, education and experience, believes that the picture is miraculous and worthy of credence. And I am asked to explain it. Perhaps the readers will ask the same question, and if the reply be not in accordance with their skeptical or prejudiced opinions, will look askance at the other relations of positive and proved facts given by me in this work. I am going to let them take some responsibility in judging this question for themselves, by stating the following: Anyone who knows anything about the Catholic Church's methods of investigating miracles, before giving them her official sanction as worthy of credence, will be satisfied that she is not gullible in accepting even the extraordinary as miraculous.

They know of the extraordinary mental and moral qualifications she requires on the part of her clergy and her hierarchy. Their Popes, espe-

cially from Pope Benedict XIV. to Benedict of today, were among the greatest Popes she has had. Benedict of today and Pius X. have not passed on this picture.

The intelligence of their predecessors will bespeak for them little danger of being thought superstitious. As to their moral consciousness and conscientious regard for truth and responsibility, in upholding morals, publicly and privately, I do not believe that even a Protestant, Atheist or Jew, would question, especially when all the chances of exposure, for gullibility or deception are present, in this picture.

The Bishop of Mexico, at that time, and his successors since, will compare very favorably with those of any age or place. We saw he was incredulous of Juan and his assertions up to a certain point. We know that the peon was incapable of doing what we shall see in a moment. The constant tradition, oral and written, of the Spaniard, the Indian, the French, the English, and later the German and American, all corroborate, without deviation, this event, according to the evidence, and the evidence has been sifted thoroughly by many of the scientists and artists of note of the world.

Juan Diego, the Bishop and many persons, have left us documentary evidence sworn to as to the truth of this picture. All could not have been superstitious, all could not, reasonably, have been gullible, and all could not have been in a conspiracy to deceive without that fact becoming known after the lapse of time—and such a thing has never been discovered. There were skeptical persons, among them the Bishop, who

first saw the roses, when roses were not in season. Had that peon enough money to purchase them at that time, had they been existent anywhere but Tepeyac, it would be easily learned when they attracted such attention. The skeptics afterwards saw the very same roses, with their perfume, forming a picture of a young woman. These skeptics were also educated and intelligent. Their lives, before and after their affidavits were made, were such as to preclude the desire to deceive or form a conspiracy, or collusion, to deceive others, even in a good cause; for the laws of God, their Church and man forbade such then, as they do now and always have done. And such conspiracy and collusion, if such existed, had so many persons in it that it is unreasonable and contrary to human experience to believe that there would not be at least one voice of protest and an attempted exposure of the conspiracy. There is no record or tradition existent, or destroyed, so far as is known, that there was so much as one protest, oral or written.

On the other hand, tradition and history, oral and written, unanimously agree, without one dissenting voice or document, to the truth of this occurrence. Besides, Benedict XIV. and Leo XIII., though NOT IN THEIR OFFICIAL CAPACITIES AS POPES, have recognized this picture as authentic, believed it miraculous and have been supporters of that belief on the part of others. They have issued decrees, though not *ex cathedra,* of various kinds and at different times, in favor of this picture being miraculous.

Besides this, scientists and artists of note from all over the world, who came to examine it, are unable to state whether it is a painting or a worked piece of cloth. They all agree that, if it is a painting, there is none other like it in all the known world, and cannot be traced to any known school of art or master, which cannot be said of any other painting ever known.

If a worked piece of cloth, there has never been known any such other piece of cloth from any loom in the known world. Again they cannot explain how the picture can be so perfect upon such a rough piece of cloth, rougher than the canvas sacks we use for shipping potatoes, with seams that would make it impossible for the disciple of any known school to imitate, let alone create.

They cannot explain the laying-on of the colors composing the picture and declare, some of them, on oath that the canvas, or tilma, was not only unfit BUT UNPREPARED! As you may know, any picture extant today, and there are thousands of them hundreds of years old, from the daub to the highest work of art, can be traced to the school and the master, who executed or created it. This cannot be done with this picture.

Periodically they have to renew this piece of "canvas" that was attached to it, to shape it for its frame. They do not have to touch the original. If they did they would destroy the picture; yet it is as pristinely fresh as the first day it was seen. Any paintings we see, recent or old, we may place a knife between paint and canvas. Not so this picture. Imagine, if such be

possible, a picture with the depth and coloring, to the eye, of a mirror's reflection of an object and try to put a knife between glass and the object seen, and you will get an idea of how thin the paint is, if it is paint, on this coarse cloth. And since the coloring matter is so thin, and the tilma so thick and coarse, can you solve the difficulty, if it is not a miraculous picture, taking all that is connected with the picture? Therefore I leave it to you to answer your own questions and would be glad to learn that you have solved what noted scientists and artists have not been able to solve. You may call it a demonstration of "psychic phenomena" if you will—then try and get out of a great mesh by proving it, if you can. When I see the persons cured there and reflect upon all the circumstances that are connected with it, I may be very credulous, disgustingly gullible and lacking in "balance," when I say *credo,* "I believe." If one accepts the supernatural it is not hard nor illogical to accept as supernatural many things that are today explained as psychical phenomena. Some, no doubt, are preternatural, some illusions and some supernatural. When necessary, the church decides and there is no proof extant to prove it ever erred in its decisions. The Church in which this picture is placed is also remarkable for being the most valuable Church, with is contents, in the world, till this bandit up-rising. There are several fine frescoes and tapestries panelled on the side-walls, all depicting the history of the apparition or the other miracles performed in the church since its erection.

The altar is a blended formation of marble,

brass, bronze, silver and gold, as well as of beautifully carved woods. Above the altar, in a gold frame, is the miraculous picture, surrounded with silver and gold candelabra of large size. The features of the face in the picture are Mexican, of a lighter shade than those we see among the peons, perhaps, because most peons are sunburned as well as dark. The altar railing is of silver, and I was told by one of the priests there, worth a million and a half of dollars. The original railing was of solid silver and weighed fourteen tons; it was confiscated by the "clandestines" who substituted a silver altar railing, but it is hollow, like a pipe, though of solid silver. The former solid posts of silver, which were also confiscated by that "liberal," piratical crew, substituted hollow pipes of silver for the former posts—they were so "generous," they actually did not corrupt with alloy the posts they so kindly and considerately replaced, after they stole what they dared.

The ceilings are studded with gold stars, in relief, and other designs, such as roses, angels and symbolic figures connected with the life of the Blessed Virgin. This edifice is not only one of the costliest temples of God in the world, but also a costly temple of art, with art treasures so great in value that few if any equal them in the world. Among the noted and notable objects we saw there was the famous "corona" (crown) worth, in its intrinsic value, five millions of dollars, gold. It is studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds as well as smaller precious stones. The jeweller who set the stones was paid forty thousand dollars for his labor, exclusive of the

value of the stones themselves. There is a sepulchre around the high altar capable of sustaining a weight of three hundred thousand pounds upon the trusses. Around these are four altars beneath which there are thirty urns to receive the ashes of those who contributed the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars needed to build the high altar. Towards the sacristy, on the Epistle side, we beheld the thank offerings left there by the grateful persons cured at this shrine.

There were pictures representing the afflictions of those suffering as well as their condition after being cured. Some were mere daubs and more were costly works of art. The most if not all of the treasures of this church are the thank offerings of grateful people cured within its walls.

No doubt, the humble and often grotesque gifts of the poor thanksgiver are more acceptable to God, and his mother who interceded, than are those of the costly and aesthetic. The polished, courtly and affable chaplain showed us some of the most unique of costly and ancient vestments of silk, velvet and gold, studded with pearls and other precious stones, many of which were over four hundred years old. He also showed us a solid gold, filagreed, sceptre, about fourteen or eighteen inches long, studded with pearls and worth not less than one and a half million of dollars. Then there was a solid gold heart symbolical of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with four large matched pearls; these four pearls, it is said, so far have been unmatched by any other as equals. Those competent to

judge appraise the value of this object of devotion at three million of dollars.

It would take too much time and space to give the reader the list and description of the other very valuable objects of art and devotion in that church which are encrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls and other precious stones, which make Guadalupe the goal of the bandits who lust for their possession.

Carranza was very pious and devout—when he could get such pious objects of devotion, no matter how gotten. When he could not get them he was not; he permitted some of his underlings to cut the throat of a priest, hang him like a dog or mutilate him unspeakably because he failed. It is my belief that this was the animus behind the court-martial of the Arch-Bishop of Guadlajara and the Bishop of Zatecas. The former had a true Murillo; and the other, pictures as priceless. Their court-martial, I am afraid, was a manifestation of Carranza's "artistic" temperament. For similar "crimes" priests were mutilated, killed and nuns raped under the different bandit leaders. If the reader had known this fat little man with little mind and a big conceit equalled only by his vanity, cupidity and ambition, he would be able to realize his disappointment in not getting his clutches, under the guise of law, on valuables donated by private individuals to the Guadalupe Church, conservatively estimated at one hundred million dollars. I do not vouch for that amount, but I believe it is conservative to say over fifty millions.

Now if he had been a bigger man, he might

not have been conceited; if he had not been so ambitious to be a President and so vain as to believe those for whom he was a tool, he might not have had the cupidity to sacrilegiously despoil the Church and permit the raping of the innocent, the mutilation and murder of the clergy.

In 1911 there were fugitive rumors that the government, even then, had hypothecated some of these possessions of the Church. Anyone knowing Diaz would not believe that; but might it not have been preparing the minds of the Mexicans for what was about to occur? While Diaz himself was "all right," some of his Cabinet and other officials were decidedly not "all right."

There is a saying in San Antonio, Texas, "if you drink the waters of San Antone, you will come back to drink them again." This seductive invitation and prophecy is current in Mexico, at the "Second Church" at Guadalupe. It has proven true several times to me and to several others I know in both places. I am still thirsting for the waters of both. The waters at the "Chapel of the Well" boil up from the ground, icy cold, at the rate of about seventy-five or one hundred gallons a minute. While those waters are sulphurous, the taste and odor are hardly perceptible, they are not unpleasant to the taste. There is no doubt that the waters are medicinal—were the pious peons to hear me call them medicinal rather than miraculous, I am afraid they would have doubt of the orthodoxy of at least one "Americano padre."

This well marks the spot where the Blessed Virgin stood when she sent Juan Diego up

Tepeyac Hill for the roses. Within this second church there are some very antique art objects, some of which are paintings; though very good there are not many. The pulpit itself is a wood-carving upheld by a figure representing Juan Diego. There is a large dome over the center of the church, the outside of which is covered with mosaics instead of the tiling you may see used elsewhere. The church, throughout, was designed by a Mexican by the name of Torres, who gave his services free. The cost of building the edifice itself was fifty thousand dollars, gold. When you consider the cheapness of labor and material there, it is not extravagant to say the church construction was at least seventy-five thousand dollars.

From this place, the first time that we wended our way to the top of Tepeyac Hill, to the "Chapel of the Hill," there were many peons making the same journey on bended knees instead of walking as were we. It seemed excruciating to us to see them doing this as their bare knees never moved out of the way of the rough stones and broken glass strewn over the road up the hill. At best it is a task in that high altitude to walk up that pathway on well-shod feet not to think of attempting it on padded or bared knees. While their progress seemed gruesome to us, we left it for other tourists, who contemplated the scene, to ridicule and condemn the practice as fanatical. I recalled from personal knowledge that one of the critics, some few weeks before, against the doctor's orders, walked up the steps of Washington's Monument to prove devotion to the memory of the Father

of his Country, and at the risk of death—but one was prompted, wisely or not, with the animating spirit of religion and the other with patriotism (?) *Quien sabe?*

Before the top of Tepeyac is reached you may see the formation of a ship's mast and sail in stone.

Before an earthquake had destroyed it, it represented the masts and sails of a ship. There was a certain ship that was never expected to see the harbor again. The sailors promised Our Lady of Guadalupe, if she interceded with Almighty God to bring them safe to shore they would dedicate the masts and sails to her at Tepeyac. Believing that God heard their prayer, through her intercession, they carried the masts and sails in pilgrimage from the coast over the mountains, encasing them in concrete but preserving their outlines and placed them on the Hill of Tepeyac. That is the reason why one wonders what a stone sail is doing in such a place. "A queer offering?" Perhaps; but from a sailor's standpoint, after being saved from almost assured death, it may not seem so queer. If so, they would not, with great difficulty and sacrifice, travel on foot the long distance from the coast and carry on their shoulders and backs the sails and the masts of their ship. And may not she, who is the "Blessed among Women," the "Star of the Sea," appreciate it?

On reaching the summit of Tepeyac we saw the "First Church" upon the self-same spot where the roses grew which were plucked by Juan Diego and which now appears as the pic-

ture in the "Third Church," the Church of Guadalupe. This "first church" is kept up by an endowment in some manner that the "claws" of the government officials have not been able to touch. Daily service is held in the church and it is more typically Mexican than the other churches. Outside one may often hear various young laymen, sometimes the conductors of pilgrimages, with no little eloquence, speaking to the pilgrims or members of historical associations, of the miracles; more are selling periodicals and pamphlets treating of the same, as well as on some doctrinal point of the Church's teaching, such as devotion to the Mother of Jesus.

Certain times of the year pilgrimages, composed of *walking* pilgrims, come from all over the fathermost parts of the Republic to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. This "first church" is nearly two hundred years old. There are many and various testimonials of restored health on the part of the pilgrims in this church; from the abandoned crutch, the silver and gold figures representing their previous afflictions, to the paintings, some mere daubs, to the costly work of artistic genius.

Remarkable to state, those North of the Rio Grande and from across the water, irrespective of creed, who saw these testimonials were not as skeptical as those who may read this. These objects, their history, the evident sincerity and devotion of the pilgrims, in their child-like faith, gave the foreigners looking on, a thoughtful and respectful mien.

After we leave the entrance of this church and turn to the right, before going down the steps,

we enter the Pantheon (cemetery) of Tepeyac. Here Mexico's greatest and most famous are resting and waiting for the bugle-blast of Gabriel summoning all to Judgment. Santa Anna and his wife are sleeping there, side by side, and the most modest of head-stones mark their resting places. All over that (now) exclusive spot, sculptured marble, wrought silver and bronze creations separate and mark the burial plots.

Some have chapels of chaste marble and the most artistic statuary that would be a credit to any museum in the land. Some of these *mausolea* are chapels of purest marble, with beautiful altars inside, carved and embellished with silver, upon which the priests say Mass for those resting beneath. Where we use the baser metals they use silver to mark and festoon the plots. Beautiful and rare trees and flowers, as well as shrubberies, beautify the place and serve as shelter for the various singing birds that make their homes in that little city of the dead. Wealth, beauty and love have been lavished on the consecrated spot, by those who were left behind for the dear ones waiting on Jordan's shore for the re-union there.

It might be interesting to the reader to keep in mind, when they recall other peculiar features connected with the manner of disposing of the dead in Mexico, that they take the best of care of their dead and that it is the rocky mountains of high altitude that make them appear wanting in affection for the dead. If you will visit the Pantheon of any city you will see care and love manifested. Where they can reach the soil, as in the low-lands, they bury their dead as

here. In the mountains, like in Saltillo and Mexico City, or Queretaro, where they have to blast into the solid rock, necessity forces them to have recourse to expedients that would shock us, not knowing the cause.

The peon class being poor cannot have the costly marble chapels of their richer brothers, any more than our own poor who may not be able to afford even stone markers. They have pantheons down there like those coming into vogue now in our country, namely a large building divided into several rooms, with drawer-like places, rising from floor to ceiling, large enough to hold one corpse, like the drawers in a dresser or desk. When the drawer is "filled" a stone slab, with the name of the "sleeper" engraved on it, fills and closes the opening. In Mexico, those who can afford it, contribute to a fund that enables the corpse to occupy that place for a specified time or "forever," according to the amount charged and paid for. When the rental is not paid, the square block is removed and, if the flesh has left the bones, the remains are thrown into a large pit for the purpose.

Before we let our shocked feelings run away with our judgment or charity, stop and recall what seem like sepulchral desecrations we have witnessed in this country. The writer remembers well in a place of his boyhood, Golden's Bridge, N. Y., where a farmer was forced to buy a burying ground, head-stones and all, on account of some land he bought adjoining.

The cows pastured over the graves, a railroad once ran through it and fine head-stones could be bought as low as one dollar a piece, many

using them for hearthstones.

To the West of the city of Guanajuato "The Hill of the Frog," on the way to Marfil, is a hill above the city within which are catacombs equal to any found in Rome, for its size. That catacomb has burial vaults and a pit. To reach the place is not a pleasant nor a safe journey on the back of a burrow, on account of the declivity of the mountain pathway and the sloping sides. In Cincinnati, Ohio, during the month of March, 1921, while excavating for the erection of office buildings they uncovered a lot of bones. On investigation they found out the site was once a Presbyterian Church and grave yard. The pantheon itself is a cemetery with but few graves. The poor are interred in their winding sheets, without coffins. As stated elsewhere the coffin is used to take the body from the house to the cemetery, on the shoulders of friends, in a hearse or a street car, according to the location and the means of the family. When the grave is reached, the bottom board of the coffin is loosed and the body is interred.

As there are more corpses than graves in Guanajuato, the "previous tenant" is removed to make place for the new and the bones of the "previous tenant" are removed to the basement of the mausoleum. This place is about a thousand feet long and packed from floor to ceiling throughout its length. It is a cave penetrating into the mountain.

Whether it be owing to the soil or the climate the "previous tenant" does not mingle his ashes with mother earth. More often than not he will be found grinning his silent greeting to those

who come to dispossess him in favor of the later incumbent. He "sees" the "joke" to such an extent that he takes the standing place given him, leans back against the wall, with his winding sheet around him, and continues to grin a grin that will not "come off" for hundreds of years.

But there was one old lady, with gray and straggling hair, that was still growing, even in death, who had a frown on her face and brow, as she leaned against the wall of the catacomb. She did not like it, though she never said a word, her frown spoke volumes. Some one more favored dispossessed her from her resting place and instead of lying down in the couch of the grave, she, an old woman, has to stand, and frown for centuries to come, before the flesh dries from her bones enough to be cast into the pit where all the others "sleep" in the same bed!

There was another there who seemed to be tired of it all and sat on the ground and thought it over while another was a philosopher, threw back his head and with wide open mouth, sent out his silent laughter—and no doubt he is "laughing" yet, as he has been for many a year.

This gruesome subject may seem irreverent, but we are on the eve of encountering our own burial difficulties in this country. Some are taking up the pantheon, and others are having recourse to the shocking crematory. May we have the good sense and charity to provide for those less fortunate than those who are now sleeping in peace among us.

When only the bones remain, and the rent is not paid at the mausoleum, the corpse is cast into

the pit and all, brother, sister, father, mother, friends and enemies, sleep cheek by jowl, a leg here and an arm there, till the Judgment Day. What matter does it make if a bone or two is not long side its fellows? This will be all straightened out on the Resurrection morn. To their souls, Requiescat in pace! That will aid them more than a mawkish criticism and their spirits will appreciate it more.

## Chapter XXIII

### The Lost Atlantis

The day was clear. From Tepeyac hill we saw, eighty miles away, Ixtacihuatl (Ick-tah-see-wattle) the "Sleeping Woman." To the South of her was Popocatapetl (Poe-poe-cat-ah-pet-tle), glistening in the shining sun like polished silver. The former is said to be the most dangerous mountain in the world to climb; it is not quite so high as the latter but is many miles longer, rising straight out of the valley, both of them like hay-stacks in a meadow, one elongated.

Both are covered with the "eternal snow" Popocatapetl has been scaled and they dig sulphur out of the volcano as they did in the time of Cortez. There is a legendary prophecy current among the Mexicans that Mexico City will never be in danger "till the snows of Popo. melt." We learned down there, about 1909, that the snows were melting and showing the sides of the mountain. It excited the Mexicans very much. (They melted again in 1920.) These two mountains are among the highest in the world. Tradition has it that they rose together in a single night.

Here is one of the many legends connected with those mountains: Among the many victims that were sacrificed annually in the dim past of Mexico, to the "Sun God," was a beautiful maiden, chosen from among a number, by the high priest as he descended from the steps of the

temple, after the "Sacrifice of The Season." The one so chosen would be the victim next season. One time, as the high priest was descending, as was his wont, he picked out a particular maiden. She screamed and threw herself at the feet of the King and his son, who were present, and begged them to save her from the sacrifice. This they could not do ordinarily. As the royal family was safe from the danger of being chosen for sacrifice by law, they debated, father and son what to do. The father was a widower and the son unmarried. Both were smitten by the girl's great beauty. The king granted the pleading maiden's request to save her by then and there, publicly, choosing her for his queen, which did not please the prince at all; but she was saved and the disappointed high priest was powerless in the matter.

After this the Devil had his hands full. Still later, for infidelity, the king bound his queen and son in death. He had his son thrown over a precipice. He bound his queen on the top of a hill from which she could, lying on her back, see only the skies above the precipice over which her paramour had been cast to death. There she would have remained till death, by famine, would have ended her, had not the Aztec god, who felt compassion for them, in their misery, aided. He turned the young man into a lofty mountain, so that he could look down upon her who was also changed into a mountain, in the shape of a woman lying on a bier, or sleeping on a couch. From here she looks up to the "lord of her heart," when she is not sleeping; he looks down from his height on her. He rages, some-

times, and makes the atmosphere around him sulphurous and hot. She never "thaws" toward him but continues to gaze on him from afar, though she tries to veil the looks of the vulgar gaze from below the snowy veil.

The Aztec god has clothed them in silvery white, with folds and raiment like burnished silver, and they remain there in the sublimity of their loneliness and their love for the ages to come. There are legends galore about them, one prettier than another. Tradition has it that these two mountains, among the highest in the world, arose in a single night. It is my belief that the earthquake that destroyed Atlantis was a contributing agent to the formation of these mountains—volcanoes.

There are several extinct volcanoes in Mexico. "Sacro Monte" is one of them. Its top was blown off in past ages, and has been levelled at the summit. On this summit, at Holy Week time, the pious peons carry the emblem of man's salvation a cross, in solemn procession, where they venerate this cross in memory of Christ's crucifixion. Sometimes there are tourists or others from the States, who never heard tell of Holy Week; or if they did, never understood its meaning nor what it means for mankind, and are not able to understand the ceremony. They put the procession down as one of idolatry and represent the Mexicans as idolators, which they are not by any means. Some of the "flaggellantes" of the Yaqui Indians have, in the past, been guilty of cruel and superstitious practices; but this cruelty was only to themselves and was not a general thing—in fact very particular.

The Church and the Government put a stop to them. Our own Indians give us trouble, occasionally, even now: Among their many abuses and superstitions is the "Snake Dance," for instance.

While on this subject permit me to digress for a few minutes: The mind of man is confused when he gazes upon the ages-old antiquities of Egypt. The ruins of Spain, Stonehenge and Ireland, while they challenge the admiration and wonder of those gazing through the hazy horizons that separate their past from the present, are only as yesterday when compared to the still older ruins of civilized Mexico.

So old are they, with their messages written upon them, challenging the conceited mentalities of the present critical but superficial age, that there are none to pass even a tradition that will open the silent doors of their knowledge. The carvings on their monuments, that are old, show the figures of *fauna* and *flora* that, till recently, made our pseudo-historians and scientists of standard reputations, and the thoughtless readers dismiss them with ridicule or treat them as myths. Yet, unsmiling and as grave as the stones that hold them, they ignore the ridicule and still challenge the pigmy minds to prove that they are myths. For example: let the erudite skeptic explain among the *fauna* the feathered serpent that they show, and of which old Herodotus wrote that it existed in Egypt even as late as his time. It swam on the waters, in the waters and soared through the air. You still persist that it is a myth? That will not explain the coincidence of the Mexicans'

engraving of a creature that Herodotus said existed in his time. There are several more that would take up too much time; I am reserving them for a future work. But the ruins of Mitla, Tampico, Uxmal, Cuernavaca, Oaxaca, Merida, Tampico Patzcuaro, Yucatan and Cholula deserve a passing notice, not to speak of many others. They are still in a fair state of preservation, sufficiently to show the grandeur, the beauty and the greater antiquity of those places we suppose to be the most ancient in the world—and are not. I have seen the sites of ruined cities over twenty miles in diameter, so old that trees many hundreds of years old have grown up through the stone buildings that preceded them. There are temples in Yucatan where the depth of cosmic dust will stagger the imagination when it denotes the thousands upon thousands of years that have passed since mankind erected them and since they have passed to ruin and decay. The grotesque carvings of a later and less artistic people, though at least two thousand years before our time, must not be confounded with that age of light and civilization that preceded them by thousands of years.

These buildings and their many pyramids, one at least, larger and older than those of Egypt, must not be thought by the reader as a dim out-line of a skeleton picture filled in by the imagination of the writer. Such is not a fact. They are creations of architectural beauty, with their pristine freshness dimmed by the grimy hand of time and the ceaseless attrition of the unknown but many ages; but they are still as distinct, in some of their parts, as the latest

building of our time. Those people have left indisputable evidence of their knowledge of the Calendar and the signs of the Zodiac, even when Europe, Asia and Africa were in their swaddling clothes.

Most fables are founded more or less on a fact. This may seem a paradox. It is not so long ago that Herculaneum and Pompeii, with their terrible catastrophes, were regarded as myths by the average man. True there was a record, but it was hard to get people to listen to it. At last their attention was held long enough to have some archaeologist get enough of their money to make excavations, and we now think nothing of what was popularly believed a myth, even by the "scientists" of the time. In every age there are "dreamers" who carry the message on. They are called "theorists," etc.; derided by their fellow men, but blest and enlightened by God, and with a love for truth, they keep the lamp of truth and knowledge trimmed and burning till, one day, the world is thrilled, and what was once regarded as a myth becomes a historical fact that causes little if any comment.

At a period much earlier than this of Pompeii, there was another lover of truth, Plato, who wrote of the lost "Atlantis." For telling the world of this he was called the "Father of Liars," by his contemporaries, and a "writer of romances and myths" by the moderns, ignoring the fact of his *truthfulness in other writings*. Herodotus, too, wrote wonderful truths; and he was called the "Father of Liars," instead of the "Father of Ancient History" as he is now known. It is with a smile and a shrug of a

shoulder that some of our "scientists" of yesterday tried to dismiss Ignatius Donnelly, who bore witness to the truth that Plato told of Atlantis. He, at last, gained the attention of the popular ear long enough to get the United States Government, Germany and Great Britain to make soundings, and lo, and behold! the lost Atlantis is no longer a myth and the monuments of Mexico will show remarkable evidences that I shall treat upon in a future work, that seem to be interrelated.

A journey of ninety-seven miles from Mexico, on the railroad to Vera Cruz, takes one to San Juan Teotihuacan. Less than two miles away from here are the Pyramids of the "Sun" and the "Moon." As you approach them on the train you feel the same disappointment that you felt on gazing at the Niagara Falls for the first time, after having heard so much about them. But the grandeur and the greatness of the Falls grew on you each time you saw them afterwards; so, too, with the pyramids of the "Sun" and the "Moon." They are larger than they look. The sands of time have covered their bases and sides so that the vegetation growing on it deceives the eye. The "Sun" is 216 feet high and the "Moon" one inch short of being 151 feet high; but the base of the "Sun" covers more space than the largest of Egypt's pyramids. In Mexico as in Egypt, the pyramids were used as temples. There are several small pyramids that were used, exclusively, as temples. Their cornices are beautifully sculptured and symmetrical in design as are the ornaments on the side walls, which are of various hues. The only

entrance to the large temple that has been so far discovered is that of the "moon." They have, in one of the large pyramids, a spot where the sun strikes only once a year and at a certain time, I was told, at twelve o'clock noon.

This shows, from many other evidences, that they were sun-worshippers as those in Atlantis and the early Phoenico-Gael-Milesians. The pyramid has a large room of cut-stone and like all the other pyramids in that land, it is laid out on the lines of the compass. A causeway between the "Sun" and the "Moon" is still extant. It is called the "Street of the Dead." It begins near the citadel, passes the pyramid of the "Sun" and ends near the pyramid of the "Moon."

On either side it is terraced with POLISHED CEMENT and MORTAR of many hues. It is my belief that these different pyramids, at Cholula, Teotihuacan and the other temples of Mitla and Uxmal, are connecting links going back to those of the pre-diluvian Atlantis. It is my belief that the ruins at Mitla were old when Carthage, Greece and Rome were young. Mitla was called "Lyob" (the Door of the Grave). It would require volumes to treat of these Mexican "pre-historic" objects.

## Chapter XXIV

### The Irish in Mexico

There is another feature about the later Mexico, more in our own times, that may prove of interest to the reader. Sometimes travellers in that Republic are struck with astonishment at the names of places, persons, and their features which are incongruous with Mexican names and ethnology. For instance, there are towns bearing names which are not Mexican and are strongly Irish. And they are Irish, somewhat corrupted by Spanish-Mexican pronunciation.

When "Cromwell the Butcher" set the example hundreds of years ago for our "Hell-Roaring Jake," and made Ireland a "howling wilderness," many of the Irish nobility collected their family plate and other things that could be hastily transported and took flight to, and refuge in Spain, that land where their Phoenician ancestors sojourned about eighteen or nineteen hundred years before the Christian era, and before they conquered the Tuatha Danaans in Ireland. They were not Spaniards, but Phoenician-Gaelic-Milesians, and not of the stock that the stubborn and ignorant so-called historians try to make out as descendants of Semitic stock; their ancestor was Phoeniusia Farsaidhe, only a cousin of the Hebrews, a grandson of Noah and a son of Japhet, brother of Beoth who was a son of Gomer.

When these people of Cromwell's time arrived

in Spain they were welcomed. The Spanish College of Heralds, as well as the King, recognized their orders of nobility (THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD BY MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS) and their grades of military rank. Many entered the Spanish army. Under the Spaniards, among the many names, we find an O'Reilly, a Cavanaugh ("Cabanne" in the Spanish tongue). The letter "b" in the Spanish has the sound of "v." The suburb of Mexico, known as "Collines" is the Spanish way of spelling the old Irish family name of O'Coilean" (Collin pronounced in the Irish and Spanish "Col-lan"). It was colonized by the Collins and is now a suburb of the City of Mexico. There are many descendants of that name throughout the Republic. The Don Aguire (McGuire); the Gallahers are known as "Gallego"; the Ryans are known as "Ri-an-o" (Ree-an-o); the O'Briens as "Obregon"; the Spanish way of spelling O'Bree-awn. They colonized up in the North of the Republic and named the place Dublin; the Spaniards and Mexicans pronounce it "Doo-blan"; it is now spelled *Dublan*. This is an American corruption, not even Mexican. Obregon, is from that place and evidently one of the descendants of that name. There are several more that I could offer, but this number may suffice. These Irish brought their manuscripts with them. I saw some of them in San Luis Potosi and in Mexico City. If the present bandits in power have not destroyed them there will be some remarkable stories for posterity. In a future work I shall treat of them.

The descendants of these Irish colonists are often mistaken for Castilians because of the great pride they manifest in the matter of miscegenation. I do not wish to offend the Spaniards, who have been "careless" in this respect; but history will bear me out that, in the matter of miscegenation in Mexico, some were far from careful. Nor do I wish to vainly exalt those of the Irish; but history will bear me out, when I treat of both as a race. History and knowledge prove that there is much Moorish blood in the most of the Spaniards which made the descendants of that miscegenation indifferent to the pride of race possessed by those Castilians who did not intermarry with the Moors. The Spaniard is a Basque. The Castilian ethnologically is not a Spaniard, is not a Basque; the Basques mixed their blood with the Moor; the Castilian did not. The Basques don't know their origin; but they are as old as the Phoenico-Gaelic-Milesian-Castilian.

The descendants of those Irish Colonists in Mexico, on account of their clear skin and classic features are erroneously numbered among the Castilians, though the Castilians and these Irish descendants had common ancestors. They are as particular and proud in their racial characteristics today as were their ancestors who were known as Scots, Castilians, Milesians, Gaels and Phoenicians—not the degenerate remnants of the Phoenicians of the time of Herodotus, but of those who preceded him by two thousand years. For this racial pride of non-miscegenation they are not liked by Basque or Mexican in Mexico or Spain.

Unfortunately there is a streak of brutality that breaks out in some of the Spaniards that is hard to reconcile with their kindly nature; is it on account of this Moorish blood in their veins? While the Mexicans recognized and feared this Spanish severity, and while they showed the same race-pride toward the Irish colonists among them, the Mexicans trusted these Irish colonists and their descendants in preference to the Spaniards. Among their best and most successful Governors under the Spanish sovereignty were the descendants of those Irish colonists. In drawing attention to this race distinction I hope there is no room for anyone to draw even an inference that the Mexicans, inherently or otherwise, were not a proud race; as to the matter of equality and superiority each race would not be any more satisfied with the judgment of one for the other than were the birds who disputed the judgment of the crow that decided crows were the most beautiful and her own progeny the most beautiful even of the crow family. All writers of Mexico, and those who know the Mexicans any way well, agree that the Mexican woman is beautiful, graceful, charming and virtuous, as their men are brave, good and not bad-looking.

So many American men and those of other nationalities have discovered this to be true they have made them the queens of their hearts and their hearths. And their men have proved pleasing to the women of this and other countries, finding loving and loyal husbands in them.

I venture to state that these facts will be just as amazing and seemingly as incredible to those

in Mexico, who believe themselves to be of Castilian descent, as it is to over ninety per cent of the Southerners in this country, who have been reared in the perverted belief that they are "Scotch"-Irish, AND ARE NOT. They are the descendants of the same race that were fugitives from Ireland, for the same causes, and at the same time, from the same oppressor.

These facts can be easily proven for the so-called Castilian in Mexico as it can be proven to the so-called "Scotch"-Irishman in the Southland, whose ancestors were not so fortunate to escape the Cromwellian horde and "Black Jack" Strafford's savagery. In a future work I shall touch upon this more fully. In the meantime, I hope that the reader will have gotten a glimpse of the Mexican and the different races that have a weight on their past, present and future but little known.

## Chapter XXV

### Mexican Love of the Beautiful

Mexicans are as passionately fond of flowers as they are of music and pictures. On the southwest side of the Zocalo they have their flower market where the most beautiful flowers may be purchased at prices that would give our florists nervous prostration. On the east side of the Zocalo is a large building covering two large squares each way. This was once a Jesuit University, now confiscated by the Government without a cent of compensation. Its beauty and value, as well as usefulness, may be judged from the fact that it is the Capitol Building of that Republic. In it are the Senate and Congress chambers, the President's office and the Museum. It also has the officers of the Cabinet ministers and other Government officials. The paintings, sculptures and objects archaeological, preserved by the Church of Mexico, are stored in the Museum and are now the property of the Government. The "Liberals" usurping the government, that sell whatever they can of these confiscated treasures of great value, do not consider the church, that has *purchased* and *collected* them for long years, is competent or qualified to preserve these objects! It would require several volumes to treat of them in an orderly and intelligent manner. If the travellers from "Squeedunk," U. S. A., whose greatest journey, before going to Mexico, was as far as the

"County Seat," were competent judges of Art, Science, Music and their handmaids and were to visit the churches and homes of Mexico City, Guadalajara, Zacetas, Pachuca and other places in that republic, they would, if they told the truth, bear witness that the people of Mexico, in those things, are far from inferior to the people of our own country. They have fine traditions, fine buildings, good manners and respect for law, with a history that ante-dates ours by hundreds of years. They would tell you that Art shows forth in carved woods and stone, frescoed walls and tapestries that adorn their temples to God and Art.

Their music! Time or space could not permit the beginning of a relation that would require volumes. There is one feature about it, though, that will impress the traveller of other lands, and that is the minor strain that underlies and pervades it, as an echo of the sufferings they have undergone from the selfishness and brutality of those who have exploited them from earlier times?

It is true that Spain lifted them up, but sometimes the uplifting hands caused pain on the part of those who were not faithful. Is not some of this pathos in their music an echoing refrain of the griefs that followed the sinking of Atlantis, with which some of us believe they had relations? Also from the brutalities of the Toltecs, the Chichimecs, the Nahuals and the Aztecs?

In great splendor stands Chapultepec, the White House of Mexico, at the end of the beautiful drive-way the *Paseo de la Reforma*—every-

thing is "de la Reforma" with the "Liberals," like "independencia" was with the Philippino a few years ago, a new "drink" or something, so far as they know the real meaning of the words.

In 1911 the glory of Chapultepec's interior was dimmed when compared with what it was on our previous visit. Even in 1911 its woven carpets seduced the imagination of the beholder, who looked down upon them with a regret that he had to walk on them in all their beauty, making him feel as though he were poised in lofty height above green valleys, gardens, flowers and glistening water of lakes and rivers, as well as majestic mountains, in colors so natural-looking that one marvels at the art of man. The rooms and furniture were of rose-wood, mahogany, walnut, maple and other costly woods, carved in figures and designs as chaste and delicate as they were beautiful. Under Mrs. Diaz the carvings that were not chaste had no place. It was a loss to the Americans who went there that did not have the chance to meet this exemplary and beautiful woman, beautiful in every respect.

Other furnishings of the Palace of Chapultepec were in brass, copper, bronze, silver and gold. In profusion, but not without taste, were frescoes, tapestries, paintings, cloisoinne, china, cut-glass and plate, that would require an expert in superlatives to correctly use them in describing the beauty of each and all. Our White House interiorly compared with it, would come in the same class as a third avenue tenement would with a West End Avenue mansion. We noted the stained-glass and winding stairways of carved marbles that coaxed our feet to linger

and held our eyes of admiration. We rode down and up in the elevator that explained to us the appearance and disappearance of Montezuma which mystified the "tzins" who carried his palanquin through the Valley of Anahuac, to the "Place of the Grass Hopper."

Flowers of every hue, and rambling vine sent out an incense-greeting to make us break our determination to depart and as an excuse to lead us to other places of natural delight. Exaggeration of description is impossible with these few examples of the many that greeted our view of the place, as we gazed toward the mountains of eternal snow enveloping the "Sleeping Woman" and capping the head of "old Popo."

As we stood on the veranda that afternoon, with the gentle zephyrs fanning our faces, we saw across the valley, through the softening haze, the distant view of the city and the long-since exploded tops of volcanoes now extinct, and realized that nature in her gentleness and in her power held up for mankind's view subjects worthy of a poet's song and the painter's brush.

On our way back to the city from Chapultepec, we passed the "Tree of the Sorrowful Night." This tree is 154 feet in circumference. As we rode up the *Paseo de la Reforma* we came to a piece of bronze art equal to that of Marcus Aurelius in Rome, which is said to be the best in existence. It is an equestrian statue of Charles IV. of Spain. It is of heroic size and tops a rock pedestal. At the overthrow of Spanish Sovereignty the Mexicans rushed to destroy it, but their love of art conquered and they let it re-

main untouched; but, shortly after they put a bronze tablet on the pedestal to let the world know that they "preserved it for the sake of art but not for the sake of the man" or words to that effect.

We visited San Angelo one of the sights of Mexico City, a suburban town adjoining the city. As a priest it grieved me sorely to see the desecration of the cloister, halls and rooms, that once resounded to the touch of sandalled feet and chanting prayers of monks who devoted their lives to God, resounding with the popping of champagne corks, the laughter and gaiety of people imbued with a spirit not wholly of God, to say the least. All around the cloisters were tables of refreshment; the refectory and main chapel were dining room, kitchen and other profaned apartments. In some of these places were some very good paintings. Looking towards the southern cloister, we saw the little chapel, with its altar and confessional, even to the violet stole as though waiting for the priest to come and heal the leprous souls that might be in the place. But wait! There is a man's figure, preceded by a woman, going to the chapel. The woman kneels and the man, though not in cassock or cowl, puts on the violet stole and sits in the priest's chair. A few words are whispered and then peals of laughter from the woman and the man disturb the silence of the place. It was not a priest of God who sat in the chair, nor was it a repentant sinner kneeling for the pardon of God. It was a "priest" of Adonis and one of his devotees, with ribald laughter and words, with an American accent that shock the Catholic and

the American proud of his country and its people. It was what they thought a joke! In justice to the management, short work was made of the "jokers," and they were glad to slink away embarrassed if not ashamed.

This monastery which, it is said, had the most beautiful and unequalled garden of its kind in the world while owned by the monks, was confiscated by the "Liberals," under Commonfort and Juarez, those Princes of Grafters, and sold by them for profane uses.

Mr. Hall has charge of it now. There is no one who could manage this property with less offense. His aesthetic and artistic nature makes him a man of most exquisite taste and he shows a refinement of thought in the administration of the property that could not be equalled by anyone I know. He has preserved the monastic aspect of the properties even if he has not been able to maintain its monastic spirit. He is a Mormon. He has several places of hospitality in the Republic where he refreshes the tired and hungry tourist with bed and board. He has done as much, if not more, for art in Mexico than any foreigner there I know. He is an American in spite of his Irish name. He has done much to gain the gratitude of Catholics in cases like that related above. I have never known him to misrepresent the Mexican nor his country and he is among the few who know Mexico well. Though we have met often, we have never exchanged a word. It gives me pleasure to offer this small tribute of praise in gratitude and appreciation for his consideration of the feelings of Catholic people who see him treat those

holy places under his charge with more respect than is given elsewhere by others who profess Christianity and have accepted the property of others without compensation and apply them to baser uses even than a house of recreation.

Among the many and old institutions for aiding the Mexican, that seem odd and peculiar, is the Government Pawn-Shop, called "Monte de Piedad. It is situated on the west side of the Cathedral on the Zocalo. It was established in 1774, by a Spanish Count, by the name of Regalia, to enable the poor to get money to tide them over their financial difficulties, on their humble pledges, without interest.

This is in accord with the practices and laws of the early *Church which discouraged interest because it produced usuries and wars.* Of course when the pledged article was redeemed the redeemer was supposed, but not bound, to donate something to pious purposes for the relief of the needy. The government down there has gone into the business now and has changed much of its earlier features. They charge interest, though not as high as in the States.

Count de Regalia established this shop with the approval of the Spanish crown and endowed it with the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. When an object is pawned and not redeemed by the owner it is publicly offered for sale, at a fixed price close to its value. If a month goes by and it is not sold, the price is reduced; if it still remains unsold it is reduced each month till it is sold.

When sold, whatever money remains over the amount pledged, and the cost of selling, is given

to the owner of the article. If American art and curio collectors could have seen the rare objects for sale at that institution at the small prices we saw there, there would be a rushing business at "Monte de Piedad." The building is very large and well-stocked with everything imaginable. We saw confiscated chalices, church vestments and other sacred things profaned, there for sale.

## Chapter XXVI

### A Bull Fight—Hospitals

Did you ever go to a Bull Fight? Then don't. It is worse than our "pug" fights and our football matches. I did not believe this till I saw the bull fight—that is, I saw a part of it. I saw the first part, up to the time that they kill the bull. It is too horrible to dwell on it, but I shall give a few of the details which will never be absent from my mind. They say the "Americano" that goes to the *second* bull fight never stops going after, till he dies. I can believe it; because I saw the "Dresden china" style of women grow so enthusiastic at the brutal affair that they reminded me of the description given of the Roman ladies at the gladiatorial contests. Do you think those "Dresden china" ladies were Mexicans? Not a bit of it! They were ———. There were eighteen thousand people present that day; from the *chiquita,* male and female, to the grandparent. It was on a Sunday, too! The event opened with a procession of the rich and gaily-dressed actors of the coming fray. Men cheered, women waved scarfs, fans, parasols, handkerchiefs and bouquets. Children shrieked with delight.

The principal actors came before the Director of the "Sport" and saluted. That day the President was there. Permission was asked of him to begin this fight, and it was given. The key to the place where the bulls were enclosed was

thrown by the director, caught, and a salute given to the President. The beautiful and graceful horses were led out of the arena. Old "plugs," former street-car horses, were driven in blind-folded. Besides the horses were the gaily dressed Toreadors, Matadors, Picadors and several other "dors." Their garments were gorgeous, of velvet, satin, silk, gold and silver cloth. They marched in, some on foot and some on beautiful horses, to the music of the "Bull-Fighters' March," from Carmen.

Into the arena dashed the "liberated" bull, seemingly dazzled by the bright tropical sun. He had been imprisoned in a dark place and he was goaded into anger for the fight. After galloping into the arena a few yards, he stopped suddenly. He was surprised. He cannot understand the odor of the human all about him. Not a sound came from that vast throng. He could not understand all this. He saw one of those human beings come towards him. He made up his mind that he would "show that fellow a thing or two." He gallops towards the man, with head down and tail in the air. He plunges to gore it, with eyes shut; he tosses his head. What is the matter? He swung so hard he must have hurt his neck. Is it that he missed him? He starts again. The human being still eludes him. How dare he flaunt that blanket of red color in his face? He will "show that fellow!" Then comes another one of them that sticks what is called a "banderilla" into the fleshy part of his neck. A "banderilla" is a stick, with a hook on the end, festooned with colored ribbons. When it is stuck it cannot be shaken off and this

adds to the irritation of the angry bull. Then he sees another fellow away off, pretending he is anywhere else, talking to some friend in the amphitheatre. He will "show him." This fellow sits on his high horse. He rushes up, gores the horse and the poor horse falls down. He is driven away by other fellows. He will show them, too! Just missed him! If that fellow had not vaulted that fence with his pole he would have put him out of the way! Ah! Here comes that horse that he gored awhile ago, with its entrails hanging along the ground! Does he want to be gored again? The poor horse cannot help it. He is blindfolded and this makes him an easy subject for the second goring. He drops again; his entrails are entangled with his feet as he tries to run away and falls over dead. What's this coming towards him? Another fellow with another kind of weapon of torture? He'll find out and—what does that fellow mean, anyhow? He stops and studies him. With a toss of horns and mincing steps he approaches "it." Ah, yes! It is another man. He'll show him, too! His mincing gait becomes a gallop. He charges; he gallops again; he closes his eyes, lifts his tail and tosses his horns—but that man jumped right over him, using a pole for the purpose! He gores another horse and—yes, he left a mark on that other fellow's clothes and ribs that will not be forgotten for many a day! Here is a man, there is a man, all around him are men! One tantalizes here, and another there sticks in some implement of torture—I haven't the heart or the desire to relate farther. If they eliminated the goring of the horses, and the

metal tortures as well as the slaughter of the bull, it would be a thrilling and not a brutal sport. It is dangerous enough to give the thrills, but this would not please the "fans."

The Hospital de Jesus in Mexico City marks the spot where Cortez first met Montezuma. Cortez established and endowed it with sufficient funds to keep it at a very high standard. There was another hospital in the city, founded and endowed by the King of Spain in 1553. It experienced many vicissitudes until it became a medical college. In order to maintain it, the Brothers of San Hipolito, following an older custom in Spain, and the other European countries, gave theatrical plays under Church auspices.

The financial endeavors in this respect did not prove a success under the Mexicans. This theatre is still extant, however, and is now known as the "Theatre Principal." This medical college was the second one in the new world. It failed as a medical college, was confiscated by the "Liberals" and sold to one of the sects. It is now a theatre.

The hospitals in Mexico under the care of the Nuns are second to none in the world and several of them are superior, in many respects, to the very best among us. If the patient in a ward is in danger of death, he is put on a bed with pneumatic wheels and given a room by himself, where his spiritual adviser may give him the consolation of religion and the last rites of his Church for the long journey before him; here his relatives and friends may come to see him and remain with him in his dying agony without

disturbing the other patients in the wards, as I have so often seen in our hospitals. As a priest who has given the last rites to many hundreds of people in hospitals, with only a linen screen for privacy and secrecy, to keep from disturbing and depressing the spirits of the sick and convalescent who learn that a fellow patient is going to die, it seems to me little short of barbarous that like provisions are not made in our own hospitals. In Mexico some of the hospitals are so arranged that doctors and nurses may stand or sit in a room and, by a slight turn of the head, look into ward after ward.

## Chapter XXVII

### Conclusion

There are many other cities and towns, so many other subjects as wonderful, odd and beautiful, as well as great, if not greater than have been related in this work that we must pass over with regret. But have you not read enough to be convinced that Mexico and its people are beautiful; that the people are human, like ourselves; if no better, at least no worse? That they have antiquity, history, traditions and ideals of a high order, are moral, cultured, and have respect for law and authority? That they are blessed even when cursed by the human pests that infest their country socially, morally, economically and politically?

Before concluding the subject, permit me to say once more: That it is my conviction that President Wilson was sincere and honest in his intentions concerning the people of Mexico; that he was purposely deceived by some, misled by others. Carranza, the Castilian, was first among the first. If the Liberals win, English capital wins; because of things that are too delicate to treat of just now, in a work of this kind, and because my evidence might not be judicial, I can say nothing further on that line. But if England wins, ignoring, rightly, the Liberal clique, as seems probable at this time, anyone's guess of what is coming will be as good as another's. There is a rumor going the rounds that England,

while openly standing with the United States on Article 27, has secretly submitted to that article of the 1917 "Constitution," eliminating the objectionable features that violate conscience in the matter of confiscation of Church properties. I give it as imparted to me without being responsible as to accuracy; personally I believe it probable.

As stated heretofore, if the Mexican people are left to themselves, without foreign interference, trusting to the law of the survival of the fittest, a strong man will arise among them who will lead them out of the miasmatic political swamps in which they are forced to wander, and restore peace, law and order down there in six months. Then would follow, quickly, prosperity, peace and contentment. But the foreign financial interests, especially the English and Wall Street elements, with the Mexican and European Liberals, do not wish this unless they have the controlling hand on the "pie." Contrary to this they would be there, if at all, only as units instead of "pie-eaters," especially the Liberals who will not see their "pie" wrested from them without a struggle; and these Liberals, I remind you again, are the little clique that have been repudiated by decent Masons all over the world.

Before this bandit-uprising, and despite the manner she had been retarded by the "clandestines," Mexico was a true land of brotherly love, where every man was a knight and every daughter of Eve a lady. It was a land of culture, sunshine, moonlight, music and flowers; a land that breathed a spirit of welcome with the sounds

that brought it to the ear, even before foot was placed upon Mexican soil, and clung with an enchanting charm which few, if any, cared to resist.

Many went there to visit and many willingly remained to die in the midst of its many natural wonders, beauties and innocent pleasures. There was a music as well as health in its waters and a beauty in its valleys that could be compared only with the stillness of its lofty mountains, that draw down to you, as nowhere else in the world, myriads of stars that we rarely, if ever, see in our colder climate, which are sublime sights for the eye to behold. Its golden sun is tempered of its tropical heat, and its silvery, tropical moonlight cannot be adequately described except by those who have seen frozen snow glistening in the moonlight and tinged with the hues of the *aurora borealis*—and even then it must be seen and felt to get a faint idea of what I mean. To me it seemed the nearest place to Paradise that my wandering footsteps ever led me in many distant journeyings of the passing years.

God bless and preserve that once happy, sunny, Mexico and its child-like people. May the blessing of peace soon descend upon them, and I pray that I shall not die till I drink once more of its waters, see once more with my eyes its beauties, and clasp again, in friendship, and love, the hands of the dear ones surviving the sufferings and death caused by those human monsters who are now strutting their few hours upon its stage.

Adios.

The End.

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